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From a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.

RECOLLECTIONS

1832 to 1886

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE

SIR ALGERNON WEST, K.C.B.

ILLUSTRATED



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

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PREFACE

I HAVE written the following pages partly as an occupation for myself, partly for the interest they may possess for my children and those of my contemporaries who still remain. My recollections do not profess to be accurate chronologically or historically, and my stories are only old friends that I would not willingly see die.

Mr. Knowles, the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, has kindly allowed me to reproduce some parts of articles that have already appeared in his Review.

ALGERNON WEST.

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RECOLLECTIONS

CHAPTER I

1832-1848

Parentage—Double Relationship with Sir Robert Walpole—A Contemporary of the Reform Bill—Autre temps, autres mœurs—Gilbert West—Brothers and Sisters—Memories of Sheen and Richmond—The Misses Fanshawe—Legal Luminaries in New Street: Lords Abinger and Campbell, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, etc.—Hustings Speeches in Covent Garden—Public Buildings, Old and New—The Green Park Sixty Years Ago—Cabs and Char-iots—My Introduction to the “Nursery” at the Foreign Office: Vagaries of the Junior Clerks—Lord Orford’s Eccentricities—Visits to Hampton Court and Walmer—Memories of the Great Duke—Celebrities at Walmer—Move to Preston Hall, near Leeds—Visits to Waterton, the Naturalist—Mr. Busfield Fer-rand, the Member for Knaresborough—George Lane Fox, Master of the Bramham Moor Hounds—Famous Murder Trials: Courvoisier, Greenacre, Goode—Lord Cardigan’s Trial: the Death of Duelling—Sir Robert Peel at the Guildhall in 1841—A Strange Financial Blunder—“Hurry” Hudson—Eton in 1843: Distinguished Contemporaries—House Party at Lord Henley’s in 1846—Successful Mediocrities—Wilberforce at Eton—Flight of Louis Philippe.

I HAVE often regretted that I did not know more of my father’s early life, and wondered whether it might ever interest my children to read about mine.

My father, Martin John West, was the great-grandson

of the Venerable Archdeacon West, Prebendary of Durham, who married Marion Temple, eldest sister of Lord Cobham and great-aunt of William Pitt. His son was Vice-Admiral Temple West, whose beautiful monument is in Westminster Abbey—one of whose sons was Balchen, Receiver-General of the county of Herts, who married a daughter of Sir Martin folkes, from which marriage my father was born. He used to speak of his terrible sufferings at a private school at Hammersmith, where the boys were literally starved and dared not tell their parents, who always called their master that “good and pious man.” From there he went to Harrow, where he was the contemporary of Palmerston and Byron, who was in those days called “Birron.” He then went to Oxford, where he was elected a Fellow of Merton with Robert Marsham, who became Warden of that college, and stood against Mr. Gladstone in 1852. When elected, Marsham and my father were said to be the two handsomest men in Oxford. He was subsequently called to the Bar, went the Norfolk Circuit, became Recorder of Lynn, a Commissioner of Lunacy and then of Bankruptcy.

My mother, when a child, staying with her cousins, Misses Walpole, made acquaintance with my father, who was a fair-haired boy, at Chiswick church. He died on the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage; she six months later, and both were buried in Chiswick church-yard, the scene of their earliest meeting.

My mother was a daughter of Lord Orford, through whom we trace our descent from the great Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, who was my great-great-grandfather; his daughter, Lady Mary, married Colonel Churchill, a son of General Churchill and the fascinating actress, Anne Oldfield; their daughter became the wife of Lord Orford, my grandfather. This

makes a curious double relationship, legitimate and illegitimate, and endows my veins with some theatrical blood.

It is curious, but human, that we should be so fond of tracing our descent from great men, but I hope the weakness is pardonable. I think it is Macaulay who says that those who are not proud of their ancestors will never care to make their posterity proud of them.

I was born at my father's house, No. 5 New Street, Spring Gardens, on April 4, 1832, and can claim an exact contemporary in the great Reform Bill of that year; indeed, I came into the world at what may fairly be called the commencement of a new era, for in that year the terrible criminal code which had so long disgraced our country was repealed.

Shortly before the Queen's accession a little boy was sentenced to death for breaking a confectioner's window and stealing some sweetmeats.

The kindlier laws were producing kindlier manners, and in 1835 only was an Act passed to render illegal the baiting of animals; but I recollect in my boyhood hearing of cock-fighting still existing at Elmore's Farm, near Harrow, for the amusement of those who were wrongly called sportsmen.

But the purer manners and nobler laws were still only beginning, for in 1836 there were 52,000 convicts living in foreign lands in a state of bestial immorality. Now, notwithstanding the increase of population, there are only 4000 undergoing penal servitude, all in this country. In 1837, 4000 debtors were lying in common cells with damp brick walls, with no bedding, and herded with murderers and common malefactors. I well recollect when I was a boy seeing poor debtors looking through the bars of Dover Castle and ringing a bell to attract the attention of the passers-by, from whom they solicited alms.

Lunatics, who are now treated with careful kindness, were chained together on beds of straw, naked, handcuffed, and shown at twopence a head for each visitor.

Spencer Walpole, in his admirable History, well describes the England of 1815 and 1832 :

“In 1815 legislation had been directed to secure the advantage of a class ; in 1832 it was directed to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. . . .

“Roman Catholics were admitted to Parliament, the Test and Corporation Bill had been repealed, and Dissenters were eligible for every office ; but while the rest of the country was wealthier and happier, Ireland alone was the constant scene of misery and disturbance, and the English laborers, agricultural as well as manufacturing, were still in a state of abject and miserable neglect and poverty.”

One of my godfathers was my uncle Gilbert West, whose namesake, Gilbert West, was Clerk of the Privy Council, and wrote a famous book on the Resurrection, and was editor of *Pindar*, but was better known for his friendship with the classical Lord Lyttelton, whose verses, written in 1740, are perhaps not sufficiently known to prevent my quoting them. Those in Latin are by Gilbert West, and those in English by Lord Lyttelton. They were inscribed in the summer-house at Wickham :

“Hic mihi nec procul urbe situs, nec prorsus ad urbem
Ne patiar turbis utque bonis potiar ;
Et quoties mutare locum fastidia cogunt
Transeo et alternis rure vel urbe fruor.”

“Fair Nature's sweet simplicity
With elegance refined
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.

"To both from courts and all their state
 Eager I fly to prove
 Joys far above a courtier's fate,
 'Tranquillity and love."

There is a picture of Gilbert West at Hagley, and my father always maintained that it should have been his. At Lord Lyttelton's death, I was shocked to find that for purposes of probate it was valued at 10s.!

The Rev. Algernon Peyton was my other godfather, from whom I got my name and nothing else; he held the largest living ever known, said to be worth £14,000. a year, and was certainly the very prince of dandies. He rode a smart hack in Rotten Row, wore very tight nankeen trousers, a blue cut-away coat, with a clove always in his button-hole, and was satirically nicknamed "The Sloven" by his contemporaries.

My godmothers were Miss Fanny Lambert Walpole, who died in 1887, at the age of ninety-six, her father having been killed in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and Lady Charlotte Walpole, a blind sister of my mother's.

At the time of my birth I had two brothers—Henry, afterwards M.P. for Ipswich, Q.C., Recorder of Manchester, and Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster; and Richard, the well-known founder and first Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene's, Paddington, whose Life has recently been written by Canon Carter, of Clewer—and two sisters; the elder married Admiral of the Fleet Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, and my second sister never married. Two of my parents' daughters had died before I came into the world, one from illness, and one from a very sad accident. Playing one evening in her nursery at Brighton, she had suddenly pulled down a sliding shutter, which was a common thing in those days, and the window being open she fell on the pavement below and received injuries from which she died.

After my mother's death we found among her papers a letter written by some woman to her on this daughter's birth, saying she had cast her horoscope, and that the child born to her would die an early and a violent death. To this letter was pinned, with no remark, the account of the accident.

My earliest recollection takes me to a large old-fashioned garden at Sheen, where I know there were raspberries; and in the following summer to a pretty house, called Riverdale Cottage, on the banks of the Thames at Richmond, which my father had hired for the summer months. The garden sloped down to the towing-path, and our great delight was to get into a summer-house, close to it, and be prevented by the rising tide from returning to our lessons.

Our garden was next and ran parallel to that belonging to the Misses Fanshawe, one of whom was celebrated for her famous epigram on the letter H, which was generally, but erroneously, attributed to Byron, and sometimes published among his poems :

“ ’Twas whispered in Heaven,
’Twas muttered in Hell,
And echo caught faintly
The sound as it fell.
On the confines of earth
’Twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean
Its presence confessed.
’Twill be found in the sphere
, When ’tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning
And heard in the thunder.
’Twas allotted to man
With his earliest breath,
It assists at his birth
And attends him in death,

Presides o'er his happiness,
Honor, and health ;
Is the prop of his house
And the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser
Is hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost
In his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope,
Every wish it must bound ;
It prays with the hermit,
With monarchs is crowned.
Without it the soldier,
The sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch
Who expels it from home.
In the whisper of conscience
'Tis sure to be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlpool
Of passion is drowned.
'Twill soften the heart ;
Though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely
And instantly hear.
But, in short, let it rest
Like a delicate flower.
Oh ! breathe on it softly,
It dies in an hour."

The lines were written at Deepdene for Mrs. Thomas Hope, and are now the property of Mr. Philip Beresford Hope, of Bedgebury.

The poetess had died in 1834, but her sisters were living at Richmond, and belonged to a small literary set of people of such an old-world society that neither the Misses Berry nor Mrs. Somerville could pierce their formality.

The Misses Fanshawe's garden was also celebrated as containing on the lawn a beautiful catalpa tree, under

the shade of which Lady Scott laid the scene of her charming novel *Trevelyan*, now out of fashion, in which she describes a summer evening as "the close of one of those days when mere existence was enjoyment."

In our town house, in New Street, we were surrounded by a perfect galaxy of legal luminaries. At No. 4 lived Lord Abinger, as I recollect him, a fat, kindly old gentleman, who had started life as a Whig, but had rapidly become a Tory; as Sir James Scarlett he had been Solicitor-General, and made the largest income ever then known at the Bar, and was subsequently Lord Chief Baron. When he announced his title, Jekyll said: "Where on earth did you get such a name? I've heard of Porringer and I've heard of Scavenger, but never of Abinger."

At No. 6, now pulled down, lived another friend of my father's, Baron Rolfe, who in 1839 became Solicitor-General in Lord Melbourne's government, and afterwards, as Lord Cranworth, was Chancellor in Lord Aberdeen's and Lord Palmerston's and Lord Russell's cabinets. When a judge, he tried and condemned to death a very notorious murderer named Rush, and it was said that on his elevation to the Peerage his title should have been Lord Kilrush. This trial was remarkable as being the first instance of the publication in a London newspaper of a detailed report of a trial which took place as far off as Norwich. I have been told that the reporter, who came up by a special engine every night, was "Billy Russell." Rush was a Norfolk man and kept the village shop, where many a time he had pressed peppermints on my not unwilling cousins, Lady Pollington and Lady Dorothy Nevill.

At No. 17 lived Sir Francis Baring, afterwards First Lord of the Admiralty and Chancellor of the Exchequer and the first Lord Northbrook.

Opposite lived Mr. Pemberton Leigh, who was a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and became Lord Kingsdown.

At No. 9 lived, as he was fond of calling himself, "Plain Jock Campbell." When Lord Melbourne refused to create him Master of the Rolls, he had consoled him by making his pretty wife, who was a daughter of Sir James Scarlett, a baroness in her own right—Lady Stratheden. Some ribald rhymester wrote, as Lord Abinger told my mother :

"They've given Jock Campbell a slap in the face,
And a bit of court plaister to heal it."

In 1841, just before Lord Melbourne resigned office, Sir John Campbell was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, an office he held for six weeks, when he was made Lord Campbell, the pension of which office he generously forewent. In 1846 he entered Lord John Russell's Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster ; and in 1859, on the formation of Lord Palmerston's government, he became Lord Chancellor at the ripe age of eighty.

In the same street was Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who, in 1858, was Attorney-General, and afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer ; he died in 1880 at a great age. In 1874 I was serving on a Royal Commission on the Administrative Departments of the Law. Lord Bramwell was one of our commissioners, and he came in one day saying he could not stay long, as he had left Kelly on the Bench in an important case, and "as he is blind, deaf, and when I came away was fast asleep, I tremble for the judgment." When I was a boy at Eton he defended a man named Tawell for the murder of a woman by arsenic, and Kelly argued that the arsenic found at the medical examination came from the pips of apples,

of which she was very fond. He was called in consequence "Apple-pip Kelly." Tawell was the first criminal arrested by means of the telegraph, then new, which ran from Slough to London.

My father was at this time a barrister going the Norfolk Circuit, and was Recorder of Lynn.

New Street was, at the period I speak of, the Western Thule of lawyers, and I well recollect the astonishment produced in our minds by Lord Campbell's emigration to what we then thought a country-house, opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks, still called Stratheden House, where he died in 1861. At dinner, on the evening of his death, he had said to his old friend Sir David Dundas, "There should be a clause added to the Litany: 'From a lingering illness, good Lord, deliver us.'" His prayer was heard, and the old man, full of honors and well stricken in years, with no faculty impaired, passed quietly away.

Lord Cottenham, who had been Solicitor-General in Lord Grey's administration, and Lord Chancellor in Lord Melbourne's and Lord John Russell's governments, was a friend of my father's, and we often stayed with him at a villa called Copse Hill, at Wimbledon.

His health broke down, and to Lord Brougham, who called on him, he complained of the noise of Park Lane, and the perpetual annoyance of the organs—"particularly," said Lord Brougham, "when they will go on playing 'The Campbells are Coming.'" He was made an earl, and a witty pamphlet was issued with the title "The Offence was Rank."

Just round the corner, in Spring Gardens, was a greater attraction, for there lived Lord Seymour, whose beautiful wife, a daughter of Sheridan's, was the chosen queen of beauty at the Eglinton tournament in 1839. I saw her then, and knew her well in later years when her beauty, but not her charm or wit, had died away.

I used constantly to go to my father's chambers in 4 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, to do my lessons, and on my return one day through Covent Garden I heard Sir de Lacy Evans, who had commanded a force in the army of Isabella II., Queen of Spain, and Sir John Shelley, speaking on the merits of free-trade from the hustings which stood under the clock of the church opposite the market. Speeches on the hustings then played a prominent part in elections. Admiral Rous said that more votes were won by clever repartee than people knew.

"If I vote for you, what taxes will you repeal?" said a dirty fellow in the crowd.

"Why," said Rous, "on soap, for your sake."

George Craven was standing for Berkshire, and, knowing more about fox-hunting than politics, used to carry his speeches, which were prepared for him by Edward Bouverie, in his hat for ready reference.

"What 'ave you got in your 'at?" cried a man.

"Why, a d—d sight more than you 'ave in your 'ead!" said Craven.

The recollection of those early days of lessons, and the experience of the spasmodic way of doing them with my father—my stupidity, his annoyance, and my dear mother's unhappiness over them—made me determine never to try to teach my own children. But my father taught us other things than lessons; he had been a great athlete at school, and attributed all his activity and health in later years to that, so was constantly helping us at cricket, in fencing and riding.

My favorite walk as a child was down to the river, where afterwards the suspension-bridge which now connects Clifton with the other bank of the Avon was erected, and before, of course, the railway was begun which annihilated the old Hungerford Market, from the steps of which I recollect my brother Henry sculling me in a

wherry up as far as Putney to a breakfast at Lady Shelley's, who had a cottage where she entertained society with strawberries and cream. In the mornings we used to go down the steps which then led from New Street to St. James's Park, and watch the Life Guards, who then wore bearskins, changing guard. The Foot Guards in the summer months wore white-duck trousers, swallow-tailed red coats faced with white, cross belts, and large white cotton epaulets, and were armed, of course, with the old Brown Bess.

No hideous new Admiralty buildings then defaced the park, nor did the new public offices, built in a Palladian style by a Gothic architect—and naturally the dismalest of failures—overhang the Horse Guards and the house of the First Lord of the Treasury.

London is singularly cursed in its race of architects, whose vanity has prevented them from copying the finest building in England, if not the world—Somerset House. In those days, my father, who was a great admirer of Sir William Chambers, always used to tell me that I should live to see the horrid mud-banks of the north side of the Thames changed into an embankment which Sir William Chambers had designed.

We often went into the Green Park, which was, in my childhood, surrounded by a high brick wall, inside of which was a house belonging to Lady William Gordon. A bit of water was by the house. The mound, on which a great sycamore now flourishes, was Lady William Gordon's ice-house, and the stags which were at the entrance were removed to Albert Gate, where they now remain. At the northeast corner was a large reservoir, which existed till 1856; and I can see now in my mind's eye the marks of women's pattens in the muddy tracks which did duty for paths in those days. A contemporary of mine, now a distinguished man, recollects as

a child playing at lions and tigers on Constitution Hill, the oval marks being considered lions' and the squarer marks tigers' tracks. It is only twenty-eight years ago since one of the gate-keepers at the top of Portland Place used to recount his experiences as a game-keeper in the fields and coverts which are now the beautiful gardens of Regent's Park. I do not recollect a turnpike at Hyde Park Corner, but it was 1865 before the tolls were abolished in Kensington and Bayswater, and tolls were exacted at the metropolitan bridges up to 1879. Tattersall's stood till 1865 at the top of Grosvenor Place, all of which has been rebuilt. Belgravia was in process of building when the Queen came to the throne; Belgravia, where, as Lady Morley said: "All the women were brave, and all the men modest," alluding to the new habit, which sprang up in the fifties, of women being allowed to walk alone in that district. Formerly no lady ever went out unaccompanied by a servant; young married ladies scarcely ever received men visitors, or danced except on rare occasions. Late in the forties and in the fifties five o'clock teas were just coming into vogue, the old Duchess of Bedford's being, as I considered, very dreary festivities.

Bavarian peasant girls with little brooms of wood-shavings attracted the children in the streets with their song of "Who'll buy a broom?" These have been replaced by shrill-voiced urchins, yelling "Winner! Winner!" and by the obnoxious whistle summoning a cab. Up till the forties the old hackney-coaches with straw in the bottom for the passengers' feet, with their drivers clad in seven-caped coats, and with their miserable jades, still crawled about the London streets. The cabs were painted yellow, and the drivers were perched on little boxes at the side instead of, as now, at the back. These were not of long duration, and were soon super-

seded by the four-wheeler and the hansom cab. Mail-coaches, of course, were still running to all places to which the railroads had not yet penetrated. In 1837, a year of great severity, the mails were carried from Canterbury to Dover in sleighs. Omnibuses were few, with straw in the bottom. The lowest fare was sixpence, and in them never was a lady seen. Ladies of fashion went for a solemn drive round the park on Sundays, but no lady went in a single-horse carriage till Lord Brougham invented the carriage which still bears his name. The victoria, the barouche, and landau appeared later on.

No lady would willingly have driven down St. James's Street, or have dreamed of stopping at a club door. No lady of fashion went out to dinner except in a chariot, which was pronounced "charrot," with a coachman in a wig and with one or two men-servants in silk stockings. Indeed, the yellow chariot and the tall footmen with long staves behind the old Duchess of Cleveland's chariot are fresh in the memory of even young people, and must still have been seen by the present generation who can recollect Lady Mildred Beresford Hope's pony carriage with two outriders.

My father was very fond of taking me to see a small property he had, called Horsington Hill, between Harrow and Greenford, at the foot of which there still lies a small church, and I believe the smallest parish in England, with the romantic name of Perivale. I well recollect going to Ealing, the first time I had ever been in a train; for in those days very few railways existed in England.

My uncle, Colonel Walpole, was Minister to Chili, and in those days everybody occupying a diplomatic post abroad employed as his agent one of the Foreign Office clerks, who forwarded his letters and transacted his business in this country. To this agent, Mr. Bidwell, I

used, as a little boy, to carry my mother's letters to my uncle, and so was early introduced into the innermost *arcana* of the "Nursery," which obtained its name from the fact that Spencer Ponsonby and Richard Wellesley, two boys of about sixteen, were located there to perform clerical duties—of course, I am talking of the old Foreign Office, which has long since disappeared.

Now this "Nursery" was next door to the printers, overlooking Downing Street, and here was formed a sort of club of congenial spirits—Blackburn, Huskisson, Augustus Paget, Backhouse, Brydges Taylor, and Charles Spring-Rice. All but the most genial of them, Spencer Ponsonby—now Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, K.C.B.—have passed from the "Nursery," and from the school-room of life, into the Far Country. They used to box, play single-stick, fives, and cricket, and the noise was put down to the printing-press next door.

Smoking—a terrible crime in those days—took place there; and a pianoforte and glee-singing served to beguile the idle moments between work, for these spirits could work as well as play. One of their amusements was to dazzle with a piece of looking-glass some young ladies in the opposite houses; a complaint was made, and Lord Palmerston desired to know who the ungallant young gentlemen were who cast "reflections" on the young ladies in the vicinity.

John Bidwell, the head of the Consular Department, used to get into a paroxysm of rage at the audacity of organ-grinders who invaded the privacy of Downing Street; but when they approached, a shower of half-pence from the attics encouraged them to brave the wrath of the infuriated old gentleman below. Pea-shooting through a broken pane of glass was a constant source of amusement to the shooters, and of annoyance to the tall footmen whose calves were bombarded while

standing outside the door of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's.

In 1846 Spencer Ponsonby was sent as an attaché to Washington, and on his return in the following year he was made private secretary to Lord Palmerston; but even this position did not keep him from the "Nursery," which he found reinforced by Greville, Morier, Maurice Drummond from the Home Office, Frank Courtenay, the "singing-mouse" as he was called, from the Board of Control, and young John Bidwell, who was the most riotous and mischievous of all the lot. On one occasion he was left for a few hours in charge of the French Department, in the absence of his chief, and employed the vacant hour by dressing himself up as a Choctaw Indian, with a hearth-rug as his only covering, a circle of quill pens round his head, and his face dotted with red wafers, when the French Ambassador was suddenly announced! He was a great actor and dancer, and played the part of a harlequin at one of the pantomimes during the annual cricket meeting at Canterbury; so great was his fame that he was bidden to dance in an amateur performance at Drury Lane before the Queen. He said that when that event took place he should ask "for the head of Conyngham in a charger." Now, Conyngham was an unpopular chief clerk in the Foreign Office. Mr. Oom was another, who was very popular. During the cricket week there was a parliamentary election, and the town was placarded with posters, on which was written: "For Oom shall we vote?"

These are only the tales of idle moments and harmless freaks of the boys who really worked hard, and in the battle of life highly distinguished themselves as men.

To revert to family matters, my uncle, Lord Orford, was a constant guest of my father's. He was very short, and I am accused of running into the drawing-room

saying, "Here is Uncle Orford, and he hasn't growed a bit." He always dressed in the evening in light nankeen pantaloons, took a great deal of snuff and a great deal of wine, always ending up with a glass half port and half sherry. He was the author of several curious letters. When Lord Hastings told him he was going to keep a pack of fox-hounds in Norfolk, he wrote back saying he would bet him ten to one he would kill more foxes in a year than Lord Hastings; and so he did, killing thirty-five foxes to Lord Hastings's thirty-three.

In 1824 Lord Orford was invited to become President of the Norwich Bible Society; his reply was as follows:

"SIR,—I am surprised and annoyed by the contents of your letter. *Surprised*, because my well-known character should have exempted me from such an application; and *annoyed*, because it compels me to have even this communication with you.

"I have long been addicted to the gaming-table. I have lately taken to the Turf. I fear I frequently blaspheme. But I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and to your society. Notwithstanding which you think me a fit person to be your President. God forgive your hypocrisy.

"I would rather live in the land of sinners than with such saints."

He had been appointed by the then Conservative government Lord High Steward of Yarmouth, but the next Liberal government dismissed him from this honorable office.

His letter acknowledging this last communication is characteristic:

"GENTLEMEN,—My appointment of Lord High Steward of Yarmouth by the late government was received with pride and pleasure. My dismissal by the present government confers almost equal honor upon

"Your obedient servant,

"ORFORD."

Being a small man, he set great store on his physical prowess. He told us that the famous dentist Cartwright having once got hold of the wrong tooth, he lifted up his fist and knocked him down, but Cartwright stuck to the tooth and pulled it out. On one occasion he came away from a dinner-party just sufficiently sober to walk from one lamp-post to another; but, unfortunately, at the end of the street, instead of a lamp there was only a post, over which he hung like a golden fleece till he was taken off in the morning by the watch.

His daughter, who afterwards married Lord Pollington, startled society in those days by ways and things which are now considered very commonplace; while Lady Dorothy, her younger sister, who married Mr. Nevill, still lives to charm and delight with perennial youth and overflowing humor another generation.

One of my chief pleasures in New Street days was going with my mother up the river in a steamboat to Richmond to see her sister, Lady Charlotte Walpole; but my greatest happiness was to go for a real country holiday to another sister of hers, Lady Catherine Long, at Hampton Lodge. This was my youthful idea of Paradise. My uncle, Henry Long, was ever to me as a child as he was to me as a man, the most delightful of companions—politician, man of the world, man of letters—full of information concerning natural history and geology; he fascinated me, and it was from him that I very early imbibed liberal ideas. Once, walking over a corn-field full of thistles and weeds, he said: "That is the result of protection"; and this made me think for myself and become a free-trader.

I used to go down by the Portsmouth coach, and also, alas! up by it. One evening as it swung along by the lodge gate the guard sang out "Full!" but then saying, "Oh! we can make room for a little 'un," crushed the

hopes he had raised, and carried me off, with my feet hanging in the air from the seat on the top, to White Horse Cellar. Oh, the misery and cold of such journeys, unknown to the golden youth of to-day ! And then the arrival in the darkened streets, our rooms gloomy with the rushlights of my childhood, which, stuck in a tin cylinder perforated with holes, gave a feeble and flickering flame, and shed ghostlike shadows on the ceiling, which haunted me in the watches of the night ; the tinder-box and the flint which hung fire so long ; succeeded by the brimstone match and the Congreve lucifer, which lit our school-day tallow-candles, with ever-increasing cotton wicks—all have happily passed away in this dazzling age of electric light ; and I hope, with them, the dark passages and cupboards which were the real terrors of childhood.

Soon after my birth my father had completed a small house on the sea-shore at Walmer. The Duke of Wellington, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, lived at the castle, always spent his autumns there, and used to hunt with the West Street Harriers. I find an account of a conversation he had with my father in September, 1839 :

“September 21, 1839.—Rode with the Duke of Wellington—said he thought they were right in not opposing the Reform Bill in the House of Lords ; that the King told him that Lord Grey had got a promise from him to make forty peers ; that he had asked the King to make sixty ; and that if they had voted against the Reform Bill, he had no doubt that from forty to sixty peers would have been made ; by which a revolution would have been sudden. Now, if a revolution takes place, it will be more gradual, and give breathing time.”

As Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Duke always wore a blue coat and red collar, and was, I suppose,

fond of children, as he was so kind to us. He used to go every Sunday to the church at Old Walmer, with a great prayer-book or Bible under his arm; and I cannot help thinking that Thackeray must have had the old Duke in his mind when he makes Major Pendennis say :

“No man went more regularly to church when in the country; the Duke of St. David’s, whom I have the honor to know, always sings in the country, and let me tell you it has a doosed fine effect from the family pew.”

On one occasion he ran a race with me down the grass hill leading to the castle. I threw a stone very near him once, and he asked me who taught me to throw stones. I said, “My brother Richard, sir.” “I hope,” said he, “he will soon teach you something better than that.”

In 1838 the Duke gave a breakfast at Walmer Castle to some royalties, and all we children were invited to it. He had just returned from Windsor, where at whist he had won a few shillings, the first that had been coined in the Queen’s reign. My sister says: “We were all playing on the ramparts, and he came up to us and said to me, ‘Would you like to have a picture of the Queen?’ and putting his hand into his pocket he brought out three or four of these bright new shillings, and gave me one; seeing my sister looking on very wistfully, he added, ‘and would you like one too?’ I think he also gave one to Miss de Ros and Miss Hardinge. I was very proud of my shilling, and had a hole bored through it, and wore it round my neck. In later years it was put into a locket, with an inscription inside telling its history.”

Staying at a country-house, the Duke came down for morning prayers with his prayer-book in his hand; “but,” he said, “they used fancy prayers.” Once when my parents were dining with him, the conversation turned

on what creatures of habit we were ; and the Duke said that a Frenchman was talking on that subject, and ended by saying, “*par exemple, nous nous lavons les mains, mais jamais les pieds !*” We were always supplied by the Duke with pears and figs from great trees growing in the moat of the castle, which have continued to flourish under the wardenships of Lord Granville, Mr. Smith, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Salisbury.

In 1837 my father and my mother left me on going to London, and the return chaise brought me back a parcel of barley-sugar and the news of the King’s (William IV.) death. I had once seen him at Richmond, when I stood on a gate and shrieked out, “*Who’llray*” (*Hurrah*) “for the King and the Duke of Wellington, for I always say that.”

1837 was also the year of a great frost, and our journey was delayed until the road was cleared ; and I recollect that the snow on each side was higher than the windows of the coach in which we drove to London.

Among the more remarkable people who lived, during some of our autumn holidays, at Walmer, were Lord Mahon, the historian, afterwards Lord Stanhope, who had the big house on the beach towards Walmer Castle ; Sir John Campbell¹ was there one summer ; and Sir Henry Hardinge,² whom I well recollect leaving for India, where he was appointed Governor-General in 1844. His son went with him, and was at his side through the first Sikh war, where Hardinge served under Sir Hugh Gough, nobly waiving his position as Governor-General. He was in India only four years, and later was Master-General of the Ordnance, and Commander-in-Chief on the Duke of Wellington’s death.

¹ Afterwards Lord Campbell and Lord Chancellor.

² Afterwards Governor-General of India and Commander-in-Chief.

Arthur¹ was a peppery-tempered boy, and I recollect his mother, Lady Emily, calling for him and his answering, "Oh! yes, I hear you; but the more you call the more I won't come." Lord Delawarr was there one summer also; and my contemporary, Lionel West,² who subsequently became our Ambassador to the United States. G. P. R. James, the most prolific author of his day, also lived at Walmer, and when as a boy I was at luncheon with him, he addressed me for the first time in my life as "Mr. West," and made me very proud. Lord and Lady Salisbury and their children, who were always running on the beach without shoes and stockings, spent some autumns there. I also remember the Queen and Prince Albert coming to Walmer, and the old Duke of Cambridge taking me for a long walk, and asking me all sorts of questions, about what I had for dinner, and other uninteresting details.

The Captains of Deal Castle, Lord Carrington and Lord Maryborough, afterwards Lord Mornington, were always dressed in uniform. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterwards Lord Raglan (I was the first person in England who heard of his death as Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, when I was in Sir Charles Wood's private office at the Admiralty), stayed there one or more summers; and Lord Strangford, who had been Ambassador in Russia, spent some time there.

There was a very irascible but very pleasant Admiral Vincent, the king of the place; and an Admiral Lee, who always averred that he heard at Walmer the guns of Waterloo on June 18th. He and his wife, Dame Lee, were buried in Walmer church.

¹ Afterwards Sir Arthur Hardinge, Governor of Gibraltar, and Commander-in-Chief at Bombay.

² Now Lord Sackville.

In 1838 I was taken to Lord Carrington's house in Whitehall Place, and had a splendid view of the Queen's coronation procession. Oddly enough, above the gold coaches and liveries and soldiers and bands and kings and princes, there remains in my mind a vivid impression of a row between a drunken sailor and the police.

In 1839 the twopenny postman, who used to go his rounds with a bell and a bag to collect letters, was dressed in something very like the blue coat and red facings of the Windsor uniform, which exists to the present day as it was then. The system of franking prevailed up to the institution of the penny post in this year. I think that out of the small number of 83,000,000 letters then delivered in the United Kingdom, over 6,000,000 franks passed through the Post Office; they were much sought after, for the cost of postage was considerable: a letter to Scotland or Ireland, of one page, cost about 1s. 3d., and those who could best afford to pay were those who were exempted.

At this period of my life my father was appointed a Judge in Bankruptcy at Leeds, and our days at Walmer were numbered. We went to live at Preston Hall, about eight miles from Leeds, near Swillington, which belonged to Sir John Lowther, and two miles from Temple Newsam, the beautiful Elizabethan home of the Meynell-Ingrams. It was in the centre of coal-pits, and while we were there a dreadful fire-damp explosion took place, and I saw one of the poor men who was rescued, but terribly lacerated. The whole life among these people was new to us; their language and expressions, and their roughness, were constant sources of interest to us all.

We paid visits to Mr. Waterton, the great naturalist, at Walton Hall, near Wakefield, where he gave for many years a hospitable asylum to all birds and beasts that

chose to avail themselves of it, and never allowed a trap to be set or a gun to be fired on his property.

As a boy at school, Waterton was asked by one of the masters, who saw his roving disposition would carry him to distant countries, not to touch wine or spirits. Waterton promised and abstained till his death. Sydney Smith said of him that he appeared in early life to have been seized with an unconquerable aversion from Piccadilly and that train of meteorological questions and answers which form the great staple of polite conversation; and this aversion led him to strange adventures—which to the present generation are little known, notwithstanding that many of them must remain unsurpassed even in these days of “records.” Who else but he has ridden on the back of an alligator, using the forelegs twisted on its back as a bridle?

“Should it be asked,” he said, “how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington’s fox-hounds.”

He caught a poisonous snake many feet long by the neck, and pressed the fang with a bit of stick to see the poison, “which was thick and yellow and looked like camomile tea”; he caught another venomous big snake in the same way, and made it bite itself to see what would happen; he dined off monkey (boiled in cayenne pepper), tortoise, and ant beer, and once tried wasp grubs, by way of dessert after dinner; but his stomach “was offended at the intrusion.” He held his foot under the Niagara Falls, instead of under a pump, to cure a sprain, but this he admits was perhaps prompted by vanity, wishing “to have it in his power to tell the world that he had held his sprained foot under a fall of water which discharges 670,255 tons per minute.”

To his bitter disappointment, he could never induce a vampire-bat to suck his blood; in vain did he hold his

great toe out of the hammock, it was never tapped by the nocturnal surgeon ; other people's great toes had all the attractions.

To the end of his days he climbed trees ; and shortly before his death, at eighty-three, he ascended one of the tallest in Walton.

On one occasion we paid a visit to an Eton friend of my brother's, the son of Mr. Bushfield Ferrand, at Harden Grange, Bingley. He was member for Knaresborough, and spoke of himself as the advocate of the working classes of the North of England, and denounced the manufacturers as Whig-Radical "millocrats," whose tyranny, oppression, and plundering, and not the Corn Laws, were causing the existing distress. He emulated the dagger scene of Burke, and produced in the House of Commons a sample of shoddy, or what he called "Devil's Dust," and tore it into shreds, and made a sensation by his paraphrase of St. Paul's denunciation of Christ's enemies, "whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, whose glory is their shame"—applying it to the "millocrats." He was a rough man, and my brother and I were rather startled on going to bed to hear him say to his servant, "As the Wests are here, we won't breakfast until half-past seven to-morrow !"

When living in Yorkshire we hunted in a small way with the Bramham Moor Hounds, of which that prince of sportsmen, George Lane-Fox, was the master. I suppose that a more splendid type, both in character and in appearance, never existed, even in Yorkshire. It was said of him that he ruled a somewhat unruly field by his quiet sarcasm, never by bad language. In London his well-turned-out coach was familiar to every one in Hyde Park ; and he was proud of it and his team, and regretted the disappearance of fine "turn-outs." In a letter to a dear friend he says :

“I do not think anybody in Yorkshire can pull out a decent pair of horses. In these degenerate days all the ladies drive what they call ‘a trap.’ The depressed farmer allows his daughter to drive a trap. The broken-down land-owner drives a trap. It makes me ill. My idea of a trap is a horrid thing holding a poor fox or rabbit fast; a terrible implement that no real sportsman or good neighbor ought to allow to be used.”

In 1840 I was taken to Buckingham Palace, which then had no quadrangle, to see the Queen’s marriage procession. Two things remain in my memory: one, that the pianoforte was dusty, and some one remarked what bad house-maids the Queen had; the other, the forest of umbrellas in the park when a shower came on.

I well recollect the excitement produced by the murder of Lord William Russell, in Norfolk Street, by his valet, a Swiss, who deposited the plate he had stolen in the Hôtel Sablonnière, in Leicester Square; and I have not forgotten the horror of lying awake and hearing the boys holloaing out in the streets, “Last dying speech and confession of *Convossier*,” as they pronounced it. Years afterwards the Solicitor-General told me a curious story in connection with this trial. It appears that opposite Lord William’s house a gentleman looked out from the window of a bedroom in which he ought not to have been, and saw the shadow of a naked man pass before the opposite window-blind. An attempt was made to throw suspicion off the valet on a house-breaker, and this gentleman went to the counsel, and asked him what he ought to do, as to come forward as a witness would, of course, ruin the character of the lady in whose room he was that night. The counsel recommended his saying nothing about it, as long as no innocent person was involved in the murder; but, if the worst came to the worst, he should advise him to give the lady’s maid £10

to admit he was with her when he saw the shadow! Mr. Monckton Milnes went to see Courvoisier executed, and often afterwards asserted that his description of the horrors of a public execution caused it to be abolished. This may have been so, but it was really quite twenty years later before executions took place in private.

Greenacre's murder of a woman was horrid. He cut her up, and took away her head in a bag. When he stepped into the 'bus, the conductor replied as he asked the fare: "Sixpence a head, sir."

This and Goode's murder of his wife at Roehampton, near a villa of Lord Henley's, where we had been staying, greatly impressed my childish imagination. My contemporaries will no doubt remember the rather grewsome riddle: "Why did Goode cut up his wife? Because he did not like her altogether."

Years later came the dreadful Manning tragedy, both husband and wife, who had been a maid to the Duchess of Sutherland, taking part in the murder of the wife's lover. After she had attacked him, he said on his trial: "I then knocked his brains out with a ripping chisel, because I never much liked him!"

In 1841 the excitement of the trial of Lord Cardigan, by the Peers, for wounding Captain Tuckett in a duel, was very great. He was acquitted on grounds which were purely technical, each Peer standing up and saying: "Not guilty, upon my honor."

Sir Frederick Rogers, in 1842, tried hard in the columns of the *Times* to kill duelling by ridicule, and it was forbidden in the army in 1844, but still lingered. In 1852 George Smythe, the representative of the Young England party, and Colonel Romilly were going to fight in consequence of an electioneering quarrel. When they got to the Weybridge Station there was only one fly to be had, so both combatants, thirsting for each

other's blood, and their seconds, John Fortescue and Johnny Vivian, had to drive over in it to the chosen spot, George Smythe sitting on the box, and Colonel Romilly, with both the seconds, inside. At the fateful moment a pheasant rose out of a copse, as in Leech's famous caricature, and a pistol went off. After an exchange of shots the foes returned as they came. The incident was dealt with in a witty article in the *Times*, and so ridicule at last did more than morality to kill duelling. *Solvuntur risu tabulæ*.

It was not long after this that there died at Boulogne a Frenchman who had been a brutal duellist, such as is so well described in *Harry Lorrequer* at the time of the occupation of Paris. A quarrel having arisen between him and a young English officer, a duel *à la barrière* was arranged. Now, this form of duel consisted of a rope being drawn between the two parties, who were stationed at equal distances from it. At a given signal, the two combatants started to walk to the rope, with the liberty of firing whenever it so suited them. The young officer, with the impetuosity of youth, at once fired his pistol, and, having missed his man, continued his walk up to the barrier, when he came face to face with his opponent, who had reserved his fire. The Frenchman put his hand on the young man's heart, and said, with a sickening familiarity: "Brave jeune homme, ton cœur ne palpite pas"; and, stepping back, he continued: "Pauvre jeune homme, je plains ta mère," and shot him through the heart.

It was in 1839, shortly after the People's Charter had been first proclaimed, that there were riots at Newport, in Monmouthshire; and a magistrate named Frost was arrested, tried, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for riot. His sentence was commuted to trans-

portation for life to Van Diemen's Land. He was pardoned in 1856, and did not die till 1877.

The charter which created such alarm and consternation contained six points: Universal suffrage, ballot, annual parliaments, payment of members, abolition of property qualification, and equal electoral districts. How, before his death, Frost must have smiled at the fears and alarms the charter evoked, and ridiculed the passions that condemned its advocates to such terrible punishments!

In November, 1841, Sir Robert Peel, having gained his large majority, was about to make, at the Lord Mayor's dinner on the 9th, his great manifesto. The Queen, who was sore at her loss of Lord Melbourne and the Whigs, invited him to dine on that night with her. Sir Robert came into Sir James Graham's room at the Home Office and said: "You must now make the ministerial speech."

Sir James tried to get off, but in vain, and after Sir Robert Peel had left the room he said: "The only thing I can pray for is that the Queen may be brought to bed on that day." And his prayer was heard, the Prince of Wales being born that evening; and Peel made his speech at the Guildhall.

This was told me when at Netherby in 1881, by Major Graham, the brother and secretary of Sir James, who afterwards held the almost sinecure office of Registrar-General. When pressed by ladies or others as to when he went to his office, he used to say, "As soon after ten as I find it convenient"—a very good answer for a sinecurist.

This was not the only occasion on which Peel meant to put Graham in his place, for there was another Guildhall dinner when Peel would naturally have had to propose the health of the Lord Mayor. Now the Lord Mayor had been unpleasantly mixed up in some questionable transactions connected with parochial accounts,

so Sir James Graham was made spokesman, and got out of his difficulty very cleverly. In his toast proposing the health of the Lord Mayor he slightly alluded to the rumor; "but," he added, "the man that the City thinks worthy cannot be unworthy."

In Peel's administration Goulburn was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Peel himself had occupied that position in his former government; yet they both fell into this extraordinary financial blunder: they had reimposed the income tax for 1842, and had reckoned on a produce of £3,700,000, which anticipation resulted in a heavy deficit of £1,243,712. Peel, being of a cautious and suspicious nature, had not thought fit to consult his Inland Revenue authorities, and had reckoned on the whole of the estimated produce of the year being collected in the financial year, thus verifying a constant saying of Mr. Gladstone's, that suspicion was the crying fault of all politicians.

Peel was by nature cold and reserved, but he was a parliamentary tactician and master of the House of Commons, endowed with high principles but little imagination. Joseph Hume was an excellent and persevering economist, who was always worrying him on this question, and coming one evening into the library of the House of Commons, he said: "I shall make a speaker of that fellow Peel yet."

In 1834, when the Duke of Wellington held all the great offices of the State till Peel's return, Mr. Hudson¹ was intrusted with the task of finding his whereabouts. Anxious to distinguish himself, he rested neither day nor night till he found him in Rome and delivered the King's letter. Weary and travel-stained, after many days of

¹ Afterwards Sir James Hudson, G.C.B., British Ambassador in Italy.

posting, he presented himself to Peel, who took the letter, and, without a word of thanks, said: "You might have done the journey in a day less!"

Disraeli said: "The hurried Mr. Hudson rushed into the chambers of the Vatican," from which he was afterwards nicknamed Hurry Hudson.

In 1841 *Punch* came into existence—I think it was commonly spoken of at that time as the *Charivari*—and published in 1843 Hood's "Song of the Shirt," which caused many tears to flow, and called attention to the horrors endured by the poor seamstresses.

In 1843 I went to Eton, to the same house and the same room that my two elder brothers had occupied before me. I see it now, at the top of the house, with a sanded floor and a shut-up bedstead, and no tub, for washing in the winter was then unknown; in the summer we bathed in the river. My brother Richard won all the prizes for "headers." My Dame was Mrs. Angelo, an old, painted lady with a reputation somewhat tarnished, but tarnished so long ago that she was forgiven, and she was in charge of a house of from fifteen to twenty boys! My tutor was Edward Pickering, of cricketing renown, who took more interest in the game, I think, than in Latin verse. The great public school matches at Lord's, where the Winchester men, as they always called themselves, wore tall white hats, were attended by the masters and old boys and only those who were really interested in the game. But I am not going to recall my school-boy experiences, which have been already told by my old friend and mess-mate, Arthur Blackwood,¹ in his *Life*, and certainly do not need repetition. In those days

¹ Afterwards in the Treasury; served in the Commissariat through the Crimean campaign, and was Financial Secretary to the Post Office till 1894, when he died as Sir Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B.

there was an almost entire neglect of any kind of education beyond a very superficial smattering of Latin and Greek. I was placed, at eleven years old, in the lower division of the fourth form, took part in the last "Montem," and progressed by gravitation to the upper division of the fifth form in 1849, when I was captain of my house,*and rowed eight in the *Monarch* and had a good time till election, when I left. I believe I was the first occupant of the new sanatorium, where I spent some dreary weeks with scarlet fever, my dear mother coming down to nurse me.

Among the boys of my time, four have since obtained Cabinet offices. Lords Salisbury and Carnarvon, Mr. Warde Hunt, and Mr. George Lefevre. Arthur Peel, who then stood in the Eton list as *undecimus*, was subsequently Speaker of the House of Commons and the first Commoner of England. Chitty, who was captain of the eleven at Eton and Oxford, where he was also captain of the eight, became the well-known Lord Justice.

Bent, the respected Vicar of Woolwich, was a contemporary of mine. On leaving college he became a poorly paid curate. Somebody, coming up to him in the street, said: "I believe you are the incumbent." "No," he replied; "I am Bent without the income."

Our great scholar, Lord Lothian, died early. Lord Roberts was with us a short time, and George Wombwell, one of the Balaclava heroes, still flourishes. Poor Admiral Sir George Tryon, who was lost in the *Victoria*, was at my Dame's house, where we had a short and brilliant fight; and in my later life I always congratulated myself on being his friend and not his enemy. Bill Thompson, who was captain of the boats, was afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; Sir Alfred Lyall has distinguished himself highly as an administrator, a councillor, and a poet. Sir John Lubbock was our man of science; Alger-

non Swinburne our poet; and Henry Labouchere our journalist.

My contemporaries and I captured the Civil Service by storm; for, at the time when I was Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, Sir R. Welby¹ was Secretary to the Treasury; Robert Herbert,² Under-Secretary for the Colonies; Rivers Wilson,³ Comptroller of the National Debt; Charles Fremantle,⁴ Deputy-Master of the Mint; Arthur Blackwood,⁵ Secretary to the Post Office; Charles Ryan,⁶ Auditor-General of the Exchequer; Whymp⁷ was Head Inspector of Factories; Bertie Mitford,⁸ Secretary to the Board of Works; and Philip Currie,⁹ Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. As Lowe said, it was a case of *Eton v. Education*, and *Eton* always won.

In 1846, as an Eton boy, I went with my friend Robert Henley¹⁰ to the coming of age of his brother at Watford in Northamptonshire. The party consisted of Ogilvy (afterwards Lord Airlie), Wodehouse (afterwards Lord Kimberley), Dodson (afterwards Lord Monk-Bretton), my elder brother Henry, Sir David Dundas (who became Solicitor-General), and a man well known in London as "Johnnie Rochford," who proved himself a great actor. One day it was announced that he had been suddenly summoned to London; and it must be remembered that those were not the days of telegrams which now so conveniently call away guests who have had all the shoot-

¹ Now Lord Welby, G.C.B.

² Now Sir Robert Herbert, G.C.B.

³ Now Sir Rivers Wilson, C.B., K.C.M.G.

⁴ Now Hon. Sir Charles Fremantle, K.C.B.

⁵ Sir Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B., since dead.

⁶ Now Sir Charles Ryan, K.C.B.

⁷ Since dead.

⁸ Late M.P.

⁹ Now Lord Currie, K.C.B., P.C., Ambassador at Rome.

¹⁰ Now Vicar of Putney.

ing they can get. It was said that a Monsieur — was expected for dinner, at which he appeared, and, with only a change in the way he arranged his clothes and his hair, played his part without discovery through the entire evening.

Sir David Dundas, who doubtless knew Voltaire's axiom, "Le café doit être noir comme le diable, pur comme une vierge, chaud comme l'enfer," said to his hostess, Lady Henley: "Good-bye, madam; your coffee was excellent"—and she was doubtful as to whether it was a compliment or the reverse. There were others of the party that I forget; but among them was Mr. Eden, the Rector of Battersea, who subsequently became Lord Auckland and Bishop of Sodor and Man. Five of the party became members of the House of Commons. Lord Kimberley, as Ambassador to St. Petersburg, Secretary of State for the Colonies, India, and Foreign Office, attained great distinction. Dodson, who was always called "Fogg," in allusion to the solicitors in *Pickwick Papers*, Messrs. Dodson & Fogg, became Secretary to the Treasury, President of the Local Government Board, Chairman of Ways and Means, and Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons. He was a man whose abilities, after leaving Oxford, where he had distinguished himself, did not appear on the surface, and many people were puzzled at the success he attained. Indeed, through life I have often wondered at the success of some men whose qualifications did not seem to justify it; but that must arise from my own stupidity, for, notwithstanding Sir George Cornwall Lewis's cynical saying that every man was able adequately to perform the duties of an office which he was clever enough to get, it is impossible that any one really can be successful without some ability. There are statesmen in my mind who never appeared to me to have any peculiar or extraordinary cleverness, neither were

they the representatives of any interest; they were no speakers, and were poor, and yet they held in my time every high office in the State: Secretaries for War, First Lords of the Admiralty, Chancellors of the Duchy of Lancaster, Secretaries of State for the Home Department, and Chancellors of the Exchequer—all Cabinet offices. Imagine somebody fifty years hence wandering into a country church-yard, and seeing such a record on a gravestone, and his astonishment at never having heard of a man who filled more high offices than a Walpole, a Pitt, or a Gladstone!—but these are the mysteries of the British Constitution and parliamentary life.

I shall never forget the Confirmation at Eton held by Wilberforce, nor the solemnity with which he invested it. It was the first time, I think, that I had ever been impressed in the chapel, for our fate was to hear the dreariest utterances—of superannuated Fellows, who only supplied food for our boyish merriment.

Mr. Gladstone once told me that he only remembered two sermons that made any impression on him when he was a boy at Eton: one of them was when the Vice-Chancellor, in 1826, delivered a strong denunciation of Roman Catholic Emancipation, and the other I have forgotten.

I remember, in 1848, the news coming to Eton of the French Revolution and the flight of Louis Philippe, and his arrival here as Mr. Smith. On the journey the poor ex-Queen was constantly praying; the king, fearing it would be noticed, said, “Mrs. Smith, en France on ne prie pas tant en voyage.” Our holidays were delayed a day to avoid the abortive Chartist meeting on April 10th in that year. I travelled down with Robert Henley to my father’s place, Preston Hall, near Leeds, the next day, and took home the news of what had happened. It seems to me so odd, writing in these days of tele-

graphs, that they should not have known all about it sooner ; but I recollect my mother telling me that, living at her father's home at Wolterton, in Norfolk, the first news of the battle of Waterloo was brought by her brother, Colonel Walpole, who had been wounded at Quatre Bras !

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CHAPTER II

1848-1851

Visit to Belgium and Paris—The President and the Garter—Sir Robert Peel's Accident and Death—I Migrate from King's College, London, to Christ Church, Oxford—Osborne Gordon and his Pupils—I Accept Alfred Montgomery's Offer of a Clerkship in the Income-tax Office in April, 1851—Disraeli and Monckton Milnes—Duties in the Inland-revenue Office—Transfer to the Admiralty—Sir James Graham—Bernal Osborne's Examination—Sir William Hayter's "Idiots"—Frederick Locker and the Chief Clerk—The Reign of the Dandies—Harry and William Keppel—Henry Calcraft—Society in the Early Fifties—Almack's and the Cocoa-tree Club—Fashions and Feeding—Breakfasts and Smoking—The Decline of Drinking—The Misses Berry's Salon—Lansdowne House—Lady Ashburton's Humor—Sir James and Lady Graham—Mrs. Norton—Lady Palmerston's Parties—Abraham Hayward and the Wits—Sir George Cornwall Lewis and Maurice Drummond—The Exhibition of 1851—A Trip to Paris—Thackeray's Lectures—The Italian Opéra in its Prime—Sergeant Murphy's Stories—Lord Broughton, Albert Smith, Mr. Brookfield, and Thackeray.

NOTHING definite having been settled about my future career, I went abroad in the autumn with my father and mother, my brother Richard and my two sisters, to Spa, in Belgium. On our return through Paris we were invited to the Elysée by the President, who had known my mother and sisters when staying at Wynyard; he asked me whether I was going into the Army "or to Church." He pressed my sisters to stay for a ball, and on their declining, he said, "In this land of Equality, Fraternity,

and Liberty, I can send soldiers to keep you." My eldest sister's farewell must be reckoned as one of those things one would rather not have said — "I hope we shall soon see you in England again"; but he did come in glory to receive the Garter from the Queen, after his marriage in 1853 with Mlle. Montijo, Comtesse de Téba. It was said that he wrote to her Majesty, "*J'ai tes bas, donne-moi ta jarretière.*" My wife saw him received at Windsor by the Queen, and "never," she said, "shall I forget the triumphant expression of his usually imperturbable face when the Queen invested him with the Garter." She also saw, at a great party at Windsor, Edgar Ney, who was one of the Emperor's brilliant suite, deliberately turn his back on the Duke of Wellington, recollecting the old Duke's conduct to his father, the Marshal. At one of the investitures of many she saw, she was struck by seeing in St. George's Hall the Duke of Wellington and Lord Anglesey writing at the same table.

As I had taken a fancy to go "to Church," it was now decided that I must take a degree; so I stayed with my brother Richard in lodgings in Down Street, to attend some lectures at King's College, where I learned nothing, but made some very third-rate acquaintances.

In 1850 London was full of anticipation of the World's Exhibition, which was to be held the following year in Hyde Park. It was the fine idea of Prince Albert, and he had appointed a committee to assist him in its management.

It was as Sir Robert Peel was riding in St. James's Park to a meeting of this committee that he fell from his horse and was seriously hurt. It was at a ball at Lady Carrington's that I heard how dangerously ill he was. I was rather shocked at a ball going on so near where Peel lay dying in Whitehall Gardens; but not-

withstanding I stayed till five o'clock, and left just as the strains of the cotillon began. On July 2d, in the evening, he died. On his death, Mr. Gladstone quoted these fine lines :

"Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silvery sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill."

It was commonly reported that his horse stumbled, and he, being a bad horseman, fell. This is the story I heard from my old friend Sir William Stephenson, who is an undoubted authority :

Mr. Beckett Denison (Lord Grimthorpe's father), who was a fine rider, saw the horse at Tattersall's, bought it, rode it for three weeks, and finding that it was quite quiet, and knowing that Sir Robert was looking for a horse, advised him to buy it. Sir Robert's coachman very soon found out that it was not quiet, and advised Sir Robert not to ride it ; but he considered Mr. Denison must know best. Mr. Townley, who was riding behind Sir Robert when he was thrown, told Sir William that hardly any one could have sat the fearfully sudden buck the animal made on being passed by another horse. It was found out afterwards that Sir Henry Peyton, one of the finest riders of the day, had sold the horse as he couldn't ride it, and it was bought by a friend of Sir William's subsequently, who found the same.

Sir Robert might possibly have been saved had he allowed the doctors to examine him, but he could not bear to be touched. He had told Sir William, who had been his secretary when he was Prime Minister, that if any accident ever happened to him, he knew that he would not be able to bear to be touched, his nerves were so acute.

The public had not realized the danger he was in. Sir James Graham and Lord Hardinge were the only friends he had seen on his death-bed. The world mourned for him, and associated, and will always associate, his name with free-trade, though he himself gave Richard Cobden the credit. He would accept no honors and refused the Garter. He left five sons, four of whom were subsequently the bearers of titles. Sir Robert, the eldest, was a G.C.B.; Sir William, the sailor, was a K.C.B.; Sir Frederick was a K.C.M.G.; and the youngest, Arthur, the Speaker of the House of Commons, became Viscount Peel.

It was of a relative of Sir Robert Peel's, a Mr. Peel who once stood for Accrington, that the following anecdote is told. He was not much of a speaker, but his friends persuaded him to say a few words, which he did in this fashion: "Men of Accrington, if you are so backward in coming forward, you'll be left behind as you were before."

After my short dip into London life, I went to Oxford. On the night of my arrival at Christ Church for my matriculation, which Dr. Thompson, of Trinity, said was an impious attempt to fathom the depth of human ignorance, I played a rubber of whist in some room in Peckwater with Lord Robert Cecil (afterwards Lord Salisbury) and Mr. Warde Hunt (afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Beaconsfield's government), who was always called "Mother Hunt." I cannot remember who was our fourth partner; but I know that it was remarked that we averaged six feet three inches.

I soon renewed my old Eton friendships and messed with my boating friends, a little regretting that I had not adopted cricket instead of rowing, as affording many more opportunities of amusement in after-life. At Eton our aquatic eleven had been very good and we had de-

feated the second eleven ; and I shall never forget the day when I was sent for to the upper club to be tried for the school eleven, but was not taken.

Osborne Gordon was my tutor, a great scholar, a double first-class man, but with an overpowering love for a lord. Oddly enough, I met him years after, in 1881, when Vicar of East Hampstead ; he still was true to his first love, and had never learned to put an "H" in the right place. Kirkman Hodgson used to tell of a lecture by Roebuck to his constituents at Sheffield, where his colleague, Mr. Hadfield, was present. Roebuck said : " If a man drops an H, from that moment he loses his position in English society." "'Ear, 'ear, 'ear," said Mr. Hadfield.

Our lecture consisted of Lords Lothian and Dalkeith, tufts ; Lucy, of Charlecote, a gentleman commoner ; myself, a Westminster student, and two servitors. Osborne Gordon's manner of greeting us was in exact mathematical proportion to our relative positions :

"'Appy to see you, Lord Dalkeith. 'Aven't 'ad the pleasure of seeing your lordship lately—been 'unting, I suppose."

" Won't you sit 'ere, Lord Lothian ?"

" Good-morning, Mr. Lucy. Where will you sit ?"

" Good-morning (*grumpily*), West." And not even a grunt to the scholar or the two poor servitors.

Lothian was very clever and industrious and singularly modest, offering to bet me that he would not pass his Little-go. Poor fellow ! he took a double first, but died soon after. Carnarvon, of Home-rule fame, was there also, and Sandon, afterwards Lord Harrowby. At the time of the Egyptian revolt of Arabi, a traveller in Staffordshire told his driver that Arabi was taken prisoner. " Poor old gentleman," he said ; " and him having lived so respectable-like all his life," thinking it was Lord Harrowby.

Besides all my old Eton friends, who were many, I saw much of Herbert Murray, of Raglan, Somerset; and on Sundays I was very fond of dining late at New College with an old Eton friend, Tom Talfourd, a son of the judge and author of *Ion*, to hear the music afterwards in the chapel. I only remained at Christ Church for two terms, when I gave up all intention of taking Orders, and went for a short time to York, where my father then had a house, and where I witnessed the great race between The Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur, and gained my first bitter experience of the honesty of the ring, for I won £10 which was never paid to me. I recollect a curious bet I had at Eton with my fagging master; he offered me ten to one against Pyrrhus I. To get over my scruples, he said he would do me a copy of verses and excuse me fagging for a week; to these inducements I yielded, and Pyrrhus I. won.

About the end of April, 1851, Alfred Montgomery, a Commissioner of Inland Revenue, offered me a small appointment in the Income-tax Office at Somerset House, which I gladly accepted. I had first made his acquaintance in 1840, when he was a great friend of my sister's. I lived to be his colleague on the Board of Inland Revenue, thirty years afterwards, where I found him as kind, as genial and witty as he had been from the first. My boyish imagination was filled with the glories of this charming dandy, whether at late breakfast at Kingston House (where Lord Wellesley was then living), when he was arrayed in brocaded silk dressing-gown and faultless linen, or in his cab with his high-stepping horse and little tiger, or at the theatre, where he often took me in my boyhood.

In those days there was a "public" called the "Half-way House," just opposite Kingston House, where all the market carts on their way from Covent Garden used

to be drawn up to bait. A curious story attaches to it. As the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Ellenborough, was riding in Rotten Row, news was brought to him of the death of his chief clerk, who held a great sinecure office of several thousands a year. He immediately dismounted, and cautiously walking to the "Half-way House," borrowed a sheet of paper and made out the appointment of his son, who held this great salary for many years.

I can only just recollect a vision of the famous Count d'Orsay and Napoleon when still in London; and, oddly enough, looking back at Eton—where I was a member of the debating society called "Pop."—I cannot recollect ever having heard the name of Disraeli, and yet in 1846 he had written most of his famous novels; he had already passed through ten sessions of Parliament, and his dress was an ostentatious affectation, enough alone to have made him notorious. He wore a slate-colored velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down over his shoulders; and when he rose in the House he wore a bottle-green frock-coat, with a white waistcoat, collarless, and a needless display of gold chains. I never heard at the time of the shouts of ridicule with which his first speech had been received, or his self-confident prophecy, copied from O'Connell, that the day would come when they *should* hear him. It is not well known by this generation that within a few days he was followed by Monckton Milnes in a brilliant speech, which was praised on all sides. The successful speaker became a poet and a pleasant member of society, but received no higher office than that of Junior Lord of the Treasury, when Lord Palmerston in his cleverest

vein asked him to join him on the Board, while the man who failed became the idol of the people, and twice Prime Minister of England.

In 1851 I entered the Inland-revenue department as a temporary clerk, at 6s. a day, and I know of no prouder hour than that in which I received my first cash payment at the end of the quarter. My duties were strictly clerical and drearily monotonous—so many forms to fill up each day, and that was all; it was, therefore, with great pleasure that, after about a year of this probationary work, I was summoned to the alarming and splendid presence of Sir James Graham, who was the First Lord of the Admiralty, and was offered a clerkship on that establishment.

I was much troubled, for when my interview took place I was wearing a coat which I thought must be, or might be, considered a little loud, and I regretted that time was not given to me to change it. My friend and contemporary, Lord Welby, was told, when he entered the Treasury, by Mr. Dwight, a colleague of his, that he remembered the day that Mr. Alcock, his chief, a high officer in the Treasury, was sent for by the great Mr. Pitt, but dared not obey the summons because he had not got on his breeches and buckles. However, Sir James Graham overlooked my coat, and I was appointed as the last clerk that ever entered the public service without any examination whatever. Bernal Osborne was then the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, and congratulated me on this. Soon afterwards there was a vacancy in the office, and the son of a friend of his was nominated, who had not had the advantage, as we all knew, of a too liberal education. We juniors trembled for the result; but Bernal Osborne said the first examination was so important that he should conduct it himself, which he did to the utmost satisfaction of the candidate, who was re-



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The Right Hon. Sir James Graham Bart. M.P.

ported to have passed with flying colors, especially in theology! It is only just to say that a better official than Augustus Spalding never existed. This state of things was too good to last, and examinations were formally held before Civil-service commissioners. Three candidates were nominated to compete for one vacancy. Sir William Hayter, then the astute and clever Secretary to the Treasury, was not to be so easily "done"; so he kept in reserve two very dull boys, whom he felt sure would never succeed, to run in competition with his friend whom he wished to be appointed; and this ruse went on, till at last, after constant defeats, one of his "idiots" was finally successful.

I cannot even now look back to my early days at the Admiralty without conjuring up to myself the figure of a little chief clerk, always dressed in a black and snuffy suit, who occasionally came to the office in the morning dressed in a great frilled shirt-front and evening clothes, and announced that, as he was going to dine out that evening, he should not be at the office the next day. Frederick Locker, who always wore kid gloves in the office for fear he should dirty his hands with ink, and who afterwards delighted the world with his brilliant verses and his cheery *Confidences*, was evidently not impressed with the dignity of the man or the office, for on my asking him what his duties were, he said: "All I know is, that whenever I want a clean towel or a piece of fresh soap I always ring the bell and send for the chief clerk." My admiration, however, of the worldly wisdom of the next great chief clerk hangs about me still—how splendidly he threw dignity and importance into the little routine forms of daily official life! I see him now, with his silver locks, placing before me, to copy, the most ordinary of departmental documents, and telling me to be expeditious and careful, because the First Lord was

waiting to take it with him to the Cabinet ; if he wanted a boatswain's warrant made out, he would tell me that it must be scrupulously accurate, as it was to be signed by her Majesty herself, who would be sure to notice any fault.

My position was that of a junior clerk, under the guidance of John Heneage Jesse, the kindest of friends, the historian of the Georges, whose tales carried me back to the roaring times when he passed a *jeunesse orageuse* in company with Lord Waterford and Frank and Charles Sheridan, and shared in all their scrapes, some of which he was very fond of telling. On one occasion a niece of his had been hurt at Vauxhall by a rocket stick falling on her, and was taken by Jesse to a well-known Dr. Macan (who was afterwards doctor to our militia regiment) in Parliament Street. Macan was skeptical as to the alleged relationship, and made very light of the whole affair, and annoyed Jesse so much that he was determined to pay him out ; so as he and his friends were returning from Greenwich on a bright summer morning in an omnibus, they drew up at the doctor's door, and knocking violently, implored him not to waste a moment, as one of their friends was lying in a fit on the floor of the carriage. Down came the doctor in his dressing-gown and slippers ; they opened the door, shoved him in, drove on, and turned him out at the top of the Haymarket, amid the jeers of the drunken revellers, to run home as best he could.

When I was at the Admiralty I made acquaintance with many distinguished sailors ; among them always stood out Harry Keppel,¹ who had then established his reputation as the pluckiest and the bravest officer in the Royal Navy—a reputation still green, which adds to his bravery

¹ Afterwards a G.C.B. and Admiral of the Fleet.

and pluck a popularity which is undying, and who was as popular with all us officials as he was afloat; Captain Milne,¹ Captain Beauchamp Seymour,² who was always called the "Swell of the Ocean," and many others.

Thanks to my brothers, I was soon fairly launched into the small circle then constituting Society—how different a society from what I have lived to see!—in dress, in manners, customs, and even language. Those were the days in which the dandies reigned, with their triple waistcoats, their many-folded neckcloths, their wristbands turned back over their tight coat sleeves, their brocaded evening waistcoats and embroidered shirt-fronts; St. James's Street belonged to them—White's and Brooks's were honored by their presence. The recollections of Count d'Orsay, Lord Adolphus FitzClarence, Admiral Rous, Cecil Forrester, Sir George Wombwell, and Alfred Montgomery pass before me as I write, and I still from mere force of habit, as I walk, peer with awe into the bay window of White's expecting to see the well-known faces there.

I had as friends Gerald Ponsonby, George and Odo and Arthur Russell, Jervoise Smith, Frank Stonor, William Blackburn, Stewart Hobhouse; Howard, a smart officer in the 2d Life Guards, who afterwards became a priest and a cardinal; Augustus Lumley, and many others; and I used constantly to attend what were then called Electro-Biology Séances, at the Knightsbridge Barracks, where Captain Bertie used to perform prodigies of will over stalwart Lifeguardsmen. I also renewed my Eton friendship with William Keppel,³ afterwards Lord Bury—one such as Wordsworth speaks of as "a man of joyous yesterdays and confident to-mor-

¹ Afterwards a G.C.B. and Admiral of the Fleet.

² Afterwards Lord Alcester, G.C.B.

³ Subsequently Lord Albemarle.

rows"—and we were inseparable for many years. He was the most gay and captivating of friends and companions, who possessed that glorious electricity that communicated itself to all those in his company. We were captains in the Middlesex Rifles together. In these happy days he used to keep the mess table in a roar of laughter, not only by his wit and stories, but by the humor of his telling; the glory fades in their repetition, and though fifty stories spring to my mind, I could not tell one without losing the salt and the sparkle with which he ornamented them all so well. Alas, that it should be so! but political differences, though they never destroyed our friendship, drew us asunder into different camps. His conversion from Liberalism was very sudden, and he became a Tory Under-Secretary, a Tory Peer, and member of the Carlton; whereas I, though taking no part in politics, remained at Brooks's, where we had spent so many happy hours together.

Among my early friends was Henry Calcraft, who, as a young boy, had just entered the Board of Trade. He was very amusing and witty, and had shoals of friends, by whom he was commonly called the "Hangman." One day Lord Cowley said to him: "Whenever I come back to London you are always the first person I am sure to see." "Yes," said Calcraft, "and you may be quite sure I shall be the last!" Like all of us, he had his fits of bad spirits. I never pass the corner of Lansdowne House Gardens, which the present Lord Lansdowne has so much improved by letting us see through his gates, without thinking of an evening when, returning from a ball, where I suppose things had gone awry, Henry said: "I hate the past, I loathe the present, and I am apprehensive of the future." But this was only a passing grumble, and he lived many years and enjoyed his life, and I am sure, at the end, was not "apprehensive of the future."

He was Mr. Bright's secretary, and was, though not naturally industrious, a conscientious and able official, succeeding Lord Farrer as Secretary to the Board of Trade. Standing one day with me in front of the telegraphic despatches at Brooks's, and seeing the death of some young man from typhoid fever, he said: "There is one compensation in getting old—one is secure against that." Shortly afterwards he was attacked by it, and died from its effects in 1896.

Almack's then flourished, to which it was said that fashion, not rank or money, gave the *entrée*. Society was so small that Lady Palmerston used to write, in her own hand, invitations to her parties. Lord Anglesey used to have in his house in Burlington Gardens a slate where anybody who wished to dine might write down his name; and so circumscribed was the fashionable world that there was always in each season one lady who was recognized by society as *par excellence* the beauty of the year. The polka had just been introduced, about 1852, and Augustus Lumley and William Blackburn arranged the days of all the fashionable parties and balls, in London, and provided lists of all the eligible young men in that small and exclusive ring. Lady Blessington's salon at Gore House, where D'Orsay—the "Cupidon déchaîné," as he was called by Byron—Disraeli, Bulwer, Charles Dickens, and Napoleon III. all met, came to an abrupt close in 1848 by her leaving the country.

Lord Gardner, who was one of the coterie, dined with Napoleon on the night before the ridiculous expedition to Boulogne, and was invited to accompany him. Upon his learning, however, that an eagle had been bought for the occasion from Fisher the poulterer, he wisely decided to stay at home.

The glory of Crockford's had departed before I came to London in 1851, and a restaurant doomed to failure

had taken its place. But St. James's was full of fashionable "hells"—the Cocoa-tree Club being the best known. It was here that, one Sunday morning, the witty Lord Alvanley saw two "mutes" standing at the door. "Is it true," he said to them, "that the devil is dead? because, if so, I need not go to church this morning." For in those and later days pageantry pursued even the dead. Mutes stood at the door for a week, mourners wore black plumes, black cloaks and gloves, and long hat-streamers of silk or crape, according to their relationship to the deceased, and hatchments—properly spelled achievements—hung over the door for a year.

Mr. Banderet, the old proprietor of Brooks's Club, recollected when the packs of cards used there were reckoned by scores a night. Now cards are not called for at all, except sometimes on the occasion of a rubber at the meetings of the Fox Club, which are held there. In the early forties, long whist with ten points to a game was still played; and now I am told that even short whist is supplanted at the Portland and Turf clubs by bridge, écarté, and bézique.

When I was young, people at large country-house parties used to go into breakfast arm-in-arm, and no lady ever walked with her husband except *bras sous bras*. Friends always walked arm-in-arm, and the country neighbor always made his entry into a party arm-in-arm with his wife and daughter. Now the fashion has disappeared, except at dinner, and there has sprung up an odious habit of indiscriminate hand-shaking, morning and evening, in season and out of season; as well as another fashion, worthy of a *table d'hôte*, of assigning to each guest the place where he is to sit at dinner. I wonder why the bolder spirits of the younger and impecunious generation have not risen in revolt against

this interference within dividual liberty of choice which used to be theirs.

Lady Granville once remarked that in her younger days nobody in polite society ever mentioned their poverty or their digestion; whereas now they have become the principal topics of conversation, and if society was then vigilant in ignoring all allusion to money and commerce, we have now gone far in the contrary direction. Everybody quotes the prices of stocks and shares, and I have lived to see the day when a youthful scion of a noble and distinguished house produced from his pocket at dinner a sample bundle of silks to show how cheaply they could be bought at his establishment! Wine circulars with peers' coronets pursue me weekly; and I can buy my coal at 20s. a ton from wagons ornamented with the coronet of a marquis.

Now the good old habit of the master of the house asking his guests to drink wine with him has passed away; yet in my youth it was so much the fashion that when the change began, on a host asking a lady if she drank no wine, she replied, "Do you expect me to drink it with the butler?"

It was at Lady Sydney's hospitable table in Cleveland Square that I gained my first experience of what was then called *dîner à la Russe*, when the joints were carved off the table, and the fruit and flowers were on the cloth, which was not removed after dinner — tea always following coffee.

In country-houses luncheons consisted of cold meat or the children's dinner; and the men who were going to shoot made themselves sandwiches from the cold meat which, with perhaps an egg, constituted the ordinary breakfast. Battues and hot luncheons were an innovation introduced by the Prince Consort.

Breakfasts used to be given by Rogers, the banker and

poet, who, in addition to the literary charm of his company, would delight the guests with the musical notes of an artificial nightingale which sat in a cage outside his window. His poems of Italy were beautifully illustrated by Stothard, Turner, and Calcott—a novelty in those days. Luttrell said that his poems would have been dished but for their plates. Visitors to Holland House still may see on a seat in the garden that charming tribute to his *Pleasures of Memory* :

“Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
With me those pleasures which he sang so well.”

He died at the age of ninety-three in 1858, having seen in his youth the heads of rebels on Temple Bar, and cart-loads of young girls who had taken part in the Gordon riots, in dresses of various colors, on their way to be executed at Tyburn.

Notwithstanding Disraeli's assertion that to breakfast out was a plebeian amusement, Mr. Gladstone continued his breakfasts on Thursdays in Downing Street until 1884.

Mr. Motley, the historian, afterwards the American Minister to England, was constantly at breakfasts of this description, and I was delighted at reading in his *Life* astonishment, which I always shared, at the digestive powers of those he met. “When I reflected,” he said, “that all these people would lunch at two and dine at eight, I bowed my head in humiliation, and the fork dropped from my nerveless grasp.”

Eliot Warburton, the author of *The Crescent and the Cross*, had breakfasts where my mother and sisters would meet, among others, Prince Louis Napoleon and Kinglake. Lady Dorothy Nevill told Warburton that our family was in some way or another related to Amy Robsart. “Oh, what pretty blood !” he exclaimed.

Smoking had existed from the time of Sir Walter Raleigh down to my youth, but only on sufferance, and many was the evening in winter when the smoking brigade was sent across a sloppy yard to smoke in the harness-room; when there were less bigoted hosts we were allowed to remain in the servants' hall. No gentleman ever smoked in the streets till after the Crimean peace; and ladies never sullied their lips with tobacco, or even allowed men to smoke in their presence. It was not till the year 1845 that a smoking-room was first established in the holy of holies of Dandydom—White's Club; and it was 1881 before smoking was allowed below the attics in Brooks's.

Thanks to the introduction, by the Prince of Wales, of smoking after dinner, wine-drinking is now over. What it was in old days appears almost incredible. The late Lord Clanwilliam told me of one occasion when he had dined at a friend's villa near Putney. The dinner was extraordinarily late for those days—at eight o'clock. When they at last rose from the table and went up to their rooms, Lord Clanwilliam flung open his window and saw the haymakers coming into the field. "I wonder," he thought, "what hour they begin work," and on consulting his watch he found it was half-past eight—the haymakers were returning to work from their breakfasts! Mr. Gladstone recollects that on one occasion, when a host put to a bishop who was dining with him the ordinary formula, "Will your lordship have any more wine?" the bishop replied, in an unctuous voice, "Thank you, not till we have consumed what we have before us."

My first and greatest honor—though, alas! I did not value it at the time—was to receive an invitation to the famous salon of the Misses Berry, in Curzon Street, who were friends of my eldest brother; and it still seems strange to me that I should have known a lady who

Thackeray says "had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who himself had been patted on the head by George I. This lady had knocked at Dr. Johnson's door, had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III.; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the reign of Queen Anne." I was taken to Lansdowne House and introduced to the man who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, as Lord Henry Petty, at the age of twenty-three, in the Cabinet of All the Talents. It was at his house that my brother was dining on December 2, 1852, the anniversary of the great *coup d'état*, to meet M. Thiers, who had been banished from France, Lord John Russell, Lords Aberdeen and Macaulay, when the servant brought the *Globe* in to Lord Lansdowne after dinner, who handed it over to M. Thiers, saying, "Look and see what your President is doing"—and in it was the proclamation of Napoleon as Emperor.

I was also introduced to Lord and Lady John Russell: him I thought very alarming and cold; and to Lady Ashburton, whose salon at Bath House was frequented by Hallam, Carlyle, and Thackeray. I used to tremble as I passed its portals, for she was a lady who inspired awe among the greatest—how much more among such as I! Those who lived at that time will well remember a kindly little man, the Secretary to the Poor Law Board, by name of Fleming, commonly known as the "Flea," whom Sir Henry Taylor described as a "purling brook." He was well known in society, a friend of Charles Buller's, and an *habitué* of Lady Palmerston's house. He was much made up; and when Lady Ashburton was told of his house being entered by burglars, "It was hard on him," she said; "for he could not

move, having unfortunately left his backbone on the dressing-table." I became intimate with Sir James and Lady Graham. He was then one of that very distinguished body of men called "Peelites"—Lord Aberdeen, Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Elgin, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Cardwell. Sir James was a great personality, with a fine and commanding presence, a weighty speaker, an able administrator; but as a statesman, supposed to err on the side of caution. Lord Houghton once found him sitting at his table surrounded with Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*; he turned to him saying: "I have been examining my career, and I must admit it has been a little devious." His wife was a lovely woman. She was a Miss Callander, and a cousin of the Sheridans. In her old-fashioned way she always called him "Graham." She died in 1857.

It was from my friendship with her that I became acquainted with her cousins, Lady Dufferin, the Duchess of Somerset, and Mrs. Norton, whose appearance Mr. Motley so accurately describes:

"Her face is extremely beautiful; the hair is raven-violet-black; the eyes very large, with dark lashes as black as death; the nose straight; the mouth flexible and changing, with teeth that would themselves make the fortune of an ordinary face; and when you add to this extraordinary poetic genius, descent from that famous Sheridan who has made talent hereditary in her family, a low sweet voice—you can understand how she twisted men's heads off and their hearts out."

I was taken also to Lady Granville's salon in Bruton Street. In the upper floor of the house lived Charles Greville—"The Lodger," as she called him. This, though alarming, was made much less so by the kindness of Lord Granville, and the fascinating and gentle charm of his wife. I sometimes was at Madame de Fla-

hault's, in the house which was the Coventry Club, and is now the St. James's, where she held salons to the end of the eighties. I know that I should differ from all the memoirs I have read, if I were to say that Lady Palmerston's parties owed their especial charm to the fact that they formed the certain rendezvous of all the people who made her world, more than to her position and her charms, or Lord Palmerston's real *bonhomie*. It was told of him that he used to greet all those whom he did not know with a "How d'ye do, and how is the old complaint?" which fitted all sorts and conditions of men. Lady Molesworth in Eaton Place, and Lady Waldegrave in Carlton Gardens and Strawberry Hill, were introducing more cosmopolitan gatherings, with Abraham Hayward and Bernal Osborne as standing dishes—the first a studied *raconteur* who was said to read up his anecdotes before dinner, and even arrange with a friend what was to be said. He was attacked in the *Quarterly Review* as a Tame Cat of Society, and on a friend condoling with him he illustrated his position by telling of a boy of whose riding his parents were very proud. Before a crowd of admiring friends he mounted his donkey, which immediately threw him off and kicked him in the mouth. The boy spluttered out through his bleeding lips: "'Tisn't the fall and 'tisn't the valley of the teeth what annoys me; but 'tis the nashty, gashly, wishous disposition of the jackass." Society was now becoming democratized, and the days of the *grands seigneurs* and the *grandes dames* were rapidly disappearing.

Notorious wits, like Sydney Smith, Jekyll, Luttrell, Bernal Osborne, have long disappeared from the scene, the last survivor having been Dr. Quin, the advocate of homœopathy. I met him one night at Lady Craven's, where he and I were constant guests; I had a bad head-

ache, and Lady Craven, much against my will, asked him what I should take. "Advice," he answered promptly.

I was often at Kent House, where lived Sir George Cornwall Lewis. He was a stern, heavy-looking man, whom Charles Greville described as being as cold-blooded as a fish; a prudent statesman of the old Whig school, but more interested in literature than politics. Some of his cynical sayings have become household words, such as "Life would be tolerable but for its amusements." His wife, Lady Theresa, was a sister of Lord Clarendon's. I was very indignant as a young man at her saying that Sir George always told her that there were more good places in the Civil Service than there were good men to fill them; but later in life I found it too true. Maurice Drummond was his private secretary when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, a strange man, who married Miss Lister, a stepdaughter of Lord John Russell's.

"How do you manage to get people away so soon when they come to see you?" asked Sir George Lewis.

"Oh," said Maurice, "it is very easy; when they have talked for about five minutes, I say, 'Would you not like to go out by the First Lord's garden entrance?' and they always jump at it, even if they were going the other way." This was the little gate through which the Duke of Wellington, when First Lord, escaped when being hooted by a crowd for his opposition to Reform in 1830, as he rode to his office in Downing Street.

I was sometimes at Lady William Russell's house in South Audley Square. She had broken her leg and was on her sofa, but this did not dull her wit.

Hastings, her eldest son, with whom I was great friends in our militia days, inherited much of her humor. At one of her parties he opened the street door and announced her guests, saying the butler was drunk in the pantry.

In later years he was asked why he had deserted Mr. Gladstone, and his cynical answer was: "Why should not I? He offered me the Garter; he made my wife Mistress of the Robes; he made my brother a Peer. What more could I get from him?"

On May 1, 1851, the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park was opened. It had been devised by Mr. Paxton, head gardener to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. Lord Granville told me that he was warned that the huge construction of glass would not stand against a gale of wind. He at once consulted Sir George Airey, the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, who assured him there was no danger, as it would be amply protected by the mass of dead air which always surrounds a great building, and by which the wind would be lifted.

I went with Charlie Lane-Fox to see the crowd and the royalties who attended the opening; and soon after that I had a short holiday, and with Edwyn Burnaby joined a party of friends at Paris—Ben Stephenson,¹ Seymour Damer,² Bury,³ Robert Lindsay,⁴ and others. Paris was *en fête*. We saw a review of 60,000 troops in the Champs-de-Mars; each regiment, as it marched past, shouted out "Vive l'Empereur!"

One evening, after a good dinner, we all sallied out in the Champs-Élysées, which was crowded with shows, booths, people, and soldiers. Some of us began to shoot at a mark, and Bury won a live rabbit, which was as difficult a thing to dispose of as a white elephant. A dispute arose, and Bury's coat was torn; he struck a Frenchman, and a general scrimmage followed, Bob

¹ Now General Sir Frederick Stephenson, G.C.B.

² Died as Lord Portarlington.

³ Afterwards Earl of Albemarle.

⁴ Now Lord Wantage, K.C.B., V.C.

Lindsay knocking the little bloused Frenchmen down right and left ; but we luckily escaped without arrest.

On the day after, I left Paris for England. On the way our train broke down, and I was delayed for the night in a very impecunious state at Havre. I was engaged to dine at Mrs. Mills's, at Camelford House, and to go to the Duke of Wellington's ball that night, which I missed ; but—though this was the last of the great Duke's balls—my misfortunes did not end here, for I was awoke in the morning by two big gendarmes standing over my bed and telling me to get up and accompany them to the police magistrate. My guilty conscience told me I was arrested for our row in Paris, and I was dreadfully frightened as I was ushered in before the commissary. It soon appeared that there was some mistake, and that I was supposed to be a runaway school-boy ; and though my dignity was greatly hurt, I was much delighted at my release.

In May of this year (1851) Thackeray began in Willis's Rooms his delightful lectures on the Four Georges ; and we have all since read the account of his nerves on that occasion. He took society, which always likes to be thought to have literary tastes, by storm, diverting them for a time from the interest in and disgust at Mrs. Bloomer and her followers, who vainly endeavored to propagate the cult of that hideous costume.

A great hippodrome was in full swing in South Kensington. I was present with a party of people when Mr. and Mrs. Graham made their disastrous ascent in a balloon, which hardly rose above the roofs of the buildings, and was finally dashed on Colonel North's house in Arlington Street, now the property of Lord Granby.

In consequence of the influx of foreigners into London to see the Exhibition, the opera season was prolonged over August. In those days, and until the sixties, the

Italian Opera House (which at the Queen's accession was called "Her Majesty's") was in its glory. The pit, which occupied the floor of the house, gave access to the boxes, and was appropriately called the "Fops' Alley." Rubini, Mario and Grisi, Lablache, and later on Cruvelli, Sontag, Alboni, and Jenny Lind, delighted audiences as fashionable as those which now again fill the grand tier of Covent Garden; and the ballet, with Cerito, Taglioni, Lucille Grahn, and Rosati, adorned an art which, alas! has now degenerated into a taste for vulgar breakdowns and tarara-boom-de-ays.

I had been given what was known as an "ivory" for Lord Dudley's double box on the grand tier, and when the fashionable world left London, I, who was kept there at my office, used to sit in state alone in my glory.

Stewart Hobhouse was a great friend of mine in these early days; he was in the Home Office, and we were continually about together. Fire escapes were then being started in the streets, and one morning three or four of us had gone, after a ball, to Covent Garden. On our return we found an escape at St. James's church, and climbed up the ladder, and by stretching out our hands and feet, came down the shoot comfortably. Hobhouse neglected this precaution, and came down with a cruel shock, his trousers forced up his legs, and his coat turned inside out over his head.

Hobhouse constantly dined with a celebrated wit of our youth, Sergeant Murphy (for sergeants-at-law existed in those days), and told me many of his witty stories; but I regret to say that, witty as they were, there were not many that could be recorded here. Mrs. Norton was talking about the youthfulness of Lord Palmerston, when he said, "Yes, but even he cannot postpone old age *sine die*." At the time when at the beginning of the Indian Mutiny horrible and ghastly

stories, which afterwards turned out to be untrue, were very common, one was told of a lady whose nose was said to have been slit open by the mutineers. "She was always called," some one remarked, "one of the beauties of the Ganges." "She'll be one of the 'Hooghly' ones now," said the Sergeant.

Lord Broughton, who was an uncle of Stewart's, bore a strong resemblance to one of the doorkeepers at the Opera. A *nouveau riche* told him to call his carriage, which he did, and then turned saying, "I have called yours, perhaps you will now call mine; I am Lord Broughton." He had a peppery temper, and one day Thackeray had at his dinner a special bottle of Madeira. There was one glass left, and Thackeray, patting Lord Broughton on the back, said, "There, my dear old boy, you drink that." "I am not your dear boy, I am not old, and d—n your wine," said Lord Broughton.

Albert Smith was a wit of another kind—clever but vulgar; and Dickens never forgave him for imitating his style of writing. It was then the fashion for young men to go in balloons with old Green the *aéronaut*; and Albert Smith ascended one day before an admiring crowd of onlookers, and waving his hand to a young lady, an acquaintance of his, as he was starting, he said: "If I come down again I will bring you back a *sky-terrier*." He died young, leaving a widow, who was Keeley's daughter; Montagu Williams married her sister. One day the latter was engaged on a broiling summer afternoon in a law case, which he could not leave; he turned to a young barrister and said: "I had promised to take my wife and her sister to the Crystal Palace; you know them. I wish you would go down, explain my absence, and I will join you later."

The young lawyer did as he was told. Mrs. Albert Smith grumbled at the dreadful heat.

“Well,” said the young man, mistaking her for her sister, “we ought not to complain, when we think how dreadfully hot it must be where your poor husband is!”

As I lived in Mayfair, I often attended the services at John Street chapel to hear Mr. Brookfield, whose ornate language I never much appreciated. Preaching a sermon on the Christmas message to the shepherds at Bethlehem, he described their flock as the “woolly sleepers”; but he must have possessed great merits, for he was a close friend of Thackeray’s, in my opinion the greatest novelist of any that I have ever read. I have been young, and now am old; but I can think of no books which have given, and still give, me such pleasure as *Esmond*, *The Virginians*, *Vanity Fair*, and *The Newcomes*. No one photographed like him the world I have known and seen, or gave such pictures of noble generosity, of kind acts and petty foibles, of lofty hopes and profound belief, which have lasted since the world began. How often I have put down his books because the sunlight on the pages made my eyes water, and comforted myself by thinking that, as the great author said, “A man is never so manly as when he is unmanned!” I frequently met him, but never really knew him till I learned to know and love him in his writings.

We were one night discussing the mode of work adopted by various authors, when Mrs. Paul related how Holman Hunt had told her that a party, of which he was one, tried to persuade Thackeray to join them in a dinner-party at the Star and Garter. He pleaded the work he must do, and refused. On their return they called at his house, and found he had written exactly a line and a half!

CHAPTER III

1851-1854

Palmerston's Dismissal and Revenge—Resignation of Lord John Russell—Lord Derby's Administration—Return of Macaulay—Robert Lowe enters Parliament—Jullien's Concerts—Lord Clarendon—Stevenson Blackwood—The Duke of Wellington's Lying-in-State and Funeral—Disraeli's Plagiarism—Defeat of his Budget Proposals—Lord Aberdeen's Coalition Government—A Visit to Netherby and Gretna Green—Wilson the Fisherman and his Familiarities—War Clouds in the East—Sir Charles Napier—Lord Anglesey and his Nonconformist Friend—Departure of the Scots Fusilier Guards—News of the Alma—Balacava—Lord Ellesmere's Verses—Elected to Brooks's—Sir David Dundas—Cholera in London—The two George Moores—Inkerman as Described by a Combatant.

THE close of 1851 was an exciting time in politics ; for a quarrel had sprung up between Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, which led to the latter's summary dismissal from the Foreign Office, the seals of which were handed over to Lord Granville.

The Cabinet refused to recognize the Prince President, while Lord Palmerston had privately instructed our ambassador, Lord Normanby, to do so.

This took place in the month of December, and in 1852, at the beginning of February, Parliament met, and the incident was the subject of discussion and debate, in which it was thought that Lord John Russell had the best of it ; indeed, so shrewd a judge of mankind as Mr. Disraeli said to Lord Dalling : "*There was a Palmerston.*"

Lord John Russell introduced a Militia Bill, and Lord Palmerston's time for his revenge was at hand. He proposed an amendment on some small point, and defeated the government. Lord John Russell at once resigned.

"I was indignant," wrote his private secretary and brother-in-law, George Elliot, "with Lord Palmerston, after he had been dismissed by Lord John, bringing forward a verbal amendment on the Militia Bill, a mere pretext on which the government was overthrown. Lord John would not hear of it, and said it was all fair."

Many negotiations took place, and Disraeli offered to serve under Graham. Lord Derby offered office to Gladstone, with a proviso that he was to have the right of proposing a fixed duty on corn. Some people thought that this proviso was inserted by Disraeli, who knew that it would secure Gladstone's refusal; but ultimately Lord Derby formed a government, with Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Derby, no doubt, if he could, would at that time have restored protection; but Disraeli knew that it was impossible. His old friend, Mr. James Clay, the Radical Member for Hull, talking of protection, said: "It is as dead as Lazarus." "Yes, and already stinketh," said Disraeli.

Charles Villiers, the early apostle of the Anti-Corn Law League, was determined to bring things to an issue, and brought forward a resolution in favor of free-trade, which was carried by the voice of all but fifty-three irreconcilables, headed by Colonel Sibthorp, who were hereafter known as the "Cannon Balls."

The new Parliament, which, in November, 1852, met for the first time in the House built by Barry, welcomed back Macaulay, who had been defeated in 1847, and had been drawn from his retirement by the persuasion of the citizens of Edinburgh. He was the popular candidate, and while standing on the hustings side by side with his

opponent, he was violently struck by a dead cat; the man who threw it immediately apologized, saying he had meant it for his opponent. "Well," said Macaulay, good-humoredly, "I wish you had meant it for me and struck him."

Robert Lowe, of whom I have spoken elsewhere, also entered Parliament for the first time. One pouring wet night, Lowe missed his umbrella from the cloak-room in the House of Commons, where he had carefully put it away under the letter "L." He interrogated the custodian, Mr. Coe, who told him Sir E. Lytton had taken it. "I told him it was yours," he said, "and Sir Edward said that if he found it was when he got home, he would send it back in the morning!"

Many were the joyous evenings we spent listening in the shilling promenade of Jullien's concerts. I see Jullien now, with a profusion of curls, a white waistcoat, and a large shirt-front, conducting his splendid orchestra, or sinking down exhausted amid a round of applause, after a solo by Koenig. I cannot remember the correct name of the artist who worked her audience up to such a genuine pitch of enthusiasm by singing "Comin' thro' the Rye," but no music since has charmed me more, for, alas! I am unworthy through my ignorance of severe music, and feel inclined to sympathize with Baron Dowse, who, on being asked if he liked Bach's music, said: "I would rather hear Offenbach than Bach—often."

In the autumn of this year, 1852, my great friend Gerald Ponsonby and I took a little cottage near the gate of Cassiobury Park, Lord Essex's lovely place in Hertfordshire. Our landlady was a deaf old woman who kept one maid-servant. Here we used to come down every day after our work, and go over to the "Grove," and sometimes saw Lord Clarendon, whose private secretary

Gerald Ponsonby had been when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was possessed of rare personal beauty, and of even greater personal charms; an *acharné* smoker; a delightful talker, and always clever enough to impress his hearers with the idea that he was taking them into his confidence, while really he was telling them nothing. Close by was Hazelwood, Lord Rokeby's, and Moor Park, a beautiful place which belonged to Lord Robert Grosvenor, who was M.P. for Middlesex, and afterwards Lord Ebury.

Our friends, Lady Augusta Gordon and her daughters, came to tea with us here; and also one night came Stevenson Blackwood, afterwards Secretary to the Post Office. He was an extraordinarily handsome man, and in the evening we heard the servant-girl, who had been amazed at his appearance, shouting out to our deaf landlady, "They do say he's a dook," which amused us very much, and gave us great opportunities for chaff. The following day news came of the death of the Duke of Wellington at Walmer. When I arrived at the cottage I tried to tell this to the landlady in vain; as a last effort I shouted at the top of my voice, "The Duke is dead." "What, him as was here yesterday?" was all I could get from her.

In November there was the lying-in-state of the Duke of Wellington at Chelsea, a sight so fine that it attracted many more people than could possibly be squeezed into the building. The fight in the passages was very alarming, and Hussey Vivian and I had to put our arms against each other so as to protect his wife, who was in no small danger. We escaped without any material damage; but in the evening we heard of two poor women being crushed to death.

I witnessed the funeral from Lord Cadogan's windows in Piccadilly on November 18th. It was a moving sight which even the horrible South Kensington catafalque,

with all its tawdry vulgarities, could not altogether deprive of its solemnity.

Disraeli proposed the vote of condolence on the Duke of Wellington's death. Mr. O'Dowd and Mr. Blackett, the editor of the *Globe*, were sitting under the gallery, and were struck by his speech as being something they had read before; they rushed off to the Athenæum and turned over the books they had lately read, and found Disraeli's speech was abstracted from a review of the *Memoirs of General St. Cyr*¹ by Thiers.

The following epigram appeared next day in the *Globe*:

"In singing great Wellington's praise,
Dizzy's truth and his grief both appear,
For he let fall a great flood of tears (Thiers),
Which was certainly meant for sincere (St. Cyr)."

Thiers, who had at the time of St. Cyr's death been in London, saw and conversed with Abraham Hayward about his *Memoirs*, and no doubt claimed the review as his own; but many believe it was really written by Armand Carrel.

Soon after came Disraeli's budget, introduced in a splendid speech. Animated by all the strength of desperation, he assailed the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Charles Wood, with bitter virulence. "He should learn," Disraeli said, "that petulance is not sarcasm, and insolence is not invective."

It was suggested that he should withdraw and reconsider his budget, as Pitt and Wood had done. Alluding to this, he said: "Though I will not aspire to the fame of the one, I will not sink to the degradation of the other."

¹ General St. Cyr had not been one of Napoleon's favorites, but he always considered him and Massena as the two ablest of his generals.

It was two in the morning when he sat down, and then "one greater than he arose" and shattered all his proposals.

The House divided at four in the morning, and Lord Derby's government was in a minority of nineteen. "An unpleasant day for crossing to Osborne," said Disraeli, as the cold morning broke over St. Stephen's.

In December Lord Aberdeen formed a coalition government composed of Liberals and Peelites. Lord Aberdeen had begun his life in diplomacy as an attaché to Lord Cornwallis at the time of the Peace of Amiens, in 1802. He was still a young man when he was employed on a mission to induce Austria to treat with Napoleon; he was present at the battle of Leipsic; he was Foreign Secretary in the Duke of Wellington's Cabinet of 1827; was Peel's Colonial Secretary in 1834, and in 1841 was again Foreign Secretary.

Mr. Gladstone always had the highest opinion of him, and maintained that he was absolutely free from suspicion, that common failing to which all politicians were too prone.

In later years I once mentioned this to Mr. Goschen. "Ah," he said, "nobody could accuse me of that; I always err on the side of over-confidence."

To the surprise of all, Lord John Russell took the seals of the Foreign Office, and Lord Palmerston became Home Secretary, Mr. Gladstone Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Duke of Newcastle became Colonial Secretary, and all matters relating to war, curiously enough, came under his control. Sir James Graham, who had been always very kind to me, and with whose family I had established a great friendship, became First Lord of the Admiralty.

The administration was again described as the Government of All the Talents; but on Mr. Gladstone all men's

eyes were turned. He was already known as a splendid debater, a scholar, a young man of unblemished character and great parliamentary talents.

In the autumn of 1852, when paying a visit to Sir James Graham at Netherby, I was taken over the border to see the historical Gretna Green, where runaway marriages were celebrated by the village blacksmith. We scanned the register with great interest, and we found Richard Brinsley Sheridan's marriage twice registered within a few days, which, I believe, was accounted for by the fact that, after his first marriage with Miss Grant, they had gone on to Edinburgh, where he took up a newspaper and read that a civil contract was not binding on a Sunday, which was legally considered a *dies non* in Scotland; so, as they had been married on a Sunday, they posted back to Gretna Green, and again went through the ceremony before the blacksmith. After this they were married, as Gilbert says, "Quite reg'lar at St. George's." Marriages as performed at Gretna Green were rendered for the future illegal in 1857.

At Netherby there was an old fisherman of the name of Wilson. He always called Sir James—a man who inspired awe, if not admiration, in his colleagues—"Jamie." "Come out of that, Jamie, or I'll come and pull you out," when he thought he was wading too deep. It was told of him that he was giving a lesson to Miss Sheridan, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, in salmon-fishing. She had hooked a fish: "Slacken your line, Georgie," he shouted; "damn you, Georgie, why don't you slacken your line?" Lord Galloway was shooting in the Solway Firth, and often tumbled in the bog. "Help his lordship out," said Sir James. "Hech, mon," was the answer; "let him bide, he's no worth the pulling out."

One day, in later visits, I was fishing with old Wilson's

son, who had inherited his father's peculiarities. Miss Graham and my wife were in a boat which stranded on a sand-bank. I called Wilson's attention to them. "Let them bide," said he; "that's their business; fishing is ours."

Sir Frederick, Sir James's eldest son, had succeeded him, and had married Lady Hermione St. Maur, the lovely daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. She wished to try and catch a salmon, and told Wilson to let her know when the river was in order. Weeks passed, and she asked her brother-in-law, Malise, whether the river was right. "It's been in lovely order," he said, "for ten days," and asked Wilson why he had not told her—had he forgotten it? "Nae," he said; "but they womenfolk are feckless beings; I take no count of them."

Lord Malmesbury had a coachman on the same terms of familiarity. Looking over the great Loch of Lochiel one evening at the end of a day's sport, he said: "Ah, John! I wish I had that loch at Heron Court." "Why, if you had," said John, "it would drown you and your house, and all your little property." But though John was a friend and a sportsman in the North, he was a very solemn coachman in the South. Going one day in state to the drawing-room, driving up the Mall, Lord Malmesbury, seeing some wild ducks flying from St. James's water to the Serpentine, let down the window and shouted out, to his bewigged coachman's great disgust, "John, John, ducks over!"

The year had not closed before Lord Palmerston's resignation was announced in the *Times*. The night before it appeared I had been at a ball at Hatfield; and, coming to the station, I gave the newspaper to Lady Graham, who evidently had been in the secret. In a few days the difficulty about Lord John's Reform Bill had been ad-

justed, and Lord Palmerston, finding Lord Lansdowne would not accompany him, returned to his duties "of shutting up grave-yards, and compelling factories to consume their own smoke."

For forty years England had been at peace in Europe, but now (1853) the war clouds were rolling up, and were soon to burst in thunder in the East. Turkey was sick; Russia was aggressive; and England madly and wickedly determined, as is now generally recognized, to maintain the integrity of the Turkish Empire. The diplomatic negotiations about the Holy Places were long, and took place when Palmerston was still (of all places in the world) at the Home Office. Lord John Russell, true to the early love of his youth, was contemplating a Reform Bill, on which, it was said, Lord Palmerston subsequently resigned his office. Then came the destruction of the Turkish fleet by Russia at Sinope in the Black Sea, and the British lion could not be restrained any longer. No doubt Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone had striven hard for peace, but in vain. Lord Palmerston returned to his office again, a demonstration was determined on, and troops were to be despatched to Malta and a fleet to the Baltic.

In 1854 Lady Graham took me to Spithead to see the review of this fleet, under the command of Sir Charles Napier. Before taking up his appointment he made a very foolish and bragging speech at a dinner given to him at the Reform Club in March—(it was to this speech that Bright drew the attention of the House, and Lord Palmerston addressed him as the "honorable and reverend gentleman")—and, indeed, there was much more barking than biting when he got to the Baltic. He had talked of hell or Westminster Abbey, and issued a magniloquent address to the squadron, telling them to sharpen their cutlasses and keep their powder dry, and

then passed his time, as was said, in angry correspondence and deep potations.

On April 24th a great Waterloo hero, Lord Anglesey, passed away. He had suffered horribly from tic, but kept his *grand-seigneur* manners to the last, and apologized to his family for being so long dying. He had been Master-General of the Ordnance, and always wore a light-blue, or, as it was called, a Paget-blue coat. One day as my father was walking along Pall Mall, an old Jew asked him if that was Lord Anglesey, and added: "I would not give him half-a-crown for his coat."

Lord Anglesey had been a very liberal-minded man for those days. A Nonconformist waited on him at Beaudesert, asking him if he would sell a piece of ground for a chapel on Cannock Chase, for the use of the men employed in the collieries there. Lord Anglesey said he would not sell, but he would gladly give him a site for the purpose. I do not know the date of this occurrence, but in 1820 a man insisted on seeing him as he was dressing to attend Queen Caroline's trial. When he came in he told Lord Anglesey, who had not recognized him, that he had never forgotten his generosity in the matter of the chapel, that it had come to his knowledge that an attack was to be made on him when returning from Westminster, and that the mob would try to unhorse him. Lord Anglesey did not attach much importance to this communication; but on his return there was a decided attempt to seize his wooden leg and pull him off. He was riding between the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Richmond, who hustled him through the crowd and escaped. Shortly after this, in the same year, the Nonconformist again called on Lord Anglesey, saying that he had not taken the warning he had given him before, but now he had much more serious news to impart. He then proceeded to tell him of Thistlewood's

plot to blow up the Ministry at a Cabinet dinner given by Lord Harrowby in Grosvenor Square. The police were communicated with, and arrests, which led to the execution of Thistlewood and several of his accomplices, were made in Cato Street, by which name the conspiracy is now known.

The gloom of imminent war in the East did not put a stop to London gayeties, and Madame Walewska, the wife of the French Ambassador, who was a son of the first Emperor, gave a magnificent fancy ball in her house at Albert Gate, which formerly belonged to Hudson, the great Railway King. When he was in the height of his prosperity my mother had been induced, somewhat against her will, to go to his balls as others went. Then the great smash came and Hudson was ruined; his wife lived in a poor lodging in Burton Street, near Euston Square, and my mother constantly went to see her, saying she had gone to her house against her will when she was rich, and she would willingly go and see her now she was poor. I think my mother was the only person who did.

On a dark morning in February, 1854, I went to see my friends in the Scots Fusilier Guards (as they were then called) parade in the barracks preparatory to their departure for Malta. I think it was the most impressive moment that I had experienced in my life. War we had read of; now we knew it was near in all its grim reality. My own friends, with whom I had passed so many happy hours, were going away—of these how few were to return! I accompanied them to Waterloo Station, where they were entrained, but even then it was difficult to believe that it was more than the beginning of a military parade. I returned with a sad heart, almost ashamed of not being a soldier. War was declared on February 21, 1854. All the spring and summer were spent in

anxiety, and we thought and dreamed of nothing but of our army in the East; for fighting, say what you will, is dear to the hearts of all Englishmen in whatever cause their country may be embarked. In September the successful landing in the Crimea, and the brilliant victory on the Alma, lulled us into false security, and made us at home feel the worst was over. My old friends of the Scots Fusiliers, and particularly Bob Lindsay, distinguished themselves, and he proved how he could maintain on the battle-field the pluck and the fighting qualities he had shown on the boulevards of Paris. He was one of the first to gain the Victoria Cross.

The victory was, unfortunately, not followed up. Sir Edmund Lyons himself, in after years, told me that on the night of the battle he met Lord Raglan on the banks of the Katchka, who told him he was anxious, then and there, to push on to Sebastopol, but that Marshal St. Arnaud had demurred on the ground that his troops were tired out and unable to move. Sir Edmund Lyons could only account for this on the supposition that he was hopelessly ill, and shortly after, in the same evening, when Lord Raglan and Sir Edmund visited the French marshal, they found him a dying man.

On the Sunday morning following the news of the Alma, it was announced in the streets and pulpits of England that our troops had taken Sebastopol; but it was not the case. Our army was commanded by brave but old men, and these effected what was considered a fine bit of strategy, but was in reality the greatest of all the blunders that our commanders made in that unhappy war—the flank march to Balaclava. This gave what was essential to the Russians—time, and they made good use of their opportunity. A new school of engineers had arisen, and Todleben had fortified Sebastopol with more than the skill of a Vauban.

The supposed object of Lord Raglan's flank march was to secure communication with the sea by means of the little land-locked harbor of Balaclava; here the British, Turkish, and French armies sat down and literally wasted the precious autumn months.

When the Russian fleet was sunk to prevent the ingress of our ships into their harbor, our commander undertook a siege without investing the town he was besieging. On October 25th the Russians, moving up the valley of Balaclava, drove in the Turks from their advanced posts, and, by a mistaken order, rather more than 600 English cavalry were ordered to charge the Russian guns. Out of the 600, only 190 returned. Blundering incapacity and loss of temper had in twenty minutes cost England two-thirds of her light cavalry.

Lord Cardigan returned to dinner on his yacht and sneered at Captain Nolan's death-cry.

Lord Ellesmere's verses on the charge are well worth recording:

"BALACLAVA

"They thought we were coxcombs—they said we were born
In the sunshine of peace-time, like insects to fly;
The jester and novelist made us his scorn,
And lecturing hypocrites joined in the cry.

"They said we were heroes best fitted to shine
In the barrack and ball-room, the ring and parade;
-That the source of what courage we boasted was wine,
And woman the prize of what conquests we made.

"That slander is scattered like mists by the sun,
It shrouds not the grave where its objects repose;
On the limber of many a Muscovite gun
They have scored its rebuke in the blood of their foes

“ Ere their run was exhausted. Alas! for the number
Too scanty to conquer, too many to fall,
Of those whom no trumpet can wake from their slumber,
No leader can rally, no signal recall.

“ It was hopeless—but none in the leader's high bearing,
As he rode in his stirrup the mandate to give,
Could mark as they heard it one symptom declaring
That none could accomplish that order and live.

“ It was hopeless—all knew it, but onward they bounded
In the order and speed of some festival day,
When with kings to behold them, by gazers surrounded,
They mimic the features of battle's array.

“ Oh! well may the remnant that, shattered and broken,
Returned from that contest accept of the fame,
Which wherever the word Balaclava be spoken
Shall join its sad glories with Cardigan's name.

“ And in Beaudesert's hall when the Yule log is lighted,
And the tale of great deeds makes its round by the fire,
It shall tell how a son of that house has requited,
Though we cease not to mourn it, the loss of his sire.

“ Oh! would he had lived to have read and have noted,
When the red tide of slaughter rolled over the plain,
’Twas the plume of a Paget above it that floated,
It was Anglesey charged in his offspring again.”

In 1854 I was elected a member of Brooks's Club. I remember Sir David Dundas, who had been Solicitor-General in Lord John Russell's government of 1846, announcing my election to me at a party at Lord Goderich's, who was then the Radical member for Huddersfield. He said, with a kind though somewhat pompous manner, that he was not sure that it was a subject of congratulation to so young a man to be unanimously elected to a club like Brooks's. However, I was pleased though terrified, for it then was the most formidable centre of

Whigism pure and undiluted, and very few young men were members. It has been described as a country-house with the Duke lying dead up-stairs; and this, perhaps, best conveys the idea of its solemnity, which was then so alarming. Frederick Byng, always called the "Poodle," acted as chief constable, and woe to the young man who ventured to dine unless in evening dress, or even to enter the club in a shooting-coat or a pot-hat.

Sir David Dundas was Recorder of Scarborough, and in those days there was only one jail delivery in the year. After the sessions were over the jailer said: "What, your Honor, is to be done with the man that created a disturbance in the court last year? Your Honor will recollect you committed him for contempt of Court." "Good heavens!" said Sir David, who of course had only committed him for the day; "release him at once." And the Recorder said: "What did the man say?" "Well, your Honor, I told him I had known many a man transported for much less—and he was very grateful!"

Lady Parke gave him a salt-cellar with the inscription:

*"Ecce tibi vacuum dat Parca benigna salinum;
Ipsos jam dederat Parca benigna sales."*

By the autumn the cholera had broken out in England. Society was startled by the sudden death of Lord Jocelyn at Lord Palmerston's house in Carlton Gardens, and was indignant at Providence allowing one of themselves to become a victim to this terrible illness. London became very empty, but my duties did not cease, and I remained in town through the autumn. I had few friends left with whom to dine, and I used to go nearly every night to Brooks's with Alfred Buckley, who was one of

my colleagues in the Admiralty, and we dined in the little oval room which is now cut up into dressing-rooms. Here we used to meet Sir Benjamin Hall, President of the Board of Health, and John Campbell of Islay, the secretary; and it is easy to imagine that our conversation naturally turned to questions of cholera statistics, which, as we separated to our lodgings, did not tend to raise our spirits. Each day there were fresh victims, and once we heard of a terrible and sudden outbreak which had occurred in Silver Street, at the back of Regent's Quadrant; we were actually told that black flags were hung up and no one allowed to pass into the street. We went to see, and found it was not true; but it was true that the mortality had been fearful: it was supposed to have been caused by water coming from a pump drawn from an old plague-pit.

In those days of limited sanitary science, water from polluted sources, which presented a sparkling appearance, was much sought after. There was a pump at St. James's Church and one in Arlington Street, to which people sent to procure water as a luxury; and some years later, when I was on the Committee of Management at Brooks's Club, where the water also was famous, we discovered that the well was in close proximity to an old cesspool. These pumps are all closed, and cholera outbreaks are becoming as rare as small-pox. In my childhood there were few families and households that had not a member marked with this terrible affliction.

George Moore, the great philanthropist—who had always proposed Lord John Russell for the City, and had himself been asked to stand for that constituency—was put up for Brooks's by Lord Carlisle and Lord Ebury; the former was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in that country when the ballot came on. Lord Ebury wrote asking me to be present, as he was prevented attending.

When I got into the club the ballot had commenced, and I said to Charles Grenfell and George Byng as I went up to the box: "Of course you will vote for George Moore," which they did. As we turned away, Sir John Shelley said: "I hope you have not been voting for that scoundrel Moore." I began to explain when the result was made known, and out of twenty-two balls nineteen were black! It appeared that the candidate had been mistaken for a certain man of the same name who had been turned out of the club years before. In my agony I appealed to Lord Granville, who thought, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, the doors might be locked and the ballot taken again; but "Poodle" Byng said it would be a new departure, and should not be allowed. So eventually I was authorized to write to George Moore, and to point out to him the palpable mistake that had occurred, and ask him to have his name put down again, which he did, and was unanimously elected:

In London Balaclava filled our thoughts, and all the heroic deeds of that wild charge fired our imaginations. Then followed Inkerman, and it may be of interest to publish a letter written by one who escaped from that bloody conflict, and who told the story while it was fresh in his mind.

"Before SEBASTOPOL, November 7, 1854.

"MY DEAR WEST,—Weeks have elapsed since I have written. What a life we are leading!—we sleep with our clothes on, and bear-skin for a pillow. Our belts and arms are by our sides, ready to turn out at a moment's notice. Our duties are to furnish the outposts and covering parties, in case the working parties should be attacked in the trenches.

"We are on the extreme right. On November 4th Colonel Lindsay and Sir R. Newman relieved Turner and myself at the outpost we were on. This takes place an hour before daybreak, so that all posts may be doubly strong at that hour, for most attacks occur then. On returning to camp one finds all stirring and busy though the sun has not yet risen. Many is the day we have

no time to wash ; in fact, I have been three days without. The shirt on our backs is the only one many of us have. Generally we get our salt ration of pork or beef cooked by four o'clock, and every now and then a bit of fresh meat is served out. Three portions of rum we also get ; likewise good rice and hard biscuit. After our dinner Turner and I went to bed, having had but little sleep the night before. At daybreak the usual firing began, the bombardment of the town ; but the sun of November 5th had not appeared, for the morning was gray and misty, yet a sound of small-arms in the direction of the outposts suddenly came upon us, and the words 'Belts on and fall in' were complied with in less than an instant, and we were under arms. The three battalions of Guards were now together in three columns, Grenadiers in front. I commanded the 3d company, and was the right-hand man of the battalion—as both 1st and 2d companies had that night been on outpost and had not yet been relieved. We were to march in the direction of the firing, which lay over the hill. We are encamped on a plateau out of sight of the town, which is below us, and you do not see Sebastopol until you reach the hill's edge, which is before one's tents. Up this hill we therefore advanced, General Bentinck pointing out the direction ; but the continued fire needed little our being directed to it, for we were getting closer to it at every step. Aides-de-camp were galloping about, and all was bustle. In came one of our outpost corporals to say not a firelock would go off, from the rain which had damped them in the night, and as we marched along each man was looking at his piece to get the powder up and put a new cap on. Hardly had we advanced when the Russian Artillery, playing from an opposite hill, sent its fire over the ridge we were ascending. Terrible and shocking was the effect of its accurate direction, for over this very hill had every regiment to pass before it could get up to the redoubts that were being attacked and defended by outposts and a few guns. Shells burst in every direction, knocking over men in all attitudes dead on the spot. Others were crawling about with broken legs ; horses were falling all about ; a cannon-ball knocked two horses down which were picketed side by side close to me, and the next minute a shell burst before my feet, blowing up the mud and stones. Over I fell senseless, but the strong fur-collar of my great coat protected my neck from the stones, and my pistol by my side saved my life, as the shell only cut my cloak, and my hip was only bruised. I got up, then fell down

again, but soon caught up my battalion. Men were dropping in every direction, and we were now on the top of the hill, and most of the shells and cannon-balls were falling behind us, when the outposts, having held the redoubt as long as possible, were retiring. 'They are close to you,' they replied to our questions, and the next minute we were up to the redoubt. The two guns were then put to horses and flew away as we came up, and the Russians also were in the redoubt, but too late to spike the guns. What a fight! The Russians in great numbers were advancing, yet forward we pushed and fought bayonet with bayonet across the sand-bank apertures. The bits of stone and earth that lay on the top even did we throw at each other, but in the midst of this confusion 'Charge, Grenadiers, charge!' was echoed on all sides, and with a unanimous cheer we jumped over the bank of the redoubt, and away we advanced over the wounded; but we soon fell back behind the redoubt again, their numbers were overpowering—*we had no support*, bear in mind. We now loaded and fired away as fast as we could. Higginson, the colonel, and the major had their horses here shot under them; men were dropping on all sides, bullets whizzed past my ears in hundreds. Colonel Dawson dropped by my side. I stopped to unbutton his coat and pour a drop of wine down his throat, but I discovered him shot through the heart; the ball had hit the centre of his watch and taken it in with it, nothing but the outer rim remaining.

"At this spot afterwards fell Hubert Greville, Elliott, Mackinnon, Neville, Pakenham, Cowell, Hunter Blair, and others. A support now came up composed of a few companies of the 95th. Some one gave the word to advance—we had just come to the end of our ammunition; two boxes had been opened and served out as far as they would go, but all was confusion, and many were those who leaped over the redoubt and rushed forward to meet the enemy with but a few rounds of ammunition remaining. I was among these—away we went, fighting madly and terribly; Russians heaped together lay in all directions. The ground we were on was oak brushwood, and was on the side of a hill, the top of which might have been some sixty yards from us. Well, away we went, firing and bayonetting hand to hand with the crack regiment of Russian Rifles, come but a few days since in chaises to the Crimea. The massacre was shocking. If I get to England I will tell you all that took place in this advance—how my life was saved, and how I saved those of others. We had gone on a great way; and on looking behind us

perceived no support; and as I turned to the ridge of the hill, the side of which we had come along, I noticed it covered with Russian riflemen and the bayonets of another regiment also. 'Retire!' 'Fall back!' I shouted; but all was mad excitement. We were close to Sebastopol, though we could not see it. Many of the foremost of the men had gone over the bridge below. I had ascended the next hill towards Inkerman. At last they listened to the word and began to retire. Kinloch, an officer of the 95th, and myself were the only officers. We had now not a round of ammunition left. Silently we bent our retiring steps over the high brush-wood of young oaks and rough rocky soil; streaming with heat, exhausted to death, we continued our way. The redoubt lay at the top of the hill, about half a mile away here on the side, and, as I said before, the Russians above us on the ridge. Few men escaped, and they fell like rabbits at every pace they took. A Grenadier was before me—over he fell. I was stepping over him when a Coldstreamer behind me came falling over me. No doubt they picked me out as an officer, for though we wore our cloaks they distinguished us. I had no strength left; my heart was beating in my mouth from fatigue when we heard the Russians were again in possession of the redoubts. Men continued to fall dead and wounded, and we now arrived again where our fire had told so on the Russians. Many of the wounded lay saying their prayers; they nearly all had medals on. At last I got to the redoubt and saw a few bearskins behind it—it had just been retaken. I lay down just on the spot where Dawson fell—his blood was on the ground—and beside me lay a man who had his brains blown out. I was so beat I thought I never could get up. I put a few drops of port to my lips, but could not swallow. How long I lay there I cannot tell; I should think ten minutes. I then got on my legs and retired with the rest. A French regiment now came up, and again we found ourselves retracing our steps over the hill, and came in sight of our tents.

"General Adams passed us on a litter, shot in the leg. I gave him some wine. How shocking was the scene we now saw!—mangled bodies in all attitudes and all directions. We now had ammunition served out, and all the French regiments were moving up. I got a cup of tea and some rum brought me by my servant; but nearly every one had left our tents as the shot and shell came among them. The three battalions of Guards were now two companies, the Grenadiers numbering forty-eight files. Presently the remainder, who

had assembled in another place, came up, and our numbers were increased, but we were cut to bits.

"We stayed under the hill before our tents; the shells came dropping over us and among us. I was on horseback, as I had sprained my ankle. Within a yard a shell burst and killed five men of my compauy.

"I have no time for more, as to tell you all that occurred would take days.

"On November 6th we buried the dead—eight officers of the Coldstreams and Pakenham, and Neville also; Newman's body had been taken away by his brother. The dead are being buried. I returned from the field of battle. How terrible! We shall be a week burying. I saw in the distance a few Greek priests burying Russians, but the battle-field is ours. Heaps upon heaps in all attitudes—the wounded still lying there alive mixed with the dead. I carried water and quenched the poor fellows' thirst. They had all four days' bread, as they intended putting up gabions and forming a position. I spoke to them, for I can speak sufficient Russian to converse on common things—poor fellows! Yet how they murdered our men when they lay wounded! Newman was hit in the leg and unable to walk, and when found he had a bayonet wound in his breast, another in his thigh, and his brains blown out. Young Hubert Greville, hit in the arm and faint from loss of blood, dropped, and was pierced through and through. Neville was carried away on a litter by four drummers, when the enemy advanced, and they set him down to fly: the first Russian poked him in the stomach, the next in his forehead, glancing down the ear. He died in the night. The officers killed are 38, wounded 95; there are 2460 killed and wounded of men and non-commissioned officers.

"I hear the French loss is 700. I should say the Russians lost 10,000 at least.

"Thank God in Heaven that he has preserved me to come home to my friends; but we may yet have far more fighting.

"Blair and Bouverie are just buried; the former died last night, the latter was brought in from the field. The French are close to the town, in trenches.

"E. S. BURNABY."

CHAPTER IV

CRIMEA—1854-1855

Frederick Cadogan's and Lord Ebury's Offers—I Start for the Crimea—Viennese Hospitalities—Pesth and the Danube—Landing at Giurgevo—Journey to Bucharest—Grenville Murray—Miss Kenneth—Rustchuk, Cadikeui, Shumlah, Varna—Omar Pasha—Arrival at Cossacks Bay—The French Camp—A Disagreeable Contrast—First View of Balaclava—The Camp of the First Division—The Guards' Quarters—Colonel Hardinge's Despair—Dinner with Blackwood—The Lost Zouave—A Beautiful Road—Sir George Brown and Pennefather—Mismanagement in the Crimea—Homeward Voyage—The Bosphorus and Constantinople—The Hospitals at Scutari—Meeting with Eton Friends—The Isles of Greece—Messina, Marseilles, Paris—Return to London—Retrospect.

I WAS longing to go out, at least to see the scene of war. Walking along Piccadilly with these thoughts, I came across Frederick Cadogan, who told me he was being sent out by the Submarine Telegraph Company to establish communication from the seat of war by means of a submarine cable; that he was going overland, and that, if I liked, wherever he had to have carriages, he could take me. I jumped at the proposal, but curiously enough, the very next day Lord Ebury sent for and asked me if I would go out to the Crimea and administer the fund which was being raised for our soldiers. I felt that after the arrangement I had made with Frederick Cadogan it would not be fair to throw him over, and I therefore, with genuine sorrow and regret, de-

clined an offer which I could not but consider very flattering.

I was determined to keep a diary, and such as it is I leave it, although it is, no doubt, full of things only of interest to myself; the sole claim which can be made for it is that it may convey the impressions which occurred to me at the time.

"On December 12, 1854, I started in advance of Frederick Cadogan, through Hanover to Dresden, where I stayed some hours, seeing, as far as a dense fog would let me see anything, the streets and the cathedral, and in the evening again started for Prague, where I began my very disagreeable experiences of Austrian rule.

"At seven o'clock I arrived at the 'Archduke Charles,' very dirty, very hungry, and very tired after my five days' journey. It was Sunday, and, after attending service in the Embassy, I called on Irvine, an old Paris acquaintance, with whom I visited our ambassador, Lord Westmorland, who was very kind, and asked me to dine with him on the Monday and Tuesday. I then walked on the bastion, where I met Count Buol. The view of the snow-capped hills in the distance, where I was told all the Viennese world dined in the summer, was bright and pretty. At five o'clock I dined at the Embassy and took in Lady Rose Fane, Lord Westmorland's daughter, and renewed our acquaintance begun in old Walmer days. Of course, all the conversation was about the Crimea. Dinner was over at 7.30, and we went to the opera. The following day Lady Westmorland was ill, and we all dined at Henry Elliot's instead of the Embassy, and at nine o'clock we left, and Morier took me to a party at Madame Tedesco's, a great friend of Odo and Arthur Russell's, of whom I had already often heard. She greeted me most graciously, making me a cigarette and one for herself. She talked in wonder-

ful English of her visits to London and her friends the Russells.

“The rest of our time was occupied in making arrangements for our departure.

“Lady Westmorland wished to see us before we left, and though she was still unwell we had a long talk, and she told us some curious stories of the Austrian police; how an officer in their service had outstayed his leave, and the authorities asked Lord Westmorland to write and ascertain through our police where he was, and to have him arrested and sent back to Vienna!

“In the evening we dined with Irvine at the Casino to meet Mr. Hughes, a dragoman of the Embassy, who was very anxious to accompany us as interpreter, but was devoured by the difficulty of making up his mind; it was ‘Yes, No; Yes, No,’ all through dinner. And then we went to a beautiful concert of the younger Strauss, who played a piece called the ‘Wedding Wreath,’ which he had composed for the young Emperor’s wedding. We sat in an enormous hall where everybody smoked, and yet so clear was the atmosphere that there was hardly any sign of smoke in the room.

“The next morning Mr. Hughes met us with ‘No’; then, at last and finally, ‘Yes’; and, after beautiful drives through the snow, we dined once more at the Casino, and in the morning of Friday, December 22d, I started for Pesth, glad to get on, though sorry to leave Vienna, where everybody had been hospitable. I had started before daybreak, and just as I crossed the Danube the sun was lighting up the rushing river and the snowy banks; and gave no sign of the shortest day. We traversed wide plains, with rocky mountains in the distance, which gradually drew nearer and nearer, till we plunged into a tunnel and came out again on the river-side.

“*Friday, 22d.*—The most prominent hill-tops were generally chosen for churches, and the white villages sometimes stretched for miles at their feet. These views, a bright sun, and a bright prospect were enough to make a journey pleasant. It was getting dark as we got into Pesth, and I was let through the custom-house unsearched. We got some dinner in a room overlooking the river; the lights of the fortified castle in Buda shone on it, and reminded me of Windsor from Eton.

“*Saturday, 23d.*—When I awoke I found that Cadogan had already arrived. We breakfasted and crossed the suspension-bridge to Mr. Clarke’s office, where we found him and a Hungarian, with whom we went to look for carriages; but seeing the director in Pesth of the Danube company, who told us we could go to Giurgevo on the Danube, we did not require one.

“At three o’clock we dined at the Casino, or the Hungarian Club, with Mr. Clarke, who gave us a most interesting account of the declaration of the Hungarian Republic in 1848—of the Hungarian attack on Buda, and the Austrian attack on Pesth; he described the heroism of the Hungarians being almost equal to the tyranny of the Austrians.

“*Sunday, 24th.*—We walked up over the fortifications on the side bombarded by the Hungarians, and saw the marks made by the Hungarian cannon—a beautiful allegorical statue to Hertzi and 418 Austrians who had died while gallantly defending the castle; from the other side we obtained a magnificent view of the Danube rushing proudly at our feet, and the town of Pesth beyond. We were shown the Houses of Parliament, and were told that at the recall of Hungarian money by the Austrians, thousands of peasants kept, at their peril, all they had left of Hungary. After this walk, most agreeable as it had been, we again went to the club. The manners were striking

to a degree—such a dignified sadness and melancholy seemed to be on all.

“*Monday, 25th, Christmas Day.*—At five o'clock on Christmas Day we went on board the *Carl Joseph* for our Danube voyage; the sun warmed us up later in the day, and we got sentimental over our pipes and drank our friends' health in sour wine. The scenery we passed through to-day was wild brushwood, or bush and wide plains alternately.

“*Tuesday, 26th.*—More lovely than ever. We sat on deck nearly all day smoking pipes and drinking coffee, and watching flights of wild ducks and one eagle; we were amused by a M. Renaud, a French consul on his way to his consulate at Belgrade. At four o'clock we arrived at Peterwardein, the great Austrian fortress, which certainly looked a most formidable place: earthworks, gabions, guns, and soldiers, as if we were going to besiege them there and then. A bright moonlight followed and we stayed on deck, and Cadogan sings and the French consul tells French stories, laughs and sings too till nine o'clock, when we expect to arrive at Semlin and change boats. We do arrive at Semlin, but do not change boats, because there is no boat arrived; so we go to bed and wish for morning and the boat. The morning came, but not the boat, so we were fain to put up with our first ill-luck. Regardless of mud, I walked into the town of Semlin, or rather a muddy village, with Hungarians, Servians, Greeks, Turks, and gypsies, all in their various costumes. The Hungarians were wonderfully picturesque, mostly dressed in sheepskins, nearly all with handsome silver buttons down their waistcoats and embroidered trousers; long dark-brown hair, hanging to their shoulders. They were rather dirty, I must confess, but that does not take off from the picturesque. The Austrian soldiers' regimentals were a great coat and a huge cartouche box.

“*Thursday, 28th.*—We are now approaching the rapids of the Danube, and the enormous river, three miles broad, begins to contract into a narrower stream, rushing through precipitous mountains which rise 2000 feet from the water’s edge so perpendicularly that a stone dropped from the top would fall straight into the water. The river here still divides the Servian and Hungarian provinces. On the Servian side we see quite distinctly the marks where the viaduct had once been—or rather, I believe, it was a wooden gallery supported by poles fastened into holes in the rock. Of course, nothing but the holes at regular intervals are to be seen, but these are as if they had been made yesterday. On the Hungarian side is a road blasted from the rock under the superintendence of that grand man Stephen Széchenyi, who, after having accomplished this, attempted the blasting of the rocks impeding the bed of the river, established steam communication, built the bridge at Pesth, and after a life devoted to his country’s good, in the struggle of 1848 went mad from grief, and is now in a mad-house.

“The scenery gets even grander as we steam downward, from its broken rocks and glimpses into the far wooded country beyond. Eagles in large numbers are hovering over our heads, and grand birds they look in their mountain homes.

“It was strange, seeing the telegraph-wires, the extreme of science and civilization, running through this wild country.

“The Valachs dress more like savages than any we have seen as yet—sheepskin coats and caps, and wisps of straw round their legs. We saw a Greek priest with a flowing white beard, a *sine qua non*, I believe, with these patriarchs of the Church. Had a sumptuous tea, and some eggs and flour and a black loaf to take with us tomorrow.

“*Friday, 29th.*—We pass Severin, the farthest point reached by the Russians this year. Having a heavy weight in tow makes the steamboat quiver like a leaf; a headache is the consequence.

“*Saturday, 30th.*—At six o'clock we arrived at Giurgevo, and—and I was going to say landed, but if that means put on the land, I cannot with a clear conscience say it; we were, however, muddled and slipped and slithered about a quarter of a mile, of course straight out of our way, till we wallowed in among sentries and gabions and fascines, tumbled over Russian cannon-balls, fell into Turkish ditches, sank in Wallachian mud, and finally found ourselves in a hut with an imperturbable Turk smoking a chibouque, and another in bed, and then turned round to find our way back to the ‘Steamboat Direction,’ which at last we started for in the following procession: a Wallachian carrying a small portmanteau and a *white* mackintosh of mine, which he deposited every ten yards in a favorably muddy position; Frederick Cadogan on all-fours in the mud; I up to my knees in mud, too weak from laughing to extricate myself, F. Cadogan too weak from laughing to get up, and his servant, whom I expected every minute to see fall, but did not, with a pile of things on his head. And so we arrived, muddy, blown, and exhausted, in the steamboat office, where all that was kind was done for us.

“The Turkish commander sallied forth to give directions to the sentries to let us pass the lines to Bucharest.

“The English vice-consul from Bucharest arrived; a small man, with a white felt hat, who only talked Wallachian; and Mr. Colquhoun’s head Albanian servant. He might have been King Otho from the magnificence of his dress, and was King Otho and a great deal more in everything else.

“Carriages were sent for, and we were given tea and

coffee in glasses, and were shown cannon-balls which fell during the siege of Giurgevo by the Turks in the beginning of the year.

“Thousands of Turks daily pass through to the Crimea, and they seize everything they wish for and give receipts for what they have taken, which are liquidated by the Wallachian government at sight and by them recovered from the Turkish government—that is to say, if they can get it—but the Wallachians are so rich from the fertility of their land, and the large quantity of grain raised from it, that they can afford to do nothing, and do it most effectually.

“We were told of the astonishment with which the party of fifty sailors, commanded by Count Gleichen and Lieutenant Glyn, R.N., of the *Britannia*, were regarded by the inhabitants on their joining Omar Pasha’s troops to make a bridge over the Danube.

“At nine o’clock the Albanian, armed to the teeth, with embossed pistols, silver-hilted sword, and numberless knives, came to tell us our carriages were ready. We went out into the snow, and saw—oh! such a moon! such a moon as I never saw anywhere but on the stage; a bright silver day it was, and so clear that you could see into the very skies. I do not know how to attempt to describe what is indescribable: an open carriage not on springs, but hung on leathers, drawn by eight horses, attached by a complication of small bits of rope—this was ours, Cadogan, myself, and the Albanian on the box; another, the original glass coach in which Whittington first drove to the Mansion House, was to be filled by Cadogan’s servant and our luggage. After shoutings and yellings from our demi-savage postilion, we got under way, and began a journey which, as ‘penny-aliners’ say, ‘beggars all description.’

“Imagine a huge moor fifty miles long, which, during

the rainy season just passed, had been cut up and ploughed up by two armies and their stores passing through it; imagine this in a rich and heavy soil, then add a hard frost, three inches of snow, and incipient thaw from the heat of the sun, with occasional morasses, ditches, hillocks, and drains *ad libitum*; mix all up together with a small oak brushwood, and you have our route, which we poor mortals expected to do in six hours. Oh, *vanitas vanitatum*! after being heaved here and battered up there, and being knocked down and partially upset and always recovered, we arrived at 2.30 at a post-house, which consisted of four mud walls, where we lit our pipes, stretched ourselves on a mackintosh before the fire, and slept till six o'clock.

“*Saturday morning, 31st.*—Instead of passing the night quietly as we expected at Bucharest, we started off and bumped and jumped up-hill, over bridges of wood, down ditches, over ploughed fields, etc., till three o'clock, when we draw near Bucharest. We had had nothing hardly to eat since three o'clock the day before, and we now thought at least the road into the Wallachian capital must be good, and we should finish our journey of sixteen instead of six hours (as we had thought); but imagine the road into Bucharest being actually much worse than ever.

“*Monday, January 1, 1855.*—How little does it strike one where each New-year's Day is to be passed—here at Bucharest—how strange!

“Paddled about in the mud all day trying to find anything worth looking at, in which I signally failed, and in the evening we went to dine at Mr. Colquhoun's, the English consul. We met Mr. Grenville Murray, who appeared clever, cynical, and affected, the author of ‘*The Roving Englishman*,’ in *Household Words*; Mr. Sarell, a dragoman from Constantinople, who was to be

our *compagnon de voyage*; and a Mr. Grant. Our conversation was principally about 1848 and the Wallachians, and the influence exercised over them by the priests of the Greek Church.

“After dinner we had pipes and coffee in the Oriental fashion, and went to the opera to hear the ‘Puritani.’ The prima donna was English, a Miss Kenneth, who used to sing at concerts in England some years ago. She told us she had travelled last year from Vienna to Bucharest, through the snow and frost, and was alive to tell it.

“After this we went to a ball at Count Cantacuzene’s, who had been the Governor of Wallachia in the absence of the present Prince Stirbey.

“Everything Paris — gowns, manners, dancing, language, and bonbons; great luxury, which contrasted strangely and even painfully with the filthy barbarism out of doors. The place is called semi-barbarous. The *semi* is certainly all in doors, and the barbarism out. We were introduced to Prince A. Ghika, the predecessor of Stirbey, and the Russian consul, who gave me an interesting account of Bucharest, its customs and manners, and its frightful state of public and private morality.

“*Tuesday, 2d.*—Breakfasted with the consul-general; left Cadogan, and went out shopping with ‘Ιωάννης, or Yanni, the Albanian, who seemed to know everything, from the depths of political economy to the price of tea or the cleaning of a chibouque. In the evening dined with M. Pougade, who was going to Tunis, a move which was supposed to be due to his anti-Austrian opinions. He told me some stories of the Austrian occupation, and how the poor Valachs prayed for the return of the Russians.

“*Wednesday, 3d.* — At the consul-general’s we met Miss Kenneth again, who sang charmingly with Cadogan

while we smoked; but I was not sorry it was our last day at Bucharest.

“*Thursday, 4th.*—I made a feeble attempt to describe my journey here; but our departure was even worse, for, with a light carriage and eight horses, we had to get out and push for half a mile outside the town.

“My passport was strangely viséd; it set forth: ‘This Captain Algernon, having paid his debts all at Bucharest, is hereby allowed to depart with eight horses of his own and carriage.’

“In our short walk we counted the remnants of twenty-four dead horses. After twelve hours, ‘with many shocks that come and go, with agonies and energies, with overthrowings, and with cries and undulations to and fro,’ we arrived at an *auberge* at Giurgevo. I made a toasting-fork of a bit of firewood and warmed some cold turkey we had brought from Bucharest, ate it, and so to sleep under our blankets on the floor.

“*Friday, 5th.*—After seeing a parade of Turkish troops, we—Frederick Cadogan, myself, and Mr. Sarell—started in a large caique to Rustchuk. The Turks told us we should see many bodies of Russians still undecayed; I am afraid they told us this with a certain amount of satisfaction, as their creed is, that if a man remains long after death undecayed, he will not go to Allah. We saw no bodies, but only heaps of mud over them. We saw the *tête-de-pont* our sailors had built. The other side we found three gorgeously caparisoned Arabs waiting for us. My stirrups being about a foot long, I rode without them, to the amazement and much to the fear of my attendant Cavasses. Here we had our first audience with a pasha. As we rode into his courtyard we were astonished at the numbers of Turks, horses, officers, etc., assembled there. Upon the landing outside the audience-chamber were dozens of galley-slaves

in heavy chains, through whom we passed, and entering we found a rather overgrown and elderly gentleman, Saïd himself, sitting cross-legged. Coffee in gold egg-cups and handsomely jewelled pipes are brought us, each pipe and coffee by a separate man, who takes off his slippers, bows, and retires.

“We ride through our first Turkish bazaar, and as we go we hear the shrill muezzin’s cry : ‘There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet.’

“Leaving the town, we ride till dark to Cadikeui, a village, where we see our first Turkish hotel, a low room five feet high, ten feet square, and bread and eggs only for food. We went to bed wretchedly cold, and a cock crew all night, not once or twice, but, regardless of all conventionalities of day or night, perpetually till morning.

“*Saturday, 6th.*—After much packing and repacking, arranging and rearranging and disarranging of luggage, armed, cloaked, booted, and iced to the teeth, we start for a long day’s journey to Rasgrad, which looked picturesque and bright in the evening sun. On one side was the hill, on the other was a large grave-yard—a city for the dead and a city for the living.

“*Sunday, 7th.*—Rode all day; for five hours through rather a dull country, but after that we came to a large wood, where they tell us that some days ago Omar Pasha’s aide-de-camp was robbed, and we almost wished somebody would attack us, for the sake of the excitement of the thing. In an hour more we are ascending a high hill covered with snow, and from the top of which we see Shumla in all its grandeur of position.

“I longed to be able to draw, so fine and picturesque was the view before us. For miles stretched a long train of bullock-arabas, with Turks in flowing dresses and many-colored turbans. At the foot of the moun-

tain, in a horseshoe, lay Shumlah, an evening sun lighting up its silvered minarets and showy mosques. We pass through many formidable-looking fortifications, and eventually arrive inside the town. Distance does, indeed, lend enchantment to the view of a Turkish town—the same filth, impassable roads, dead horses, etc., as usual; such a change from a magnificent view to a miserable reality. Here we were shown by a Greek priest to a worse hole than we had as yet ever seen, which, considering the resources of Shumlah, was a little too bad; so for the first time in our journey (to our honor be it said) we took to bullying. We went to the governor, gave him our firman from Saïd Pasha, swaggered, braggadocioed—he could not read the firman, so our dragoon read it to him, and we immediately were sent to an excellent house belonging to a Bulgarian merchant, and after two hours' waiting we sat down with him to a really tolerable dinner. He told us that he had found out repeatedly that the *amour propre* of the Christian was offended by the Turk, the term 'giaour' and 'dog' always being applied to them, which kept them away; but he said that when the Christians had the same privileges as the Turks, Shumlah would fast rise in importance.

"Our plates were the willow pattern of England; our host's dress made of Manchester cottons!

"The luxury of the evening was to follow—viz., mattresses, on which, after having sewn some buttons on my clothes and mended my gloves, I slept soundly.

"*Monday, 8th.*—Owing to the above-mentioned mattresses it was nearly nine o'clock before we got under way. We had a new travelling companion to-day—Major Porter, a Bimbashi in the Turkish service; he was on his way to join a new regiment to go to the Crimea. I had a great deal of conversation with him

about the Turkish service, which he thought might be a very good one were it not for the dreadful peculation that existed in all high quarters.

“A very picturesque and rather agreeable day’s ride brought us in sight of Pravadi, far below us in the valley; how we ever got down to it with whole limbs is a mystery to me to this day. We went all the way down on ice; the direction given to us by our Tartar was to leave the horses to themselves and to look after ourselves; but as my horse, among its other qualifications, was stone-blind and evinced a decided partiality for going over the precipice, I disobeyed, and we slipped and stumbled for half an hour down (what appeared to me) pathless precipices of ice.

“We ended our day in a house much the same as usual; twelve Turkish soldiers had been there the night before. After some pilaff and some strong Bulgarian wine, we go to sleep in a thick smoke, which gives us headaches and sore throats.

“*Tuesday, 9th.*—At daybreak we started our last long ride to Varna, our horses more miserable than ever; our ride lasted all this day through a country which in the spring had been occupied by our troops, and through the so-called Valley of the Shadow of Death. And no wonder! It looked a place set apart for disease—miles of stagnant water and marsh reached from Devna up to Varna. On our road we met Beiram Pasha (General Cannon) on his way, I believe, to Bucharest. For miles in the distance we saw Varna, where a glimpse of the sea, covered with ships or steamers, made one feel almost at home again; it seemed like a mirage of the desert, seen but never reached. Five hours we vainly endeavored, and at last succeeded in entering its gates. Through all this country we had as yet not seen a trace of the English camp, save a stray sheet of some regimental order-book, stating

that there was to be a ball at the French Embassy, and that the white covers had arrived for the men's shakos!

"We had heard so much of Varna in the spring. We go to the English consul's house, where, tired to death, we sleep that night; and on Wednesday we went out and got our first impression of the place. An odd one it was, too; we found ourselves up to our knees in mud in Belgrave Square, and wallowing as we came to Cadogan Place. The main street was the 'Corso,' and there were many cafés—'Café de 4 Nations, À la ville de Marseille,' and 'Here you may eat bread and beer by the portion, also potage.'

"French, English, Bulgarian, Turkish, and Italian were the prevailing languages.

"At twelve o'clock we saw Omar Pasha, a magnificent-looking man, very like his picture in the *Illustrated News*. He gave me his signature, and wrote under it: 'A Souvenir from Varna.' He received, when with us, a despatch stating that the Russians had recrossed the Danube at Tultcha, a reconnoitring party probably he thought it. We went on the quay, a scene of bustle and activity, quite wonderful; stores and provisions for the Turkish troops were being shipped under the superintendence of some Polish officer, who was activity itself, now pushing a Turk on, now lifting sacks himself, then jumping on his horse to fetch more provisions. They were fine-looking troops, Egyptians, the defenders of Silistria. Ophthalmia appeared to have made great ravages among them, which did not improve their appearance, but did not make them much the worse soldier, Cyclopes though they were.

"*Thursday*.—After dinner at the English consul's we went on board the *Simla*—horses were being hoisted on her decks to the popular air, 'Pop Goes the Weasel!' How strange to hear it in the Black Sea! We started

apparently in a calm, but suddenly we began a tremendous rolling. Imagine 1600 infuriated Ethiopian banjo artists playing just over your head, and you will have a faint conception of the noise the miserable horses made ; not a pleasant accompaniment to go to bed with, which I did directly and stayed there nearly uninterruptedly over Friday and till Saturday, when to our joy we arrived in Cossacks Bay in time to eat some dinner, after which we walked on deck and watched the firing from Sebastopol, much in the same way as in summer one watches the rockets from Vauxhall in Belgrave Square. It was too bitterly cold, though, to watch them long, so to bed, and on Sunday morning went from our ship, the *Simla*, in a heavy swell on board H.M.S. *Miranda* (Captain Lyons). Everybody here, as elsewhere, was most good-natured. We dined in the gun-room at three o'clock. The prettiest imaginable sight was the French harbor ; the snow had fallen in the night six inches, and the rigging of all the French transports was a most beautiful net-work of snow and ice, and icicles hanging from the sides of the vessels. Sat in Captain Lyons's cabin, where we slept most comfortably. In the morning of Monday Sir Edmund Lyons came on board with Dick Pearson, whom I had known at Eton. Went on shore with them, where we found some horses waiting for us from headquarters. We rode through the French camp on a beautiful road. Everything seemed in good order, the sick on their mule-ambulances, one on each side of the mule on a chair, seemed as comfortable as they could be in the circumstances, the mules looking well fed and strong.

“ Arrived at General Canrobert's headquarters, where Cadogan wished to and did see St. George Foley and Claremont. We waited five minutes, and on to Lord Raglan's headquarters, where we saw him and Tom Steel and Leicester Curzon. Here I left Cadogan and walked

on to Balaclava; it seemed as if I was entering a new country the moment I left Lord Raglan's. Up to it on the French side all appeared neat, orderly, and well arranged; but on our side I was sorry to see confusion, starved horses, filthy quagmires, and dead animals all the way. I soon met Richard Glyn and Burnaby coming out from a foraging expedition, with candles, bread, frying-pans, cheese, and bottles. I left them, promising to go to camp to-morrow. Met Plunkett Burton, to whom we talked, and arrived at the house where Jervoise Smith and St. Leger Glyn had been, and where I was to live. It had formerly been the house of the Russian Commander of Balaclava, and all his furniture and pictures were taken care of for him. Found there was to be a dinner-party, which consisted of Colonel Hardinge (Commandant of Balaclava), Major Hall, and Captain Henley, a new arrival. To describe the place would require at least the pen of Dickens. Higgle-dy-piggle-dy, jumble-dy-tumble-dy, happy-go-lucky, as I heard it described, falls far short of the miserable reality. Three or four of the houses of the town were occupied by sutlers, who sold beer, boots, coats, brandy, wine, etc., at about 400 per cent. profit. Cursing and swearing to an amount incredible; pushing of mules and half-starved ponies; overladen men, dead Turks, and artillery-wagons, stared one in the face at every turn. This was my first view of Balaclava. Jervoise Smith, who had seen a man flogged in the morning, and had seen bodies floating in the harbor without heads, was now rejoiced to see us, as he had given us up. With a report that Liprandi, with strong reinforcements, was going to march upon Balaclava *en échelon*; with the distant booming of guns, with the challenge in the streets, with a sentry periodically telling us "all's well"—with these noises, sights, and thoughts, an ample field for reflection, I fell asleep.

“*Tuesday*.—The snow had fallen fast all night, and was falling faster when Jervoise Smith and myself staggered through the streets, with the snow drifting all over us and freezing on our faces, to try and reach the camp of the First Division. The tracks—I cannot say roads—were quite obliterated in the drifts, and, with our haversacks and a couple of newly slain chickens, sinking nearly every step to our knees, we were nearly dead-beat before we reached headquarters, only about four or five miles. Went to Glyn and Chetwode’s tent, who formed Lord Raglan’s cavalry escort, where we ate biscuits and cheese and drank cherry-brandy, and smoked. Fearing that we should be benighted, we start. As ill luck would have it, we lose our way for some time, but eventually we pitch upon a sapper sergeant, with some Turks carrying gabions, whom we follow. The Turkish officer, upon coming in sight of Sebastopol, lifted up his hands and uttered the most solemn curse upon it; and I must confess, although I did not do it so theatrically, I felt it just as deeply when I thought of all the misery, bloodshed, and pain of which it had been and would be the cause. We found near here a wretched Zouave, who had been drinking, and was frozen in the snow. We got him on his legs between us, and after rubbing his frost-bitten hands in the snow for about ten minutes, the blood began to re-circulate, which gave him such pain that he, poor fellow, burst into tears, and began to bless us and thank us as a Frenchman could only thank an Englishman. General Airey and Jervoise, whom we hailed, who were riding by, went and fetched Zouaves from the French camp to carry him away, which, after swearing at him and thanking us, they did.

“At last, after many difficulties, and dreadfully tired, we arrived at the camp of the First Division. We found some of the Grenadiers—Bathurst, Prince Edward, Hig-

ginson, etc. — inspecting some mules being unpacked. They showed us Burnaby's tent, where we were delighted to hear dinner was just ready. We did ample justice to it when it did come, and afterwards Balgonie, Hamilton, and Clayton came in ; but we were nearly done, and glad to lie down at about eight o'clock for the night. We had uncommon little clothing for three, and the fire, of course, went out, all of which circumstances combined to make us tolerably cold ; but a hot breakfast and lovely morning cured us, and Burnaby, Jervoise Smith, Hamilton, Balgonie, and I went out to see the field of Inkerman. We passed through the camp of the Second Division, where we saw a regiment on parade, and a band, to which we listened ; it played an old polka, but the associations were pleasant, and I regretted that there were not more bands to kill the time which must hang so heavily on our poor soldiers' hands.

“ We first came upon a French battery, which we entered, and from it took a view of Sebastopol and the surrounding country ; leaving it, we went to the Sand-bag Battery, scene of the gallant struggle of November 5th, when

“ ‘ John, Pat, and Sandy
Met General Liprandi,
And a jolly good licking he got.’

‘ Here McKinnon lay,’ and ‘ there poor Cathcart died’ ; ‘ Neville and Blair were wounded just down there,’ gave it a terrible reality. We heard a good description of the whole thing from the first moment to the last ; we had three officers of the regiment most hotly engaged on that bloody day.

“ The Russians have now got a battery on the ruins of Inkerman, which they perpetually reminded us of by firing, not at us, but parallel to us upon our right, and down the valley of the Tchernaya upon men gathering



(Soldat time.)

fuel below. The shot and shell made a tremendous row as they whizzed through the air, and I plead guilty to perpetually bobbing my head for the first half-hour. We saw some Cossacks riding along the valley and an infantry regiment marching in the direction of Sebastopol. We found some Russian great-coats, one saturated in blood, all too heavy to take away as trophies ; but we cut off some buttons and shoulder-straps, picked up a few cartouche-boxes and cross-belts. I must say it struck me, even in my perfect ignorance of war or its art, as an odd thing that such ground should be left in so undefended a state, covered with high oak brushwood, a perfect place of concealment, and unfortified, especially after Sir de Lacy Evans's fears. But it is over now. How many gallant fellows suffered from it then ! and how many still suffer from it at home, is enough to make one's heart ache to think of !

“ We went to see different men in different parts of the camp, among others Francis Baring and Robert Lindsay ; they were, or rather Francis Baring was, eating his dinner, preparatory to going in the trenches. Went out to see the parties start, and one did not know whether to laugh or cry at their appearance ; the former being the more cheerful of the two operations, we did that. The men had sheepskin coats on, some from Hungary, some from London, some white, some brown, some black, mostly embroidered ; quaint to a degree they all looked ; they marched off, warm at any rate. The drummers with the stretchers looked cruelly businesslike. I heard that 2000 men were in the trenches every night and no doctor ! ‘ Credo quia possibile ’ should be everybody's motto here.

“ Balgonie, Georgie Gordon, Burnaby, and we dined together. We had soup, hare, champagne, two puddings, etc., to say nothing of dessert. We had plenty of

sheepskin coats that day served out ; their smell was not pleasant but their warmth was, and we slept soundly, notwithstanding some heavy firing on the French all night.

“ On Thursday morning we started from the Guards’ camp. How changed from those Guards I had seen leave London ten months ago, in all the pride of power and glory of Health ! Of the thirty officers of the Scots Fusilier Guards I shook hands with in town, six were there then ; 220 out of 880, who left cheering and cheery, and singing and well dressed, to say nothing of reinforcements. How dirty and dull, unshaven, some in caps, some in bear-skins, etc. !

“ We heard much praise of my old friend Stevenson Blackwood, and his work and care for his division.

“ I walked to headquarters with Jervoise Smith, saw Steel and Curzon, and went to see General Scarlett, whom I found with Willie Scarlett, who looked well and much improved by his beard ; they lived in a house, where I settled to dine on the morrow.

“ On the next day, after many difficulties, Blackwood, whom I found in Balaclava, succeeded in getting me a pony, on which I rode with Burnaby to Cadikeni, where we saw some Russian prisoners who did his washing for him ; they gave us coffee, and we went on to see Robert Hay, who with some others was gabion-making ; he was out, but I saw Turner, of the Guards, and Dolly Vane, who told me a story of dynastic revolutions and imperial changes in the Press, of which I did not understand one word. The last time I had seen him, we dined together in the autumn with Jesse ; *quantum mutatus* ! Rode back through the cavalry camp, which seemed ‘ getting on ’ a little, but was a melancholy sight. Found a pony waiting for me to ride to General Scarlett’s on ; so after dressing, which consisted in having my jack-boots greased, I started. The roads were worse than ever

from the thaw, with great ditches right across them, but I succeeded in getting in time for dinner nevertheless. General and Willie Scarlett, Alec Elliot and Conolley, his aides-de-camp, there; an agreeable and not a bad dinner. It seemed a cause of general regret that we had delayed our attack on the town so long after Alma; every one says it would have been taken even without opposition. They talked of the cavalry charge, and said that the town was getting a harder nut to crack each day.

"I went away; not a nice prospect, I must confess, for the night was pitch dark. I knew I had three ditches, to say nothing of holes and stones, and one bridge between me and the burial-ground. However, it was to be done; so I whistled and went boldly on; the road was lighted up by the flashing of the guns firing on the French trenches. I thought it odd that all was so solitary, when turning the last corner into Balaclava I came upon a sentry, and I don't know which of us was the more frightened, he or I.

"I found Colonel Hardinge in despair; he had been bustling about all day, had fixed a site for a bazaar, and had ordered all the sutlers to move there, and had just got a letter from Assistant Adjutant-General Gordon to say that it seemed hard, and suggested that a fortnight's more time might be given to the *rich* sutlers to move out—he said he had had no authority left for the future, they would laugh at him. These rich robbers, who confess to making £200 a day, were allowed to stay in the houses, while our Minié rifles, stores, etc., were lying rotting in the mud for want of store. How disgusting! No wonder everybody grumbles. Tremendous firing all night; fully expected an attack on Balaclava, but slept notwithstanding.

"*Saturday*.—After breakfast with Anderson, a lieu-

tenant of the 'Sanspareil,' we try to get to the front; but I had a mule, and no power, civil or military, could make him move; the consequence was I lost my temper, and set it all down to the mismanagement of the army in not providing a road. At last I got Ridley's pony and rode over the Woronzow road. We saw the Cossacks and the Russian vedettes not far off; the graves of the Heavies, and the scene of their gallant charge. We came upon some Zouaves making a road, which they told us, laughing as usual, was to go to Sebastopol. Started to see Gordon's battery, picket-house, and trenches; not a very clear day for it, so much the less chance of being shot by the Muscovs from the picket-house. We saw a very good general view of the trenches and the town. From this point we might easily have walked to the town on cannon-balls, shot, and shell. We got inside Gordon's battery, which is quite close to the town, from which we could distinctly see into the place, ships and all, people walking about; a Russian battery, with three men in the embrasures, was just opposite to us. As we went away we heard one or two bullets whistle over our heads, and we saw Colonel Montresor, who said a bullet had just struck the ground by his feet. I had never been potted before, but it did not seem a bit odd and was not very alarming. We walked back and watched some burials of the Second Division men, and went to dine with Stevenson Blackwood, who had a mud house and gave us a sumptuous repast. While we were at dinner there was a great clatter among the plates outside, caused by a cheery Zouave, who said he had 'found himself lost' on his way to the mill. He came in, and we gave him a glass of wine to drink a toast with. He said '*À la reine Victoria, vivent les Anglais*'; we said, '*et vivent les Zouaves*'; he said, '*je ne bois pas donc*,' and stoutly refused to drink till we settled to drink first



Qui vive!

to 'la Reine et les Anglais,' and then 'les Zouaves et les Français.' He then said he would give us an account of Alma, which he did most amusingly; then got up and went out to find the mill, where we directed him. It was getting late, and Burnaby and myself had a longish walk through the snow and 'found ourselves lost'; but stumbled up against Henry de Bathe, who told us that Cuddie Ellison's and Balgonie's tent had just been burned down. He amused us by telling how Cuddie Ellison bore it. He was playing whist, and was told a tent was on fire; he took his pipe out of his mouth and said, 'I shouldn't be surprised if it were my tent, I am so d—d unlucky!' They went to see, and he said, abstractedly, 'Just the direction; it is my tent'—and smoked his pipe as cheerily as ever.

"In the morning went to see Robert Hay, who had just returned from detachment; sat with him. He appeared well and tolerably happy; he had lost all his friends at Inkerman, but was more cheerful than I should have expected.

"With Balgonie, Burnaby, and Blackwood to headquarters; on to Balaclava. Got Christie's gig and rowed from ship to ship in the harbor, and returned to church, which I reached very late. Afterwards to dinner with Bingham and Messrs. Beattie and Campbell, two engineers for the railway.

"*Monday.*—After great difficulty got a pony from Kinloch, and rode with Anderson to headquarters; saw Dick Glyn, Chetwode, Nigel Kingscote, Tom Steel, Leicester Curzon. Had luncheon, and heard of poor young Spalding's death; he had his head shot away in the sailor's battery. Went to see Maxse, and on a beautiful road homeward; but our beautiful road came to an end—nothing less than a precipice. Anderson, sailor-like, said it was nothing, and got off, saying our

ponies would slip down all right. Eight horses lay dead at the bottom. We started, and the ponies slipped from top to bottom, tail first most of the way. I dined at five o'clock, passing through the left of the cavalry by the horse artillery, much the best part of the camp I have seen yet—a road and ditch by the side, and the horses protected from the cold. Went on board the *Orient*, and dined with Captain Christie, and saw some Russian trophies and Simpson's sketches, which were very good. Among them was one of a burying-party of the 83d Regiment. It had come out 1800 strong, and only forty available men returned with their colors.

“Home, and found Jervoise and Hardinge, who told us a fine story of Sir George Brown, who, when he had come up to the field at Inkerman, rode ahead of his division, and said to Pennefather, ‘You have been out here first; I put myself under your orders.’ A fine thing for a man—a martinet by reputation, too!

“Went to sleep for the last time in the Crimea.

“Ben Stephenson came to breakfast, as good natured, cheerful, and jolly as ever; walked with me to the *Arabia*. Saw Jocelyn, just well, and going up to camp again. We waited for Frederick Cadogan some time, and in my passage and waiting I had at last some time to think of all I had heard and seen in the Crimea.

“When I left England I expected to find hardships, but was not prepared to find such universal discontent, abuse, grumbling from highest to lowest. I was sorry, too, to see with my own eyes so much gross mismanagement, or rather no management at all—no method, no system, no arrangement, no *head*; the Commissariat disorganized; the whole army nearly so too, I fear. The chief evil seems the road, or rather no road; this must be the cause of want of provision, overworked horses, many losses of temper, dirt, wet, and consequent sick-

ness, and yet there can be no excuse, since for two months they have had lovely weather and a good road, which has gradually, day by day, got worse and worse without any attempt at preventing it. The road, too, being in a stone country, removes any difficulties; the excuse 'want of men' is childish to a degree, because it was the one thing needful. The soldiers are the most miserably helpless creatures you ever saw; like babies, they would rather eat their rations raw than trouble themselves to cook them. The painful and humiliating thing is the contrast between the French army and ours—in fact, to confess an unpleasant truth, we are at present only a brigade, and a very inefficient one, of the French army. So much abuse must have some foundation—not one person but said that Sebastopol would have fallen almost without resistance had they advanced after the Alma.

"*Wednesday*.—At eight o'clock we had done our distance, but till two o'clock we could not find the Bosphorus for a fog; but we did at three o'clock enter it, and very grand it was. How glad to be in calm water once more! Last night I passed next door to a poor fellow who had dreams or nightmare, or fever, and went on talking to 'Bono Johnnie, Bono Bono sick, Inglese officer locked up here, Johnnie Bono Johnnie.' Poor fellow, it was very sad.

"I went on deck, and a grand sight it was as we steamed down the Bosphorus. We saw Mount Olympus and lovely hills, dark cypresses, mosques, minarets, seraglios, and palaces lining the sides, and in ten minutes we were at anchor off Scutari, and about passing by Leander's Tower. We scrambled up to the Hôtel d'Angleterre just in time for dinner. What a curious party to meet at Constantinople!—Ashley Ponsonby, Seymour Damer, Kinloch, Jolliffe, *cum multis aliis*;

but it was most agreeable, and we went up-stairs, smoked in Seymour's room, and early to bed.

*“Thursday.—*Went to the bazaar with Cadogan and Kinloch—a curious and agreeable place to lounge a few hours away in. It is the fashion to talk of the external beauties of Constantinople and its internal horrors; but after where I have been, it strikes one as Regent Street to Bucharest, as Paradise to Balaclava, and I liked it accordingly. Had a Turkish bath, a curiosity in itself; met Hughy Drummond, Jolliffe, and Seymour Damer there. I could not walk on pattens, which is a necessary process, and fell an awful smash on the pavement and could not get up again; drank lemonade and coffee and smoked chibouques. Dressed and went home to dinner; after which we all smoked, first in my room, and then in Ashley Ponsonby's, and talked of all they had seen and done.

*“Friday.—*A lovely day. After bargaining with Cadogan and Kinloch, got into a caïque. Oh, what luxury! the first real luxury since I left England—a summer sun and a smooth sea, and a view only too beautiful. Lying on one's back with a hot sun and a cigar is perfect happiness, and I got it for half an hour, till our arrival at Scutari. Went to see Wardrop, and with him to see the hospitals, the brightest part of my sight-seeing. I might have expected to find dirt, confusion, want of comfort, and bad accommodation; but contrariwise, I found perfect ventilation, good stoves, beds, luxuries of all kinds, and, above all, universal contentment. Oh, what a change from the *well* at Crimea to the *ill* here! There was one consolation: I had seen the worst at the one and the best at the other. I spoke to many of the sick, and they told me, one and all, that they were comfortable and well attended to. This is the bright side; the dark one is the number of dead we saw—I believe



Lieutenant de la marine.

forty deaths a day is the lowest average. From the hospital we went to another a little higher up. Passed over the quondam camp of the First Division by our grave-yard and the Turks'; the Bosphorus in sight, and dark cypress groves behind, made it very picturesque. This hospital as good as the other. Saw Percy here, and coming down we saw Lord Rokeby, General Barnard, and Harry Keppel; Lord Rokeby looking wonderfully well, and of course as pleasant and good natured as ever; General Barnard very agreeable, I thought. We walked together to the water's edge; saw Miss Nightingale, who was talking about the Crimea, etc., a gloomy subject just now. Met, on the other side, Lady Stratford, Miss Stanley, Mrs. Ives, etc., with whom we recrossed and went to the Seraglio gardens, St. Sophia, where we put on slippers. There were pillars from Ephesus, from Lesbos, and everywhere mosaic; but the Mussulmans picked it from the walls and sold it for backsheesh—they would sell their eyes for it with pleasure, from the Sultan downward. Talked to Miss Stanley of her arrangements; she was loud in her praises of Lady Stratford and her kindness.

“In the evening, having no clothes of my own, I borrowed a uniform of Ashley Ponsonby; Lord Rokeby says he would take me as a recruit. We went walking with lanterns to dinner: Lord and Lady Stratford and daughter, Wellesley, Willie Barnard, General Barnard (whom I sat next to), Lord Rokeby, Seymour Damer, Hughy Drummond, Mr. Allison—a very agreeable dinner, a magnificent house and home.

“*Saturday*.—Bazaared with Frederick Cadogan and Jolliffe; took our places, and with Kinloch rode to Pancaldi with Fred Walpole and General Beatson. Dined at Missiri's next to Stanley Graham, a lieutenant in R.N., such a nice boy, and so handsome I thought him. I

think we were fifteen of us who knew each other ; how odd all meeting here, to separate again so soon ! I never saw such a pattern of a good soldier as Hughy Drummond : pluck, all have ; but cheeriness, good spirits, and a good soldier all combined in him, no grumbling, all hoping for the best. Seymour, also a great friend of his, very contented, at any rate not showing that he was not so. Said good-bye to Lord Rokeby, who took us into his room and read us the Queen's letter about the Guards.

“ *Sunday, 28th.* — Rode to breakfast with Frederick Walpole at his house at Pancaldi ; we made it a long one by talking and smoking till luncheon time, after which he, his wife, and myself took a long walk by the Sultan's new palace and Reschid Pasha's house, through some fine streets, very fine considering that fifteen years have only elapsed since it was forbidden to build with anything but wood—it was presumptuous, they say, to dictate to the Almighty how long a house was to last. At a fine marble mosque by the water's edge I said good-bye, and getting into a caïque fell asleep till I reached Kuleli, the new hospital. Finding Miss Stanley out, I walked up the hill to Kandilli. The view of the Seven Lanterns was, indeed, very grand ; I could see from it beyond Therapia and almost to the Black Sea, while at my feet was the Bosphorus and Constantinople in all its glory. Met Miss Stanley, and with her back to the hospital, which I went over alone, and found all *getting* comfortable. Had tea with the nurses, and to dinner, where Ashley Ponsonby, Dawson Damer, Jolliffe, Kinloch, and myself, all Eton friends, dined together, and talked Eton till we laughed at old recollections.

“ *Monday, 29th.* — Awoke to find it pouring, so during the morning I sat in Seymour Damer's room, very much the same as if we had been in Wilton Crescent ; we talked

not Crimea, but home, for two or three hours, when I went to see Ashley Ponsonby and to say good-bye to him. Saw George Paget; said good-bye also to Hedworth Jolliffe, and Fred Cadogan, with whom I was sorry not to go home. They say two that start together never come back together; he goes by Trieste, and I hurry back by Marseilles. Said good-bye to Seymour; it was gloomy for him being left alone there for the time being. Kinloch and I went through a torrent of rain to the water's edge, where we got into a caïque, and through very rough water got on board the *Ganges*, pouring and blowing; but we dined before we started, and got into bed pretty happily.

“*Tuesday, 30th.*—Glorious sunrise! Was it a dream? On awakening at eight o'clock we were at anchor off Gallipoli, and after breakfast—I must say a curious one, consisting principally of pickles, olives, figs, raisins and cheese, sponge-cake and pears, beef, mutton, fish, etc., but a good one—we steamed through Sestos and Abydos and the castle of the Dardanelles. Midday came, and we are on deck smoking in the sun, by Besika Bay; by Lemnos and through the islands of the *Ægean*. My youthful idea that every island was in the *Ægean* Sea is fully confirmed by the scenes we saw to-day. Greece in all its beauty lay before us. We rushed on deck, we drew nearer and nearer to the Acropolis and Parthenon and Temple of Jupiter; a morning sun shone clearly on them, and oh, the blue, really blue waters between us! Five minutes more and we anchored. One's thoughts, notwithstanding it was breakfast time, wandered forth in imagination of a day at Athens, a saunter through the Parthenon, poetic dreams in the temple of the great Zeus; we might have stood where St. Paul stood; we might have been where Gallio was, and cared more for it; but no matter, five minutes has passed. A yellow

flag drops lazily from our mast; we are plague-stricken, or supposed to be—we are in quarantine. Some of us swore, some sulked, all ate a good breakfast—the intellectual being denied us, we had recourse to the animal amusements; we lay in the summer sun and grumbled; we fished for fish we did not catch. A new amusement occurs to us. A bottle was thrown into the water, revolvers are produced; the famous *Petit Caporal des Chasseurs de Vincennes*, wounded seven times, who shot so many Russes, who had a medal, is on board; he takes the revolver, he fires at the bottle, for the time an imaginary Russe; he misses. My turn soon comes. I grasp the pistol, I shut my eyes, I fire—the bottle is broken to a thousand bits, and sinks. It is twelve o'clock; more grumbling; resigned again to smoke, sun, and oranges. I am happy. At two o'clock we start. We hear English bands and French on shore. ‘*Vivent les Anglais, vivent les Français, à bas les Grecques et le roi Othon.*’

“We start; there is a cry, a rush, a tumult—a man overboard! Here, then, was an opportunity, long sought after, of distinguishing myself without danger! What a time to throw off my coat, raise my arms, shout ‘*Vive la France!*’ and plunge into the water! But no: the man swims manfully; he gets a life-preserver; he does not want it; crowds of boats pick him up; he is brought fresh and wet aboard. We proceed by *Salamis*; I see it only through my windows, where I have descended to wash my solitary pocket-handkerchief—not being as dirty as it looked. It is washed; it is carefully hung out to dry on a stick; I watch it with a fatherly care. Something attracts my attention; I turn again; my handkerchief, my only one, is gone!

“We have seen *Troy* and the tomb of *Achilles*, *Lemnos*, *Salamis*; but dinner is come, our steam is up, and



Judgement de l'Arabie

we are off after dinner. Glorious night; and we go on deck to smoke, and I to talk to my French friend, Chavannes de Chartel. He is amusing, as only a Frenchman can be; he does not laugh at my bad French, and we get on capitally.

“Friday.—We have a glorious view of Etna slumbering in the solemnity of its height; very snowy and very cold it is up there. The captain says we have a view of one in two hundred. It is grandly magnificent; and Italy, on the other side, looks as if it was not long ago since it was boiled up and suddenly hardened—not a level bit of land of one hundred yards. We lie on deck and watch the villages in Calabria, the olive-trees, the greenest of all green grass, and flowers resembling cowslips or buttercups. We steam on up the Straits of Messina, where we arrive at three o’clock. Thoughts of a dinner on land, a stroll through the one hundred orange groves, an opera, and all kinds of shore and civilized amusements suggest themselves to our cabined and be-shipped imagination. But a quarantine of eight days is here. We are within fifty yards of shore. We are furious as a lazaretto guard, a man with a rusty bayonet, comes to take three passengers to Naples to the lazaretto. Indigènes de Messina watch us; orange-boys come alongside and cheat us; the health-officer is gloomy, sour-looking, and ugly.

“Monday.—I remain on deck till five o’clock, when we get into Marseilles. Dunne and I (‘couriers’) go ashore, and at eight o’clock to Valence, where we arrive at five o’clock. I say good-bye to him; and, after a bad dinner, I get in the ‘banquet’ of a diligence, and freeze till I get to Lyons, where I have breakfast at eight o’clock.

“Tuesday.—Again to Paris, where we arrive just in time for a train to Calais; catch the boat; an awful passage, but I rather like it.

“ *Wednesday*.—I get to England—more, get to London at nine o’clock, in time for breakfast. I shave my beard off, and think of all I have done, or rather *we* have done. We have ridden long stages, foodless, on miserable horses with backbones like razors and mouths like files; we have drunk black, bitter coffee, and smoked tobacco with agas and effendis; we have eaten mutton like leather, and beef like mahogany; we have abjured knives and forks; we have suffered hospitable but uncleanly pashas to kiss us; we have forgotten the existence of razors, soap, and brushes; we have delivered ourselves willing captives to the bow of the bug and the spear of the flea; we have treated linen as a myth; we have worn jack-boots; to say nothing of running additional risks of perishing by fever, ague, or dysentery on the marshes of the Danube, or of being murdered in military Austria, or being blown to pieces decently with a shell or a ball in the Crimea, according to the usages of civilized warfare and the laws of nations.

“We have seen much to instruct us, much to amuse us, much that is grand, more that is sad—our army’s suffering, our army’s chivalry, our army’s trials, and our army’s triumph; sickness and sorrow ministered to by heroic Christianity; men as heroes, women as angels. We have seen some of our country’s glories, we have seen many of her humiliations—much to rejoice over, much to lament over, more to hope for. We should be, if we are not, wiser and better men for all we have seen.”

CHAPTER V

1855-1856

Interviews with Lord John Russell—Lord Panmure and his Telegram—Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister—Sir Charles Wood at the Admiralty—His Knowledge of Detail—Lord Northbrook's Early Career and Official Experience—Measuring the Cadets—Croker and Peel—Mrs. Lane-Fox's Dinners—Charles Villiers and Mrs. Seymour—Lord Canning's Speech at the East India Company's Dinner in 1855—Visit of the King of Sardinia—My Trip to the Baltic—Dantzic, Nargön, Seskär—Theatricals on the *Blenheim*—Land Journey through Sweden—Wisby, Calmar, Carlskrona, Malmö—The Sights of Copenhagen—Elsinore and Hamlet's Grave—Home *via* Hamburg, Cologne, and Calais—Proclamation of Peace with Russia, March 30, 1856—Burning of Covent Garden Theatre—Death of Colonel Damer—His Distinguished Career—Distribution of Crimean Medals by the Queen—City Failures—Palmer the Poisoner—The Daguerreotype Mania.

IMMEDIATELY on my return, in February, 1855, I was sent for by Lord John Russell, and gave him my account of what I had seen. Among other things I said that those men who had borne all the hardships of the winter were in magnificent condition; but he represented me as saying the army was in magnificent condition, which was not what I wished to convey.

I dined also at Lord Clarendon's, and was asked many questions. Lady Clarendon insisted upon my seeing Lord Panmure, who was then Secretary for War; but, after waiting in his secretary's room some time, I ascer-

tained that he did not want to hear what I had to say, which was that the Turkish burial-ground at Balaklava was in a swamp, where those who died were buried about two feet deep only, while the place was in close proximity to great quantity of limestone, which was never used.

Lord Panmure was not a great war minister, but will be remembered for his famous telegram to General Simpson, who succeeded Lord Raglan: "You are appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea. Take care of Dowb." And here the message came to an abrupt conclusion. I was in the House of Commons when Sir de Lacy Evans elucidated its meaning. The real meaning of the message was that Lord Panmure had a relation for whose advancement, being a Scotchman, he was very anxious; so he chose the moment of announcing General Simpson's appointment to add a little postscript: "Take care of Dowbeggin." Now Dowbeggin, as Trollope would say, was a cousin of the Secretary of State for War. Sir de Lacy Evans described very funnily the receipt of the telegram, the perplexity of the Staff, the summoning of all the Engineers to ascertain in what part of the trenches was Dowb, etc. The story did not strengthen the government, but nothing came of the episode.

During my absence in the Crimea Lord Aberdeen's short government had come to an end, and Disraeli's prophecy as to the brief life of the triumphs of a coalition had been verified.

Both Lord Derby and Lord John Russell attempted in vain to form governments, and Lord Palmerston, who had passed his seventieth year, became, to the great joy of the country, Prime Minister on February 9, 1855. What affected me most was that Sir Charles Wood had replaced Sir James Graham as First Lord of the Admiralty.

It was later that I learned to appreciate Sir Charles's great abilities and wonderful power of work. He was not a good speaker, and Grant Duff stated that Providence had not endowed him with the gift of articulate pronunciation. He was a master of detail. One day we were discussing the number of States in America, and he made me get a map, and when I checked him he went through them all from east to west and from west to east, as if the map had lain before him.

Early one morning I was deciphering a telegram from Sir Edmund Lyons's secretary to Sir Charles Wood, which said: "Lyons is bearing up wonderfully after his great loss." We divined that this must be poor Lord Raglan's death, and we were right.

Curiously enough, I was the first to hear of General Anson's and General Barnard's deaths, and later on of Lord Elgin's and Lady Canning's in India.

There was in those days an office attached to the private secretary of the First Lord, who was T. G. Baring, now Lord Northbrook, who for his age had probably more official knowledge than any one of his standing. He was the son of Sir Francis Baring, and at Oxford had belonged to a set four of whom subsequently attained Cabinet rank—Chichester Fortescue, Lord Kimberley (then Lord Wodehouse), and Dodson; and immediately on his leaving Oxford he had become assistant private secretary to Mr. Labouchere, afterwards Lord Taunton, who was then Chief Secretary for Ireland; later on he had become his first private secretary until Lord Bessborough's death, when he went with Lord Taunton to the Board of Trade. He had then become private secretary to Sir George Grey at the Home Office. When Sir Charles Wood became President of the Board of Control in 1852, he was his private secretary, and on his transfer to the Admiralty in 1855 he had accompanied him.

The ordinary official hours were from ten to four, and were becoming rapidly extended to six and seven. The occupant of the private office said this was almost more than he could bear, and I was asked if I would like to go there, on the understanding that there was to be no limitation of hours. Of course I was delighted at the opportunity, and we used to work always till eight o'clock in the evening, and often after dinner again; but these were stirring times, and the excitement kept us going.

It was soon found that all the promotions of the First Lord were necessarily made on imperfect information, or, at any rate, without any means by which the services of one officer could be compared with those of others; and Baring soon employed Bedford, who was at the head of the office, and myself to prepare a set of books which showed forth all the services and all the confidential reports on officers of every grade. On Bedford's promotion these records were completed by myself and Alfred Buckley under the superintendence of Baring, and I have no hesitation in saying that these books, which I believe are still accurately kept, have been an enormous gain to the whole service in enabling the First Lord of the Admiralty to judge fairly of the merits of each candidate for promotion.

One evening I was going to Lord Clarendon's, at The Grove, when a telegram arrived saying that a night attack was going to be made on our ships, and I was told to take it down with me, which I did, and was rather disconcerted at finding that he had been sent for to dine with the Queen. However, it was only one of many scares that constantly came from somewhere or another. Sir Charles Wood used to get a frequent succession of letters from an English governess in St. Petersburg, which were addressed to Lord Panmure, purporting to give news, but I do not think there was ever any of real value.

Cadetships in the Marines were given away by the First Lord, and it was part of my duty to measure the lads so nominated, to see that they reached the required standard. One poor boy came into my room with heels to his boots three or four inches high, and I had to hand him over to the Inspector-General of Marines, who, I fear, cut him off from his hoped-for career.

Mr. Croker, when he was Secretary to the Admiralty, used to perform this duty, and on one occasion he put his fingers on the hair of the cadet, fastening it to the measuring-rod, and said to the boy: "Thank you; that will do." The boy stepped down, leaving in Mr. Croker's possession the wig which he had put on over his hair to raise his height.

Sir Robert Peel, after his quarrel with Croker, was going through a picture exhibition with a friend where there was a portrait of Mr. Croker. "How wonderfully like!" said the friend; "you can see the quiver on his lips." "Yes," replied Sir Robert, "and the arrows coming out of it." Once, when Sheil began a speech by repeating "Necessity, necessity, necessity," Peel said, "Is not always the mother of Invention."

And now for the first time I was brought into confidential relations with Sir Charles Wood, a man of the old Whig school, who filled a much larger space in the political world than is dreamed of in this generation of politicians. He had begun his career as private secretary to Lord Grey, had married his daughter, Lady Mary, and had been included in every Liberal government since that time. He had a quickness of perception and a charm which were irresistible, and his knowledge of all political affairs was probably unique. Added to which he was closely connected with the Whigs, who for so long were the governing families of the country. He was also very popular at Court.

I often dined with Alfred Buckley at his aunt's, Mrs. Lane-Fox, who had before this time been a woman of fashion in Whig circles—her salon had been discontinued, but she still gave little dinners, at which the most delightful guest was Mr. Charles Villiers. He was always, in my recollection, very careless about his dress, and very seldom had any buttons on his shirt-front. Lord Granville, to whom somebody made this remark, said, "No; he always keeps those to put on the tips of his foils," which was a very pretty compliment. Here, too, was to be met a Mrs. Seymour, a dwarf and famous chiropodist, from whom Charles Dickens drew his picture of Miss Mowcher in *David Copperfield*. "She was a puny dwarf of about fifty or fifty-five, with a very large head and face, a pair of roguish gray eyes, and such extremely little arms that to enable herself to lay a finger archly on her nose she was obliged to meet the finger herself and lay her nose against it. Throat she had none; waist she had none; legs she had none worth mentioning." Mrs. Seymour's qualifications were supposed to be those of Miss Mowcher, who, readers of my age will recollect, was not supposed to err on the side of moral severity.

In August I dined at the East India Company's dinner in the City, given to Lord Canning, the Governor-General of India elect. As a Peelite he had declined the post of Under-Secretary offered him by Lord Derby in 1851, but in 1853 he joined Lord Aberdeen's government as Postmaster-General. He continued under Lord Palmerston until 1855, when he was selected by him to succeed Lord Dalhousie as Governor-General. When he rose to speak he hesitated for so long that I feared he was going altogether to break down (if that expression can be used of a speech not yet commenced); but when he once started he made a good and prophetic speech, saying: "We must not forget that in the sky of India, serene

though it is, a small cloud may arise, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but which, growing bigger and bigger, may at last threaten to overwhelm us with ruin."

It was in this year that the King of Sardinia visited England—a fine soldierlike-looking fellow, utterly unaccustomed to English social civilization. He was supposed not to be leading a life of very strict propriety, and when the Queen asked him with whom he dined at home, he said, "Ah, madame, je dîne seul avec mes chagrins!"

The autumn came, and I was to have a month's holiday, which I thought could not be spent better than in an expedition to the Baltic. I was intrusted with the care of despatches from the Admiralty to Admiral Dundas, and here again I give my diary which was written at the time:

"On Tuesday, September 4, 1855, Jervoise Smith and myself started for our second Russian journey.

"We arrived at Lille at 6 A.M., and then through Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Hanover, reached Berlin, where we missed the night train.

"The next morning, which was cold and bright, we started for Dantzic. We reached Stettin through a flat country and pine forests, and arrived at eleven o'clock at Dantzic, where, with a fluency remarkable, Jervoise Smith told the coachman to drive to the consul's, which he did, and whom we see; and, supping at the *Englisches Haus*, we went to bed. At eight o'clock the next morning we find Captain Glasse, of H.M.S. *Vulture*, at breakfast, who had come down to fetch the mail for the fleet. We went to the consul's about some business, and to the town-hall, where there were models of ships which must have been built before the Flood; old pictures, odd pictures—classical and religious, mythical and sacred—Diana and Actæon, and the Last Judgment; cannon-

balls still sticking in the roof from the bombardment of 1814. We went to the church, or cathedral, now Lutheran, and saw a picture, which rather haunts me now, of the Last Judgment.

“Jervoise Smith, Captain Glasse, Mr. Raikes, the *Times*’ correspondent here, and myself drove five miles to the Vistula ‘fairwater’ and embarked in the captain’s gig to H.M.S. *Vulture*, which we reached in an hour’s time, a rattling wind blowing.

“*Sunday, 9th.*—Attended the ship’s church service; more solemn than a London church. When church was over, we walked on deck and passed the time till dinner in sorting letters addressed in the strangest of hand-writings to the men of the fleet.

“*Monday, 10th.*—I woke early and was soon on deck looking at Revel, which rapidly disappeared behind Nargön, and rounding it, a sight to make an Englishman proud to be an Englishman appeared before us in the shape of an allied fleet in Russian seas off Revel. I went below to get my letters, and heard the paymaster, with whom I walked and talked yesterday, was ill, very ill of cholera; but I was obliged to go to the ‘Duke of Wellington’ with despatches, where I saw the admiral and his captains and had a stately breakfast with them. I was asked to go back to play a cricket match at Nargön. The last I played was at Hawnes. After breakfast we returned to the *Vulture*, and the anchor was weighed to the tune of ‘Cheer, boys, cheer!’ to which tune the poor paymaster died down-stairs; his screams had been dreadful, but latterly he was unconscious.

“The night was very bad, blowing hard and pitch dark, and it was spent in making a coffin, which is an unpleasant way of spending a blowy night at sea, as I know.

“*Tuesday, 11th.*—It was a dull morning with a heavy

swell, and while we breakfasted in the gun-room, three or four of the officers were unwell, more from imagination and the poor paymaster's death than anything else. Coming up to the *Exmouth*, we received a signal to proceed with letters to the advanced blockading squadron, which we did ; and as we got in the gig to go on board the *James Watt* the sun came brightly up, and we saw Captain Elliot, who took us over his ship, of which he had every right to be proud. She was prepared for action, and a magnificent sight she was—the crack ship of the fleet. After going all over her and seeing all that was to be seen, we went down to his cabin ; all his stern galleries were away, ready at a moment's notice for anything. He told us he was going to weigh anchor for Cronstadt at one o'clock, and we were sorry we could not stay to go with him, but if we did we might not get back for a fortnight to Nargön, so we had to be contented with *nearly* seeing it. We heard the *Centaur* was away with cattle, and we feared we should miss her, and, returning to the *Vulture*, we read and slept till we reached Seskär.

“ At five o'clock we dined on board the *Exmouth* with Admiral Seymour, and heard that we were to go on board his ship to-morrow, which was great news for us. After a large dinner-party Captain Glasse took us back in his gig to the *Vulture*.

“ *Wednesday, 12th.*—We left the *Vulture*, and boarded the *Exmouth* in time to see her screw raised—a ponderous mass of eleven tons was lifted up into its place like a feather.

“ The *Vulture* paymaster is gone to his burial-place in Seskär, where there is a little church-yard, and we waited for the chaplain's return ; then started with the *Orion* and *Majestic* in our company. A glorious sight to see a line of battle-ships handled under sail.

“At five o’clock the Admiral, who had been to Björkö island, returned, and we dined—four of us, Captain Hall the fourth. An agreeable dinner, and we went down ’tween decks after to smoke a cigar, heard the band play, and saw the officers dance. We had two famous cabins made by flags, mine a Spanish flag in the Admiral’s dining-room. I have never slept in a cot, but heard that when you are once in it, nothing is so comfortable. There was a little difficulty in getting in: with my accustomed determination of overcoming difficulties, I made a leap, which certainly took me in and did for me, and the cot turning topsy-turvy, I lodged head foremost, my feet still in the cot, between a gun and a plate chest; but in the course of time I got on my feet again, with no more harm done than a damaged elbow, which did not prevent my sleeping till the morning gun.

“*Thursday, 13th.*—On going on deck we saw Cronstadt and the light-house, the ships, Fort Alexander, steeples, churches, dock-yard, etc. What a sight for Russians to see us cruising close to their stronghold!

“It was impossible not to admire the Russians’ moral as well as physical courage in playing their game. Defensive war was the plan they had adopted and the plan they abode by.

“We passed on, and having looked at Cronstadt well, and very eagerly, we went to breakfast and turned about *en route* for Seskär. The other ships followed in our wake, and all went through sailing evolutions wonderful to behold—a place for everybody, everybody in his place.

“The wind dropped and we took many tacks to get to our old anchorage, which we reached about five o’clock.

“Captain Clifford came on board from the *Centaur*, and Pierce and Lieutenant Roderick Dew came to dinner.

“*Friday, 14th.*—The next day, before breakfast, we went on board the *Centaur* to see young Seymour, whom

we found very flourishing, and Clifford took us in his gig back to breakfast. Commander Gordon, of the *Bulldog*, came on board, and at ten o'clock we went with him, having said good-bye to Admiral Seymour and Captain Hall, who had been most good-natured.

"The wind freshened up very quickly, and from a dead calm became a heavy swell; we took an empty collier in tow for Nargön and began our journey, which was as pleasant as it could be under the circumstances of rain and swell and wind.

"*Saturday, 15th.*—Again at Nargön. All communication by boats was out of the question, so we resigned ourselves to the cabin and cigars; but rolling at anchor in a gale is not pleasant. All the fleet have two anchors laid, and our captain spends the whole night on deck in case of an anchor dragging.

"On Sunday we went to prayers at ten o'clock, and immediately after Anderson, of H.M.S. *Biter*, our Bal-clava friend, came on board, and as the water was calming fast again, we went on the shore of Nargön. It was drizzling wet, and a large pine forest was all we saw.

"We walked through this immense mass of timber and arrived at the village, where we saw among many inhabitants an old Englishman, the skipper of an English collier, who was seventy years old, and had brought coals to Lord Somers's fleet when in the Baltic in the late war. All the inhabitants, female at least, were employed in washing for the officers of the fleet, but the men had gone to Revel for the Sunday.

"At six o'clock Captain Gordon and ourselves went to the *Duke* to dine with the Admiral; Captain Pelham, Caldwell, etc., there too. We had a very good dinner, and heard that the *Cornwallis* was going to-morrow to Farö, which suited us to perfection, and we settled to go with her if Captain Wellesley could take us.

“*Monday, 17th.*—We slept on board the *Bulldog* and awoke to a glorious calm and a bright sky. We saw Revel most distinctly, and at eight o'clock we called to say good-bye to Captain Glasse, of the *Vulture*.

“Anderson breakfasted on the *Bulldog*, and Captain Hall, of the *Blenheim*, came to ask us to go to some theatricals on board his ship. In the mean time the *Driver* came in signalling ‘Sebastopol is fallen.’ Captain Gordon insisted on our drinking champagne in tumblers, and we waited anxiously for further news. I went on board the *Duke* and heard the further news, bad and good. Poor Buckley was killed and Hugh Drummond and Francis Seymour wounded. The French had been successful and we repulsed; but success at last for both. Thank God, Sebastopol is taken. Among other things I heard was that the *Cornwallis* was going to England, which makes all on board very happy. We went on shore with Anderson, and fell upon a pretty patch ‘where once a garden grew’; but beyond, nothing but the endless pine forest, burned and cut, and yet millions alive and flourishing. On to the light-house, a marvel of solid masonry, whence we could see the Finnish main-land, Barö Sound, etc. We dined on board the *Vulture*, and went to the *Blenheim* afterwards. *Cornwallis* was getting under way; but for five minutes we witnessed the play, of which this was the play-bill:

THEATRE ROYAL

Under the distinguished patronage of
CAPTAIN W. H. HALL, C.B.

The Amateurs of H.M.S. "*BLENHEIM*" will perform
the Comedietta entitled

FORTUNE'S FROLIC ; or,
THE PLOUGHMAN TURNED LORD.

Robin Roughhead	. MILLS	Frank	. . . RUTTER
Snacks	. . . KNOTT	William	. . . NORMAN
Rattle	. . . POWER	Clown	. . . ALLEN

Villagers, &c.

Nancy	. . . SHARPE
Margery	. . . FAGG
Dolly	. . . FRAIL

After which

COMIC SONG

HORNPIPE

The whole to conclude with the burlesque, tragic, comic,
and operatic extravaganza, in one Act, entitled

BOMBASTES FURIOSO

King Artaxominos	PRITCHARD	General Bombastes	. MILLS
Fusbos (Minister of		Pages	. . . FRAIL & SHARPE
State)	. POWER	Distafina	. . . FAGG

Band, Army, Drummer, Fifer, &c.

Performance at 8 o'clock.

VIVAT REGINA !

“The stage was erected from the quarter-deck; the audience seemed endless, hundreds of sailors from the main-deck right away up—any height.

“The drop scene was a fort and a boat; supposed to be the scene of some of Captain Hall’s Chinese exploits.

“Before the play there was a prologue, written for the occasion, more striking for its strong common-sense and pointed hits than for its rhythm or strict grammatical accuracy. It told us how the Russians, ‘if they wouldn’t come out to fight for mortar, shell, or gun, must be laughed at for a bit of fun.’ But the climax of the prologue approached, and its affecting pathos was shown in the last two lines :

“Sebastopol has fallen, Sebastopol has fell;
All’s well !”

and then such cheers rang from the deck as might ring again in echoes from Revel. Peal after peal of cheers died away, and then came ‘God Save the Queen.’

“The *Cornwallis* is by this time under way, and we, still shaking with laughter, had come on board, had tea with the captain, and so to bed.

“*Tuesday, 18th.*—After breakfast Captain Wellesley showed us over his ship and engines, which are high pressure and in a very small compass, and work as engines on a railway. Then there were short morning prayers after the quarters; and it began to rain, and at four o’clock we dined. Captain Wellesley had asked young Cadogan to dine with us. After an agreeable dinner we went and smoked in the gun-room, where, after the band had finished, there was an amateur concert. ‘The Fall of Sebastopol’—a song composed in honor of that event by Hobart—was sung with great applause to the tune of ‘Villikins and his Dinah.’

“*Wednesday, 19th.*—After breakfast and prayers, and

some reading and writing, we found that the sea was not as calm as it might be; and the wind, which had been for some time *peu favorable*, came right ahead, and on throwing the log we found we were going back instead of forward. The gun-room officers had asked us to dinner, and I was rather glad when they sent to say that so many of them were ill they must put us off. I was hardly up, I confess, to a large dinner-party, so we dined alone and drank champagne, after which I lay down and read Charles Lamb, and could not but agree with him when he says, 'I shrink instinctively from a man who says he prefers minced veal, and hold that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings.'

"We pitched tremendously, and I was not altogether sorry to go to bed. We were not much nearer than we were in the morning to Farö, but in the night the wind shifted, and the next day we reached Farö; and, after breakfast, Captain Wellesley took us on shore with young Arthur Cadogan, for whom we got some eggs for his mess, and some milk for the captain, who most good-naturedly begged us to go on to Copenhagen. We were very sorry to say good-bye, to him, and the Baltic fleet in general, which we did here. Everybody had conspired to be good-natured to us; nothing was too much for them to do to help us and make our time pleasant.

"On landing, we soon found a little cart on four wheels and no springs, and two good little ponies, and started merrily, in glorious weather, on good roads, through a flat but pretty country, with quiet little villages and churches in the distance. At the last stage, in the book in which travellers have to write their names, a clever Frenchman had drawn a picture, true to the life, of our conveyance. *Attelage utile, mais peu con-*

fortable. In the innocence of my heart I cut off the bit of paper, intending it for this diary. Little did I know how soon the thunder-cloud over my head would burst. We got our ponies and started; in two minutes a yell was raised, and notwithstanding all our endeavors to the contrary, we were stopped. Several men appeared, all frantic, brandishing the book, and talking and gesticulating madly. Neither Jervoise nor myself spoke one word of Swedish, which rendered explanation difficult. I gave back the picture, which did not appease them at all. The scene was so excessively absurd that Jervoise and myself sacrilegiously laughed. Things were looking serious, and the chief speaker proceeded to unharness our horses; but this was beyond a joke, and we remonstrated, not verbally but physically, and in this we succeeded. He then rushed to the horses' heads, from which I gently removed him, and by judiciously giving tobacco to three of the bystanders we won them over to our side; they laughed at the indignant owner, and finally we drove off, but not in triumph, for I had lost my picture. We got to Wisby, had a bad tea, and to bed.

“*Friday, 21st.*—I blush to say I have never heard of Wisby till this year. In the tenth and eleventh centuries, before the Hanseatic League, it was the most flourishing city in the north of Europe; before the discovery of the passage of the Cape of Good Hope it was the depot of all merchandise coming through and from Russia. The first marine law for the Baltic was framed there in 1300, and is now, I believe, referred to in our English laws. There are here eighteen ruined churches of the tenth and eleventh centuries.

“At one o'clock, after a stroll on the beach with a gentleman guide from the consulate, to lionize the town, we walked by the high and yet solid fortifications, and saw the tower called ‘Maiden’s Tower,’ where, they say, is

still to be seen on the stones the stain of blood of that loving and traitorous maiden who from that very tower in 1361 made the signal to Valdemar III. of Denmark to assault the ramparts, and who paid for her treachery with her life—she was buried alive in the tower.

“We wandered over vast ruins of splendid churches and cathedrals, rich Gothic architecture, splendid columns, high towers, and carved arches, still standing; one church of the Holy Ghost is most beautiful. There are convents and nunneries where thousands of worshippers must have stood some 800 years ago. The shell remains, but the inside is covered with grass and ivy; and, strangely enough, large trees, oak and others, and thick brushwood, have grown up in the dust collected on the roofs of nearly all. There were two churches, ‘sister churches,’ the tale being that two sisters determined to build one church; but unable to agree in their religious views, they each built one; and so from evil good came.

“From all these dead churches we go to see a living one. A strange medley: it is of different styles of architecture; and as I wonder if other Englishmen, more worthy than we, have seen such grandeur, our guide says, ‘Do you know Lords Dufferin and Arthur Russell?’ It appears that they had paid a visit there from the former’s yacht.

“How imagination can people those great ghosts of churches and altars and crypts and galleries, and almost hear the music and the chants!

“In the days of its prosperity the aristocracy of Wisby, exclusive as other aristocracies, forbade any mechanics or artisans to live within their walls. How little they thought a time was coming when their aristocracy would be forgotten!

“Our guide dined with us at our hotel at seven o’clock,

and talked much of English manners. A picture of Sir James Graham wheeling a barrow at the opening of the Silloth Railway surprised him, until we explained its meaning. The Norwegian dinner begins with cheese and ends with soup.

“The next day we walked some little way from the town to a pretty wood, and returned at three o’clock to dine with Mr. Enequest, the English consul, at his country-house, a little place about a mile from the town. He had a pretty wife, and two young ladies were staying with them. They all talked English, and we had an agreeable and very good dinner, and walked in the garden to see the sunset, for the beauty of which the Baltic islands are famous. On the following day—Sunday—we walked by the seaside in the morning, and at six o’clock embarked in the *Louise*. It was very calm, which was lucky, as the boat was like a plaything in size and strength.

“At six o’clock the following morning we reached Calmar and ordered our cart, but returned to the steamer to breakfast, after which the captain and passengers sent for sherry to drink our health. If we had been the only travellers, it would have been very well; but as there were three or four, a bottle of sherry in honor of each, and clashing of glasses, was a little too much for nine o’clock in the morning. Nevertheless, we thanked them for their kindness and warm hearts.

“There was to be a great fête at Calmar for the fall Sebastopol—in fact, all over Sweden there is but one opinion in favor of the Allies; it is, I believe, an old and bitter hatred that lives with them against the Russians. The captain told us that there was a Swedish gentleman who would go with us and perhaps help us on our way. It was a bright morning when we started. Our vehicle was like the Wallachian carts, the difference in the trav-

elling being that here there were tolerable roads and clean post-houses, instead of trackless bogs and miserable hovels. When once in our cart we went famously, but at each post we had to wait a long time for fresh horses, which was tedious when travelling against time as we were. It was two o'clock in the morning when we reached Carlskrona; we were tired, bruised, and cold, and on arriving at *the* inn we were told by a man in a nightcap that it was full. Our imperturbable Swede rather seemed to like it than otherwise, but Jervoise and myself began alternately piteous appeals in every language we knew a few words of. At last we got a salon to lie down in, on the strict understanding that we got up at five o'clock. A little grace was given us, but at six o'clock we got up, and after breakfast walked about the town and to the dock-yard, this being the headquarters of the Swedish navy, the officers of which were in uniform and had manners very like English officers.

“At eleven o'clock we started on our road again through a beautiful country, with lakes, mountains, thickly wooded, and glens, and now and then an arm of the sea running into the main-land.

“Carlskrona itself is built on several small islands, which are all connected by bridges one with another. It was another bright day, and the hedges and trees were covered with gossamer webs, which glittered brightly in the sun. The Germans say that the ‘after-summer’ fine weather is caused by a mass of spiders’ webs rising through the air and forming a large umbrella between the sky and earth; we saw almost webs enough to justify so strange an idea.

“Everybody in Sweden had a kind look, and raised their hats to the passer-by; a kind word, too, I dare say they had, if we understood their language.

“*Wednesday, 26th.*—For a while all went most swim-

mingly, as the postman before us had ordered horses, which we found waiting for us at each post. We drove through Christianstad, and as all the Swedish female population sat working at their windows, and as they were all pretty and have lovely complexions, it was amusing enough; but at Nöbbelö, where we dined, we found the postman had not arrived, so our old waitings for horses most tediously began again. The Swede, I believe, liked this also, rather than otherwise. We had a most exciting race for a mile on the road with another post-cart. The pace was killing, and if perpetual bumps and bruises did not remind us we were on the ground, we might have fancied we were flying; but we won, and, though bruised, were pleased. On, on, on! Jervoise was getting knocked up; and no wonder, it was indeed hard work. I fell into a semi-sleep, and heard mutterings of 'Call this pleasure? It is misery!' 'I never hated anything like this before.' As the night came on it grew bitter. I had my Crimean comforter, which I believe saved my life; but it was weary work. At last, after thirty hours' bumping and jolting, we reached Malmö, and not having been in bed for three or four nights, were right glad to have an opportunity of washing, etc.

"We walked through the bright little town, and at one o'clock embarked on the *Halland* for Copenhagen, leaving Sweden and the nicest set of people—kind-hearted, honest, clean, and obliging—I ever met with. We soon reached Copenhagen, which looked beautiful from its harbor, and at once went to the church of Thorwaldsen's Twelve Apostles, which are very grand—St. John and St. James being, I thought, the finest.

"We dined at the Hôtel Phœnix, and went to the theatre, where was some pretty music.

"At nine o'clock the next morning we began our lion-

izing again by going to Thorwaldsen's Museum, which outside is painted with frescoes of his works being brought in a kind of triumphal procession to Copenhagen from Rome. It seemed almost incredible that one man's life could have been long enough for so many studies. It could have been no idle one; and all that he ever did is here in plaster casts, or in the original, down to his smallest beginnings. His Twelve Apostles are feebly represented by casts, but, oddly enough, the plaster cast of Christ shows more to advantage than in its niche in the church. After spending a long time here we went to see the pictures in the palace, which should be better than they are, to repay people for mounting such hundreds of steps to see them.

"The Bourse here is very quaint, and their hours of business seem very odd to our English ways—from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M., and from 5 P.M. to 10 P.M.

"We dined at a café, and went to the Tivoli, the Vauxhall of Copenhagen. Very large the gardens were, and well lit by paper lamps. We heard some good music, and saw crowds of well-conducted people.

"The next day was glorious. Jervoise Smith was unwell, but we hoped our drive to Elsinore would cure him. At 9.30 we started through long avenues of limes and over drawbridges, and through fortified gates. At each guard-house there is a board painted half black and white—meaning between life and death—saying that there are drags within.

"We passed along what, if described by Murray, would be 'a road leading to Elsinore, lined on each side with picturesque cottages, fully justifying the title it claims of being the Fulham Road of the North.' A lovely drive through the king's deer-park brought us upon the sea-shore, which we never left till we reached Elsinore, at three o'clock. Jervoise drank large draughts of sal vol-

atile, and thus fortified, he, Mr. Taylor, and his little girl started for a ride.

“We were taken to see Hamlet’s grave. Alas! Hamlet’s grave is a public tea-garden now—and we utilitarians and materialists, as we are, do not believe in Hamlet.

“Mr. Deacon, the Admiralty agent, joined us, and a pretty canter through woods and glades brought us to Odin’s Hoy, or height, whence we got a lovely view of the Narrow Sea and Sweden. Back to dinner. Corbett and his wife, Captain Jenner (‘Basilisk’), Captain Murray (‘Cuckoo’), and Mr. Gordon made up the party. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor’s little girl, at my special request, was allowed to join us. It was Michaelmas Day, and we had goose and drank many healths. After dinner, Jervoise was worse and fainted, but getting better went to bed, which, after a long talk with Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. Taylor, I did also.

“On Sunday morning we embarked on the *Hamlet*, passed the castle where Hamlet’s father’s ghost walked, and proceeded on a glassy-smooth sea to Copenhagen. I packed up everything, even my mackintosh; and at one o’clock we started calmly, but after dinner it gradually got rougher and colder. Still the cabin was warm, and notwithstanding some sick occupants of it, I slept till seven o’clock, when we sighted Lübeck, which we approached by a winding little river which winds itself till one is almost surprised it does not get entangled and tie itself into a knot.

“At three o’clock we reached Hamburg, through whose grand streets we drove; but here we had many miles to go to catch the train, and for two hours we endured mental torture, to be imagined rather than described, our feelings being super-aggravated by two ferries over the Elbe, and one custom-house. But we

arrived in time, and had no doubt we should have equally arrived in time had we calmly enjoyed the drive like gentlemen, instead of losing our tempers, swearing at the driver, biting our nails to the quick, tugging at the ferry ropes, etc.

“We reached Cologne at 7.30, where there were very lamentable attempts at a decoration for the king, and many disagreeable English from the Rhine. Ultimately we got to Calais at two o’clock, where we found our friend the *Garland* and a smooth sea, and at nine o’clock were at my father’s house in Wilton Crescent rejoicing.”

On March 30, 1856, peace with Russia was finally settled, and formally proclaimed by heralds at Charing Cross and the Mansion House, on the same day as the proclamation of the Peace of Amiens in 1802—a peace that Sheridan said “everybody rejoiced at, and of which everybody was ashamed.” London was treated to an enormous display of fireworks in the Green Park, which I saw from Lady Sydney’s windows in Cleveland Square.

So the war was over; the Treaty of Paris was signed—the war which had cost England 25,000 English lives and added £50,000,000 to our National Debt! What had we gained?

“‘Why that I cannot tell,’ said he;
‘But ’twas a famous victory.’”

In this year, while the dregs of a fancy-dress ball were still masquerading at Covent Garden Theatre, it caught fire and was burned to the ground. I went that afternoon with Lady Augusta Seymour and her daughters, and roamed all over the ruins.

In April, Colonel Damer, the father of my great friends Seymour and Miss Constance Damer, died. He and his wife had filled a great space in London society. She was a Miss Seymour; her mother (Lady Horatia Seymour)

having died when she was a child, she was brought up in the care of the famous Mrs. Fitzherbert, the wife of the Regent, afterwards George IV. On his death, Mrs. Damer recollected the Duke of Clarence, William IV., calling on Mrs. Fitzherbert and begging her to put her servants into royal liveries, and to allow herself to be made a duchess. She declined the offer, saying she had never done anything to tarnish the name she bore, and she preferred it to any other.

Colonel Damer in 1835 had been second to Lord Alvanley when he fought Morgan O'Connell, on Wimbledon Common. Morgan took up the quarrel for his father, who had called Alvanley a "bloated buffoon." In 1812, Colonel Damer had been on the staff of Sir R. Wilson, and was present on the retreat of the French cavalry from Moscow ; he served in the battles of 1813, and in 1814 entered Rome with the allied armies ; was present on the staff of the Prince of Orange at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, where he was wounded and had two horses shot under him. Curiously enough, Prince Napoleon, afterwards Emperor, proposed to and was refused by his daughter, who became Lady Ebrington. His house was within three or four doors of my father's house in Wilton Crescent, and his death was a real loss to us.

On a lovely May morning, the 18th, I went to the garden of the Admiralty to see the distribution of Crimean medals by the Queen. We were then all rather bitten with the "*Quelle grande chose d'être militaire*" idea, and the sentimental side of our nature was moved by this beautiful and touching sight.

Sir Thomas Troubridge, of the 7th Fusiliers, was the hero of the day, as he was wheeled up in his Bath chair to receive the Crimean medal. Both his feet had been shot away when in the advanced trenches ; he had

desired his legs to be raised on a gun to stay the flow of blood, and continued giving his orders until he was relieved in his command. Another officer, Captain Sayer, also was unable to get out of his chair and was wheeled past her Majesty. All the generals—Lord Lucan, Lord Cardigan, General Scarlett, and others—were there; Lord Cardigan playing the part of the swashbuckler. When the ceremony was over, he went to luncheon, threw himself on the sofa, and said he had at last escaped from the ovations of an enthusiastic crowd!

In this month the City world was scandalized by the failure of Paul, Strahan & Bates, and the revelations consequent upon it. They had made away with their customers' securities, and were convicted of felony and sentenced by Baron Alderson to fourteen years' penal servitude. "It only shows," he said, "how we all ought to pray to be delivered from temptation." Sir John Paul had led a very ostentatiously religious life, and it was said of him that he used the words of St. Paul: "I would that all men were like as I am, excepting these bonds!"

It was in May, 1856, also that great excitement was caused by the discovery that a sporting man named Palmer had poisoned some of his betting friends, to whom he had lost money, by administering a horrible poison, then heard of for the first time as strychnine. The tortures they must have suffered were terrible. I went to see his trial at the Old Bailey, where he was convicted and subsequently hanged.

There was also a trial of a man named Dove for the murder of his wife. Among his papers was found a touching letter from a friend, saying: "If you will go to Hell, you shall climb over mountains of prayers and wade through seas of tears."

These were the days of the new daguerreotype mania,

and one day I met, at a big dinner at Lady Clarendon's, Lady Morley, well known for her wit, who, when some one complained of the dull weather, said: "How do you expect the sun to shine now, when he is fully occupied every day in taking likenesses in Regent Street?" Objecting to the new fashion of beards, which the Crimea had introduced, she said, nodding across at the Duke of Newcastle, who wore a large one: "I can always know how many courses he has eaten at dinner by looking at his beard!"

CHAPTER VI

1856-1858

Lord Palmerston and Life Peerages—Visit to Hinchinbroke—Meeting with Lord Granville—His Career, Manners, and Wit—Charles Gore's Reminiscences of the Court—Anecdotes of Count d'Orsay—Lord Sydney, the Ideal Lord Chamberlain—Henry and Monty Corry—"Jacob Omnium" and the Guards—Lord Somerton and his Wife—Delane, of the *Times*: his Meeting with Disraeli—Dicky Doyle—With the Militia at Barnet—Theatrical and Operatic Memories—Visit to Althorp—Lord Spencer and the Dealer—The China War and General Election—The Indian Mutiny—Defeat and Resignation of Lord Palmerston—Lord Derby Prime Minister.

IN this year (1856) Lord Palmerston attempted to create life peerages, but his proposal was opposed by Lord Lyndhurst, then eighty-four years of age, and defeated by a large majority. The *corpus vile* on which Lord Palmerston made his experiment was Baron Parke, whom he had created Lord Wensleydale. I was often at his house at Ampthill, near Woburn, and enjoyed his kindness and hospitality. There were many bad jokes made on this occasion, such as allusions to the barren fig-tree, etc.

A great deal of this year was spent by me at Hinchinbroke, Lord Sandwich's lovely Elizabethan house in Huntingdonshire. Lady Sandwich, who had been Lady Mary Paget, a daughter of Lord Anglesey, was a great friend of mine; indeed, I lived almost entirely among

her family, dividing my time between her sisters' houses at Moor Park and Frogna! and Lady Adelaide Cadogan's and Lord George Paget's in London. It was at Hinchinbroke that I first made acquaintance with Lord Granville, who was then always called "Pussy," and was *ami de la maison*. He told me that some years ago, when he had been offered the mastership of the Buckhounds by Lord John Russell, he had hesitated, but before refusing the office he sought the advice of Lord Lansdowne, who said that he never knew a man who was less likely to get what he wanted from having something to give up; and on this he accepted the office, which he only held for a short time, for at the end of the year he became Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and in 1851 he entered the Cabinet, succeeding Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office, the seals of which he held until the resignation of Lord John Russell's government in 1852. In Lord Aberdeen's government he became Lord President of the Council, and in 1855 he became the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Lords, a position he held in spite of fearful odds with dignity and honor until the time of his death. He twice had the Prime Ministership within his grasp. In Mr. Gladstone's government of 1868 he became Colonial Minister until he succeeded to the Foreign Office on the death of Lord Clarendon in 1870, when he was told on the highest authority that not a cloud obscured the prospect of peace on the Continent. Within a fortnight war was declared between France and Germany, and within a month their forces had met face to face on the battle-fields of Saarbrück and Weissenburg. In all the anxious and perilous times that followed, Lord Granville successfully maintained a strict neutrality. If he will not rank in history as a great constructive statesman, to him at least should be accorded some of the gratitude which fell to the lot of Sir Robert Walpole, who



Earl Granville, K.G.
after a drawing by George Richmond, R.S.A.

kept England at peace. During the painful cleavage caused by the introduction of Home Rule in 1886, when official and social ties were snapped asunder like smoking flax, Lord Granville never made an enemy or lost a friend. His manners were so gentle and fascinating that many people were led into doubting his sincerity. Never was there so great a delusion.

“For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.”

True, that underneath his velvet glove the iron hand was sometimes to be found. I well recollect how severely he rebuked a peer who had ratted and was attacking his old friends. “The noble lord who has just spoken,” he said, “has an advantage over most of us; he has had the privilege of viewing the question from both sides of the shield.”

To say that Lord Granville was a polished and refined gentleman, a joyous and hospitable host, an inimitable conversationalist, and an accomplished linguist with cosmopolitan knowledge, would be the tritest of trite platitudes. Of what he was to me I can hardly venture to speak. He gave me for many years his confidence, which I tried to deserve. He gave me on many occasions kind and wise advice, which perhaps vainly, but at any rate earnestly, I endeavored to follow; and he gave me his friendship, the honor and memory of which I shall never cease to cherish.

He was an excellent after-dinner speaker, and took the chair so often that he said he had earned the title of “Père la Chaise.” At an Academy dinner, where, in Mr. Gladstone’s absence, he had to make a speech, he told the President that he suspected that he had been reading a newspaper which was often lying on his wife’s table, called the *Exchange and Mart*, and had answered

an advertisement offering to exchange "a singing bird for an old muff." He always declared that a public audience preferred an old joke to a new one. "Have you not often seen," he said, "at a dull opera the prima donna come forward and sing 'The Last Rose of Summer,' or some old familiar song? The whole house wakens up, beats time, nods to friends in the boxes, and enjoys it more than any new music." Lord Plunket, the orator, told him that he laid it down as an axiom, always to make a pause before bringing out any phrase which he had particularly prepared, to give his hearers the idea that it was impromptu. He told this anecdote to Mr. Disraeli, who replied, "Don't we always do it?"

I noticed in subsequent speeches of his that it was true.

Charles Gore was also constantly with the Sandwiches. He was much about the Court in the early days of the reign, and used to tell us of Prince Albert's visit to Windsor, and how he was kept waiting in the corridor with the household before starting for the ride with the Queen in the park which settled their future so happily. The Queen, as we have all seen her in engravings, wears a habit almost touching the ground, with a school-boy's cap with a tassel on her head. On that day the ministers accompanying her fell back, and the Prince was allowed to ride by her Majesty's side, and on their return he was no longer made to wait with the household in the corridor, but had been accepted as the Queen's husband. Charles Gore used also to tell us another interesting little story of one night when the Queen, after dinner, put her finger up and said "Hush!" and the guests, looking round, saw Lord Melbourne, whom she was anxious not to disturb, fast asleep in his chair.

Lord Granville told us of D'Orsay's being at a dinner at Disraeli's which was not of a kind to suit the fashion-

able *gourmet*, and where everything had been cold. At the end of the dinner there was brought in some half-melted ice in a dish. "Thank Heaven!" said D'Orsay; "at last we have got something hot."

When Lady Blessington sent D'Orsay to complain of some delay on the part of her publishers, he used very strong language. A dignified man in a high white neck-cloth, who was listening to him, said: "Count d'Orsay, I would sooner lose Lady Blessington's patronage than submit to such personal abuse."

"There was nothing personal," said the Count. "If you are Otley, then damn Saunders; if you are Saunders, then damn Otley."

At Holland House the table was often uncomfortably crowded, and on one occasion, some unexpected guests arriving, Lady Holland said to Luttrell, "Will you please make room?"

"Yes," he said, "we must make it, for it does not exist."

We have, most of us, I am sure, in our cynical moments, criticised the irony of fate which has so often in our experience put round pegs into square and square pegs into round holes; but never was the eternal fitness of things so exemplified as in the arrangement that Lord Sydney, who with his wife was a frequent visitor at Hinchinbroke, should be an almost perpetual Lord Chamberlain. An aristocrat himself, and connected by marriage with the bluest of blue blood in England, with a certain pompous glorification of his office, an early friend at Court, popular with everybody, and in all societies, foreign as well as English; courteous, hospitable, and rich, he was an ideal occupant of the post. Those who knew him would have been amused at what he told me had happened at a Mansion House dinner in the mayoralty of Mr. Sidney, who came up to him in a

truly affable spirit, and said : “ Oddly enough, my lord, there are three of us ’ere to-night ; there’s me and you and Sidney ’Erbert.”

Lord Sydney was very much opposed to the High Church movement ; but at his funeral at Chislehurst I never witnessed so ornate a ceremonial. Over the open vault stood the poor ex-Empress Eugénie, like a beautiful statue. They had been great friends ; indeed, there were few who had not shared in his kindness and hospitality, and his place as Lord Chamberlain will never be filled so well again.

At Hinchinbroke I met Jem Macdonald, who had served as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cambridge in the Crimea, and who, when at the Alma he had his horse shot under him, said : “ Just the kind of thing that is sure to happen to a poor man.” Here, also, I met Lord and Lady Bradford ; the witty Miss Mary Boyle, who delighted us with her acting. Lady Chesterfield was to me very alarming ; but her daughter, Lady Evelyn Stanhope, who had hardly emerged from girlhood to womanhood, fascinated with her almost mature beauty and charmed with her talents the men and women of an older generation. I look back with infinite delight to happy hours passed listening to her low-voiced and musically attuned recitations, which so impressed me that even now, in my old age, I can repeat pages of poems that I learned only from her. She married Lord Carnarvon and died young, leaving daughters with an almost equal charm, and perhaps with even a rarer beauty.

Henry Corry was a constant guest who entertained us with humorous stories and witty verses, but whose chief claim to my gratitude was that he was the father of Monty Corry, the cheeriest and best of friends. It is not very long ago since the latter told me of his first

meeting with his great master, Mr. Disraeli. They met at a party at the Duchess of Cleveland's, at Raby; after dinner Mr. Disraeli was playing whist, and Monty, overflowing with youthful spirits, was entertaining the rest of the company with songs and dancing, when he saw Mr. Disraeli approaching and scrutinizing him through his eyeglass. He felt somewhat shy, but Mr. Disraeli put his hand on his shoulder, saying how amused he was, and that he should apply to him when he wanted an impresario. When the Tory government succeeded to office Monty wrote to Mr. Disraeli, reminding him of their meeting, and asking him if he could help him to a private secretaryship to any of his subordinates. The next day he received a note from Mr. Earle, who was then with Mr. Disraeli, summoning him to Downing Street, where he was told that he would be appointed private secretary to Mr. Disraeli himself; and from that day began a friendship which only ended in death.

Mr. Higgins was a great character at this time—great in every way—for he was about six feet eight inches high, and big in proportion. It was always said that he was rejected as being too big for the Life Guards, and in consequence always bore them a grudge. He used to write of their duties as consisting only of gentle oscillation between Regent's Park and the Horse Guards. He was best known under the *nom de guerre* of "Jacob Omnium," and sometimes "A Thirsty Soul." He was a brilliant writer, and was endowed with a considerable power of sarcasm.

After the taking of Lucknow Colonel Inglis was gazetted a military K.C.B. Unfortunately in the same *Gazette* appeared the appointment of two Household officials, Colonel Phipps to be a civil K.C.B., while General Charles Grey was given a regiment—two very proper appointments. This was too good an opportunity for

Jacob Omnium to let slip, and he wrote a furious letter to the *Times*, heading it: "Kings with their armies did flee, and were discomfited: and they of the household divided the spoil."

He was a great friend of Lord Somerton's, and was much opposed to the western emigration that had set in in the direction of South Kensington. The latter had taken a house in Ennismore Gardens, and had invited the former to dinner:

"I suppose I had better bring my gun with me," said Jacob Omnium; "for I hear you have taken a cottage in a lane on the way to Hounslow."

I cannot mention the name of Lord Somerton without recording his many charms. He was cursed with a bad temper; but in spite of that it was impossible not to be attracted by his kindness and hospitality.

He had married Lord Barrington's beautiful daughter, who was more of a sister than a first cousin of my wife's. Besides their "cottage in a lane on the way to Hounslow," they possessed Somerley, in Hampshire, a place which united every charm it was possible to meet with in combination. Though not outwardly pretty, it contained, among other treasures, the finest collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures in England. There was trout, grayling, and salmon fishing; hunting in the Down county with Lord Portman, or with the more "pewy" difficulties of the Blackmoor Vale, to say nothing of the fox and stag hunting of the New Forest, shooting and lovely scenery of all kinds; and all within two hours of London. These, with a delightful hostess, realized all the desires of the most fastidious country-house visitor.

One of Lady Somerton's sisters had married Lord Strathmore, and, as a young woman on her first visit to Glamis, she was fired with the ambition of discovering

the haunted room, of which popular report had spoken so freely. She could never persuade her husband to speak of these legends ; so one day when he was out shooting, she collected all the towels in the house and hung one out of each window, in an endeavor to find a window from outside without a towel. Unfortunately for her search after knowledge, Lord Strathmore returned, and refused to allow any further experiments to be made, or the subject of the supposed mystery even to be mentioned.

I frequently met in these days John Delane, the editor of the *Times*, who was one of the most astonishing men of my day. How he ever attained a position so peculiar to himself in political and social society was a wonder ; for it was not only being the editor of the *Times* that gave it him—editors of the *Times* have existed before and since Delane—but none, I will venture to say, ever filled the place in society that he did. He was in the confidence of everybody of both political parties, and this confidence he never betrayed. No minister would have thought it odd if he had sent in his card and asked to see him at any hour of the day or night. In society he was sought, of course, for the power he had, more than for any personal charm. He had a genius of some sort, but it did not show itself on the surface.

He became editor at the age of twenty-three ; and held the post for thirty-five years, when the influence of the *Times* was at its height. At the time of the dispute with the United States on the Oregon question, the announcement of the free-trade policy of Sir Robert Peel was made in the *Times*. There was a false and malicious story that the news was extracted from Sidney Herbert and given to the *Times* by Mrs. Norton ; but I have it on the authority of Sir William Stephenson, who was then private secretary to Sir Robert Peel, that it was de-

liberately given to the *Times* by Lord Aberdeen, with the object of conciliating the United States.

A lady told me she was present when Disraeli and Delane first met. Disraeli overwhelmed him with flattery.

"Did you like it?" said my friend to Delane afterwards.

"No," he replied; "but I like to think that Disraeli thought I was of sufficient importance to make it worth his while."

Dicky Doyle—I can call him by no other name—was the son of the famous caricaturist "H.B.," who delighted our fathers with his facile pencil. He drew the original of the frontispiece which still adorns the outer sheet of *Punch*, and was the author of "Manners and Customs" in that periodical. He was bright and gay in conversation, and singularly gentle and child-like in disposition. He was a Roman Catholic, and proved his sincerity by leaving *Punch* when that journal, in his opinion, became offensive to his religion. He died in December, 1883, very suddenly, leaving the world the poorer.

In the autumn I spent a happy month with my militia at Barnet. Lord Strafford, who lived at Wrotham, was our colonel; Lord Enfield, his son, lieutenant-colonel; and Henry Sotheby, of the 60th Rifles, our major. The fun we had was tremendous, and our mess was riotous with laughter. Dr. Macan was our doctor, who had in old times been so badly treated by Lord Waterford and Jesse; he used to drink too much and sing us Irish songs. Lord Bury, who had left the Scots Fusiliers, was the life and soul of our meeting. St. Leger Glyn, Charlie and Henry Grenfell, also were officers.

On looking back to those days, I think we had more fun and laughter than any body of men who ever lived. We nearly all belonged to Brooks's; were in the same so-

ciety, and had our jokes in common. On one great occasion we drove up to the "Ship and Turtle," where poor St. Leger Glyn gave us a dinner on our way to the Olympic to see the new actor Robson, who was then taking the town by storm in a burlesque in which he sang "Old Dog Tray." I fear, however, that our laughter expended itself on a song called the "White Squall" before Robson came on. He was an actor who could move to laughter and tears equally. Alfred Wigan, a contemporary actor, told me he always felt what he acted, and soon wore himself out and died.

I have seen in my life many distinguished actors, from the time when in my boyhood my brothers and I used constantly to enjoy the transpontine glories of the Surrey Theatre, where we were given a large box by a cousin of my father's—and so I suppose of mine—who in virtue of his being the ground-landlord had this privilege. There we witnessed the thrilling melodrama of "Black-eyed Susan," when T. P. Cooke carried away the house by his impersonation of the honest British tar.

I saw, too, the pretty Clara Webster in the "Revolt of the Harem," only a very short time before she was burned to death while acting in the same play at Drury Lane.

My next theatrical experience I gained when a boy at Eton, when with Talfourd I escaped from my Dame's house after lock-up, and, disguised as a page, witnessed the "Wife's Secret." Here I made the acquaintance of Charles Kean, in whose veins was the blood of the great Marquis of Halifax, who himself had been an Eton boy. Of course I saw him more frequently and more comfortably in later years. I saw, too, Rachel in her wonderful play "Adrienne Lecouvreur," where she died on the stage—a death she was accused of having studied in the wards of many hospitals.

The theatres were at this time few, and the prices low. Impecunious young men of fashion, after nine o'clock used to take advantage of half-price and the dress-circle—for stalls had not then destroyed the pit—to hear the Keans, the Keeleys, and Buckstone. Vauxhall, with its thousands of little oil lamps, was near its end, and was soon to be succeeded by Cremorne, and then by various more reputable and dull entertainments at South Kensington.

Later on I admired Rachel, Ristori (who was afterwards a friend of my wife's), and Salvini; Fechter and Madame Doche in "*La Dame aux Camélias*," in Paris. Fechter I saw again when he acted in "*Ruy Blas*" and the "*Duke's Motto*," in London.

In another direction of theatrical art, I saw Madame Celeste in the "*Green Bushes*," and Wright, a comic and vulgar Adelphi actor, with his butt, Paul Bedford.

At the opera I heard Mario and Grisi at their best. When the Czar saw her children, he said, "I suppose these are little Grisettes." "No, Sire," Grisi replied "they are little Marionettes."

I heard Jenny Lind, Sontag, Cruvelli, Tamberlik and in the ballet days admired the graceful dancing of Cerito, Fanny Ellsler, Carlotta Grisi, Rosati, and Taglioni who only died in 1884, the same year as Fanny Ellsler.

In my salad days I became a member of Pratt's, where I verified Lord Palmerston's quotation from Moore, that

"The best of all ways to lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night."

It had originally been a public billiard-room in Cornhill Street, patronized by old Lord Tenterden, Lord Dudley, Lord Eglinton, and other famous players, under whose auspices it was removed to Park Place in 1841; but in 1847 an Act of Parliament was passed which would have

had the effect of closing it at twelve o'clock. This did not at all suit its *habitués*, who changed it into a club, which exists to the present day, where mutton chops, kidneys, and "bottom crusts" are served till any hour of the morning to members, after the theatres, or even after balls.

Old Pratt, a real character—as much at home serving his guests at supper or sitting at table with them at dinner—died in 1861.

In February, 1857, I paid a visit, which had been previously postponed, to Althorp, and saw for the first time the splendid library of which I had always heard so much. It was a very pleasant party, and I was amused at a story of Lord Spencer's, of a dealer in Bond Street having cheated him. He was a sailor, and knew little of the fine arts, specimens of which he had inherited.

"Here is a very fine bit of pottery, which your lordship ought to have in your collection," said the dealer; "and you shall have it very cheap, only two guineas." So Lord Spencer bought it, and showed it—rather proud of his bargain—to a connoisseur, who asked what he had given for it, and remarked that the marmalade should have been included in the price; for really it was simply nothing more nor less than a shilling marmalade pot, with a green thistle painted on it! Lord Spencer bought no more china on his own responsibility.

In this year the China war broke out, the government were defeated, and Lord Palmerston decided on a dissolution. Then came a great beating of the British drum and a great waving of the British flag, and Palmerston gained a triumphant majority, Bright, Cobden, and Milner Gibson all losing their seats. Lord Elgin was sent as plenipotentiary, and there was a question of my going out as his private secretary; but happily nothing came of the idea, and I was a great gainer.

Henry Loch, who subsequently attained to the post of Governor and High Commissioner at the Cape, went out with Lord Elgin.

In the general election that occurred, T. G. Baring left me in charge of the private office of the Admiralty, and stood for Penrhyn. In the middle of his canvass there, he discovered that he could bring in another Liberal, and he telegraphed to me to find him a suitable candidate. I saw George Paget, who declined; then, after being sent to Sir William Hayter by Sir Charles Wood, I went to propose that Lord Ashley should stand. I saw Lady Shaftesbury, saying that one of the necessary qualifications was that he should vote for the abolition of church rates; but Lady Shaftesbury said Lord Palmerston would not consent to his standing on these terms, which surprised me very much at the time.

I was greatly interested also in Lord Robert Grosvenor's election for Westminster, which he won; and in Frederick Cadogan's standing for Stafford in vain. I went down to Lord Hatherton's at Teddesley and canvassed for him. Talbot, afterwards Lord Shrewsbury, foolishly took offence at this, and never forgave me. While at Teddesley I drove over and saw Beaudesert for the first time, and was received by Lady Florence Paget, the lovely daughter of Lord Anglesey, only about fourteen years old, but with all the pose and courtesy of a grown woman.

But China and the elections were soon mere trifling episodes in comparison with the appalling news of the Sepoy revolt, which reached England in June. It did not produce in society as much interest and anxiety as the Crimean war, and I attribute it to the fact that in the latter the Guards, who formed a large part of the ball-going world, were not engaged; but, of course, the interest taken in the country at large was very great,

and the daily details of the slaughters, massacres, and revenges, and the gradual re-establishment of our empire under Lord Canning, occupied all our thoughts.

While the Indian Mutiny was still unchecked, Lord Palmerston introduced a Bill for the transference of the government of India from the East India Company to the Crown; but before it was passed into law an incident occurred which drove him from office.

On January 14, 1858, an attempt had been made to assassinate the Emperor of the French on his way to the opera. In Paris it was believed that the plot was hatched and the bombs made by men in England. The French colonels talked of reprisals. The French ambassador wrote letters, and Palmerston introduced a Bill to amend the law of conspiracy; this was at the time foolishly supposed to be truckling to France, and Milner Gibson opposed it. It is related that Lord Derby, strolling into the House, saw the opportunity that had arisen of defeating the government. Sending for Disraeli, who had supported the first reading of the Bill, he desired him to join the peace party, which he did, and the government was beaten by a majority of nineteen.

Palmerston resigned; but before doing so, he announced the taking of Canton.

Lord Derby again became Prime Minister, with Disraeli as his Chancellor of the Exchequer. The government was in a minority, and his skill alone kept him in office till the end of the session. It was during this time that Lord John Russell carried his Bill for the admission of Jews to Parliament. Ten times since 1833 had it been carried in the House of Commons and rejected by the House of Lords, who now at last gave way, and Baron Rothschild took his seat on July 26, 1858.

There had been disturbances in the Ionian Islands, and Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton sent out Mr. Gladstone as

Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary to inquire into their grievances; the result of his mission was the cession of these islands to Greece.

In the summer there was the famous trial of Madeleine Smith, at Glasgow, for poisoning. The verdict was "non proven." Vernon Smith said to Bernal Osborne, on hearing of it: "How sad for the girl; she will always be known as a murderess." "Oh no," said Bernal, "she will change her name to Vernon, and will be quite unknown." This is what Vernon Smith had done himself.

CHAPTER VII

1858-1861

I become Engaged to Miss Mary Barrington—Her Relations with her Grandfather, Lord Grey, and her Uncle, General Grey—Visits to Woolbeding—Lady Grey's Salon—The Old Reform Party—Sir George Grey and Edward Ellice—Marriage and Visits in the North—Henry and Charles Greville—Sir John Pakington and the Duke of Somerset—Visits to Ireland, Howick, and Wentworth—Anecdotes of Lord Fitzwilliam and the Silent Cavendishes—Installed at Kensington Palace—Disraeli's Reform Bill—Return of Lord Palmerston—His Love of a Joke—Marochetti—The Volunteer Mania.

IN March, 1858, I became engaged to Miss Mary Barrington, the only daughter of the Honorable George and Lady Caroline Barrington. She had been brought up and educated in the strictest sect of the Whig oligarchy. She was born in 10 Downing Street, where Lord Grey was living then as Prime Minister; her father was a Lord of the Admiralty, her mother a daughter of Lord Grey's. When four years old she well remembered being christened at Howick by the famous Sydney Smith. Her father died when she was yet a child, and her home was with Lord Grey, her grandfather, until Lady Caroline's appointment as Woman of the Bedchamber took her away to Windsor, Osborne, or London. But in those earlier days she was the favorite and constant companion of the aged statesman, many of whose letters lie before me now, and one of which I am tempted to copy:

"HOWICK, *October 5, 1838.*

"MY DEAREST MARY,—Your very nice letter, which I received this morning, gave me the greatest pleasure. You are a dear, good girl, and I love you from the very bottom of my heart. I regret, therefore, more and more not seeing you every day at breakfast and at dinner. But I must look forward with the hope of again enjoying that happiness next summer. But you will then, I think, be too old to be pilot, or ranger, or anything but yourself; and you cannot be anything better if you go on, as at present, being kind and good-natured to everybody, and a comfort to your dear mamma. . . .

"Write to me again and tell me how you like Windsor; whether you have seen the Queen, and what she said to you. And now good-bye, my dearest child. Give a good kiss to your mamma for me, and believe me ever

"Your most affectionate grandfather,

"GREY."

She had a bad attack of whooping-cough when living with Lady Grey in Berkeley Square; during her convalescence she was painted by Sir William Ross in a miniature, which was shown in the Grafton Gallery Exhibition of Children in 1895, a year after her death.

Lord Grey would frequently go and talk to her on his way to the House of Lords, in full dress, with his Garter and ribbon; for in the early days of the Queen's reign peers drove down to the House of Lords in full dress, with their orders and ribbons, and bishops in episcopal wigs. The late Lord Strafford recollects his famous uncle, George Byng, M.P. for Middlesex, going down to the House of Commons dressed in tights and black silk stockings; and Disraeli tells how on one occasion Lord George Bentinck attended in boots and breeches, his red coat only partially concealed under a surtout. Hessian boots were common; and sportsmen went out shooting in frock-coats and tall hats.

When Lady Caroline was in waiting at Windsor or Osborne, my wife had lived in St. James's Palace with

General Grey, her uncle, whom she loved, and with whom she read, rode, and corresponded continually when he was absent. He had succeeded Sir Charles Phipps as the Queen's secretary, and won golden opinions from everybody with whom he was brought into contact.

When there had been the usual troubles surrounding our impecunious marriage, he had manfully espoused our cause and ridiculed the idea of delay. He was godfather to my eldest boy, and was a true and loyal friend to us till the sad day of his death.

During our engagement, and very often after we were married, we stayed with Mrs. Ponsonby at a lovely place near Midhurst and Cowdry Park, called Woolbeding. The house was originally built about the middle of the sixteenth century, and though many alterations had deprived it of any architectural beauty, its situation in a secluded valley, in a garden immensely improved by Lord Lanerton, who had married Mrs. Ponsonby's daughter, more than compensated for any architectural defects. In this garden was the largest tulip-tree in England, a lovely little Saxon church, and a fountain which originally came from the court at old Cowdry House, and was designed by Benvenuto Cellini or John of Bologna. But all these charms faded into dimness in comparison with its historical attractions. Charles Fox, who represented Midhurst, spent many careless holidays with his great friend, Lord Robert Spencer, and the place is full of recollections of his presence—sketches of him in every attitude by Lady Diana Beauclerk are in portfolios, and in the little church Lord Robert lies, with this epitaph: "He lived the friend of Fox." It is rare for one man to have inspired two epitaphs in which his friendship is considered the highest honor. The other is well known on Lord Holland's statue :

“Nephew of Fox and friend of Grey,
Be this my meed of fame—
That those who know me best may say
He tarnished neither name.”

During the time of our engagement, from March to August, 1858, I used generally to dine with Lady Caroline Barrington at Buckingham Palace, and very often after dinner we used to go to the house of her mother, Lady Grey, in Eaton Square.

The world still knows her from the beautiful engravings of Sir Thomas Lawrence's pictures, but to be admitted to her salon was an entrance to a past history and a past society, with different social manners and different ways from those of to-day. She herself, though nearly eighty years of age, had preserved her beauty and her charm, a perfect type of a *grande dame*, as I see her still with soft laces and gray gloves, a kind smile, and eyes which had exercised such a fascination, still brilliant and bewitching. She had been the happy mother of thirteen children, one of whom, Lady Georgiana, is still alive (1898). Here I used often to meet the remains of the old Reform party. Sir George Grey, a man hardly remembered in this generation, was one of the few who had increased his reputation by long service at the Home Office; quick, gentle, persuasive, and strong, he was beloved by friends and foes alike. Lord Granville told me in later years, that, looking back to his political career in various Cabinets, he came to the conclusion that Sir George Grey had more influence with his colleagues than any man he had ever known. Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood, Lord Grey's youngest daughter, and old Edward Ellice—who married her sister, and subsequently a daughter of Lord Albemarle's—were constantly at Eaton Square. Ellice was always called the “Old Bear,” as his friends said, because he

was the chairman of the great Fur Trade Company at Hudson's Bay; he was an advanced Whig, had been Lord Grey's secretary at the Treasury, and subsequently in the Cabinet as Secretary of War; a man saturated with politics and the management of men. Sir Henry Taylor described him as shrewd, kind, copious of speech, with a genuine *bonhomie* and a rough courtesy.

Lady Grey, the widow of a distinguished soldier, Sir Henry Grey, who lived to a great age, gave dinners at her house in Seamore Place. She one day wrote to General Fox, saying: "Will you dine with me on Monday D.V.?" He wrote back: "Dear Lady Grey,—D. evidently doesn't V., for I have a bad cold."

General Fox was a great numismatist, and one day, after examining a case of coins at the British Museum, he was stopped at the door and told that one of the rarest was missing, and he must not leave without being searched. This he refused; and after a time the coin was found, having slipped between the case and its velvet lining. He then said to the custodian, "I will now show you why I refused to be searched," and produced from his pocket a coin identical with the one that had been missed, which he had come to compare with the only other known to exist in the world.

On August 12, 1858, we were married at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, and spent our honeymoon at Ayot, a nice place of Colonel and Lady Emily Cavendish's in Herts, near Bocket. After a short time we went to Howick, where my wife initiated me into the mysteries of fly-fishing. It had been the home of her childhood, and she always cherished for it to the last fond memories. Thence we went to Hickleton (Sir Charles Wood's) and Greystoke (Harry Howard's), and on to Coupland, a charming shooting-box Lord Durham had rented from Mr. Culley, in Northumberland, where we spent many

subsequent holidays. We then spent three weeks at Osborne, where the Queen had kindly lent us a cottage. From here we paid a visit to Ford, a beautiful castle on the Till, which had been adorned by all the art of Lady Waterford.

In our early married days we were much at Lady Sydney's at her house in Cleveland Row, where, as Lord Sydney often told me, pointing to pictures of Lord Townshend and Sir Robert Walpole, a famous passage of arms took place between them in 1730, when the house belonged to Colonel Selwyn. Townshend presuming to differ with Walpole, the latter grew so incensed as to declare that he did not believe what Townshend was saying. Townshend, losing all patience, raised his hand, and these old friends, near relations and brother ministers, seized each other by the collar and grasped their swords. Mrs. Selwyn shrieked for assistance; the men interposed and dissuaded them from going out, as they wished, to fight an immediate duel.¹

At Frognal, Lord Sydney's place in Kent, we often met Mr. Charles Greville, and still oftener his brother Henry. They were very different men: the latter kindly, musical, deeply interested in social and domestic details; while Charles, whenever I met him, which was in his old age, was grumpy and querulous from gout. We used to tremble when it was either of our lots to play whist with him, and then Lady Sydney would say, "Dear old Gruncher, he is going to have a fit of the gout"; but he was high bred, high born, and had achieved for himself an unique position from his connection with the *Times* and society. He was the arbiter in all social questions, and it is impossible to read his diaries without seeing that he was in the confidence of everybody;

¹ Lord Mahon's *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 137.

whether those confidences should have been given to the world is another question. There were those who sneered at his rather high-flown aspirations on paper. The late Lord de Mauley said that Greville would go and talk to his father about the immoralities and vanity of betting and the turf, but on the way out, if he could get a turn of the odds from the son, he would never miss his opportunity. Lord Winchilsea and Lord Rosslyn both rushed into verse in describing his character and his foibles. The former wrote :

“For fifty years he listened at the door,
He heard some secrets and invented more.
These he wrote down, and women, statesmen, kings
Became degraded into common things.
They hide the smart, and say 'tis only Greville,
But wish him and his Journal at the Devil.”

Lord Rosslyn's lines ran as follows :

“Greville's freaks invite my song,
Greville ever in the wrong.
Ever plodding—ever peddling,
Master of all sorts of meddling ;
Has a lady made a slip
In morality or scrip ;
Has a difference to be paid up,
Or a quarrel to be made up ;
Does a husband, wicked wight,
Stay out sundry times at night ;
Is a case to be decided
As Law never yet provided ;
Does a fashion come in vogue
’Twixt Lord Noodle and Dick Rogue ;
Is the coalition tumbling ;
Are the daily papers grumbling ;
Is a hint to be conveyed
Without bustle or parade
To the *Times*, the Czar, or Devil ?—
Ring the bell and send for Greville.”

Greville was Clerk to the Council, and held a sinecure office in the West Indies ; and when Lord Clarendon became a Privy Councillor, he called with a check to pay the fees that he thought were due. "What a good fellow you are !" said Charles Greville. "You have no idea of the trouble I have to get them from some people ; you know I have no legal right of recovery." "Haven't you ?" said Lord Clarendon, and threw his check into the fire. After this I doubt whether any fees were paid by Privy Councillors on being sworn of that distinguished body.

To me Charles Greville was always snubby, as was the custom of old to young in those days. For example, Poodle Byng, if he met any one in a shooting coat, would ask whether he was having good sport among the sparrows in St. James's Street ; or if he was found smoking he would be asked whether he wished to be taken for an omnibus conductor.

These cases may have been exceptional ; but I cherish a hope that as the ways and manners of young men to old have in my time so greatly improved, so old men are not as brusque and sarcastic towards the young as they were, but are anxious to requite the kindness and consideration shown to them, for which they are grateful.

It was at Frogna that we also made friends with General Tom Ashburnham, as he was called by his intimates—a genial and charming companion, and an aristocrat *au bout des ongles*. Walking with me down Grosvenor Place, where at the cross-roads had recently been erected a fountain, "Ah," he said, "a dear old friend of mine lies there ; we were at school together ; and after he had murdered his father and cut his own throat, he was buried at midnight at these cross-roads." It is strange to think that my mother recollected going to a country-house where St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, now

stands, and crossing a rustic bridge over a stream into the fields where the cows were being milked and syllabub was being made.

In Lord Derby's short government of 1858 Sir John Pakington had become First Lord of the Admiralty, and somewhat rudely, as Admiral Eden said, relegated me to the servants' hall from the "room"—that is to say, from the private office to the ordinary clerical duties of the department; but soon afterwards I was reinstated by the Duke of Somerset, who came to the Admiralty as First Lord in Lord Palmerston's government.

The duke had a great reputation as a man of business; a dry, cold man, whom everybody respected and everybody feared. In the autumn of 1859 his Naval Secretary, Captain John Moore, was ill, and I took his place with the duke on his tour of inspection, and a dreary tour it was—the stiff official dinners, at which nobody raised his voice above a whisper, were profoundly melancholy. The duke was devoured by a certain proud shyness, but when I was alone with him, he was dryly amusing, kind, and genial. We paid a visit together to Lord Carlisle, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the Viceregal Lodge in Phoenix Park. We were, I think, the first to cross over to Kingstown in one of the then new fleet of steamers, which, much to the annoyance of the duke, were placed at his disposal. Lord Carlisle was most hospitable and kind, and fully occupied with the play of the Zingari Club, who were then there—his gardens even being laid out in their colors. The duke from here went on to Cork, but kindly insisted on my going with Clarence Paget and Sam Whitbread, who was the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, to see Killarney *en route*. This we did, rejoining the duke at Cork, whence we steamed to Milford Haven, where the Channel Fleet was drawn up for inspection by the duke,

in two lines, through which we passed in the Admiralty yacht.

Here Captain Moore relieved me, and I joined my wife in a holiday trip to our old haunts in the north. At Lord Grey's, at Howick, we heard the following story:

In 1811 his father was residing, for his wife's health, at Devonport. One morning a gentleman calling on him said he had a dream the previous night in which he had seen the Lord Chancellor, whose dress he described, lying on the floor of the lobby of the House, surrounded by a crowd of Members of Parliament. The next day the news arrived of Percival's assassination by Bellingham in the lobby of the House; Percival, it should be added, was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and not Lord Chancellor.

Lord Grey was always kind to us; he had the reputation of being a *mauvais coucheur* in official life, but Sir Charles Wood always told me that he was one of the pleasantest colleagues he had ever had. When Mr. Gladstone succeeded him (then Lord Howick) at the Colonial Office, he asked Sir Henry Taylor, whom he called the "glory and the shame" of that department, whether Lord Howick did not always take a great grasp of his subject.

"No," said Sir Henry, "he always took a great nip of it"—but in his biography I am glad to see that he speaks of him as "having more generosity of temper than I have met with before in any public man with whom I have been in the habit of transacting public business."

After Howick we went to Hickleton, and from there we paid a visit to Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam at Wentworth, a splendid old-fashioned house, said to be a quarter of a mile long. There was a Mr. Bland, of Kippax Park, who was determined not to be outdone, in the length, at any rate, of his house, so he brought the whole of his available resources to the front, offices and everything,

and satisfied his curious ambition by making his house longer than Wentworth.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam were fine types of the old-fashioned country families. The outward magnificence of the house and place was balanced by rigid simplicity in doors.

Lady Fitzwilliam told her husband he ought not to be so entirely in his servants' hands, and should sometimes visit his offices, which the next day he did, and finding a boy as the solitary occupant of the lower regions, he asked him who he was. "Why," said he, "I am the boy who does all the work in this 'ere 'ouse, and who the devil are you?" Lord Fitzwilliam told his wife that he had done as she asked him, but he could hardly say it was a success. On another occasion, before going to bed, Lord Fitzwilliam rang the bell two or three times without any result; at last a servant came, and he asked for a glass of water, which was not brought to him, so in a resigned way he said, "I suppose I must go without that glass of water."

They were a very silent family—almost as silent as the fifth Duke of Devonshire and his brother, Lord George Cavendish, who, when travelling down to Yorkshire, were shown into a three-bedded room. The curtains of one of the four-posters were drawn. Each brother in turn looked in and went to bed. Towards the close of the next day's posting, one brother said to the other: "Did you see what was in that bed last night?" "Yes, brother," was the only reply—they had both seen a corpse.

At an opening of Parliament Lord Fitzwilliam was going to move the Address in the House of Lords. Lord Granville, who was the leader, asked him, as was usual, if he would come to luncheon and go over the Queen's Speech, to give him, if he could, any hints. "No, thank

you," said Lord Fitzwilliam, "I would rather trust to the inspiration of the moment." The moment came, but not the inspiration, and so he contented himself with reading the Address and no more. After this a wit called him "the mute, inglorious *Milton*."

Of the dinners on public days, at Wentworth; so much has been said and written that I need add no more; but it is a curious instance of the expenditure of the house that when Lord Bessborough undertook the agency of the Fitzwilliam estate, he found that for every gig or dog-cart that left the stable-yard, 4s. was paid to the stud-groom or coachman. This was, of course, the survival of the old practice of giving the post-boys 1s. each to bait the four horses that were sent out to bring in visitors for the last stage.

Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam told my sister that her father, as a little boy, was riding with her grandfather, and passed a tenant who touched his hat. Some time after Lord Fitzwilliam said: "Did you raise your hat to that farmer as you passed?" "No," said the boy. "Then ride back and beg his pardon."

Charles Gore used to tell as a young man an interesting incident which took place in the house of the Duke of Sussex, at the corner of Edgware Road and Oxford Street, which since then has been divided into two—Surrey House, which Lord Battersea has so beautifully decorated, being the larger part, facing Oxford Street, the other portion facing Edgware Road, over the door of which still hangs a royal coronet.

He was dining there when, after dinner, his aunt, Lady Cecilia Buggin, came into the drawing-room, and shortly afterwards they all returned to the dining-room, where she and the Duke of Sussex were married.

Shortly after our return from the north we were staying at Footscray, with the George Glyns, who were

great friends of ours both before and after our marriage.

One night there was a dinner of neighbors, and the old clergyman of the place took my wife in to dinner. The next day his daughter called on Mrs. Glyn to say that her father was shocked to find that Mrs. West was a bride; had he known it he would have behaved "quite differently!" We always wondered how.

When our holidays came to an end we took up our abode at Kensington Palace, where Lady Caroline Barrington had apartments, of which the Queen had given the reversion to my wife as a wedding present. Our neighbors were Lady Augusta Gordon, a daughter of William IV., and the beautiful Mrs. Jordan, and the Duchess of Inverness, the widow of the Duke of Sussex; it was said that her patent of nobility was so made out that had she been blessed with a son, on his succession he would have been the Duchess of Inverness. It might almost be said that she made her apartments into a hospitable house-of-call for all foreigners, who always treated her as royalty. Her French accent was not Parisian, and she would say: "I have been to Brighton *pour un couple de jours*." We were her constant guests. On one occasion Lord John Russell took her in to dinner, and after he had sat down for a minute, he jumped up and went to the opposite side of the table, and sat by the Duchess of St. Albans. Lady John asked him afterwards why he had done it; he said: "I should have been ill if I had sat with my back to that great fire." "I hope," said Lady John, "you gave your reason to the Duchess of Inverness." "No," he said, "I didn't; but I told the Duchess of St. Albans!"

This year (1859) began sadly with the news of poor Mrs. Anson's death from poison, taken accidentally.

I heard all the terrible particulars of the tragedy from

my friend Henry Sotheby, who told me that he was dozing over the fire before dinner at a house in Northamptonshire, when the door opened; Mrs. Anson came into the room where he was sitting, in her dressing-gown, with her beautiful hair hanging over her shoulders, and told him what had happened. He had the presence of mind in these horrible circumstances to do the right thing by going into the dining-room and giving her mustard and water to drink; but the drowsiness could not be overcome, and notwithstanding all their efforts she died that night.

On November 6, 1859, our dear boy Horace was born, and was christened, in the chapel at Kensington, Horace Charles George, General Grey and T. G. Baring being his godfathers, and Lady Durham and Lady Emily Cavendish his godmothers.

In December, Colonel Walpole, my uncle, who was wounded at Quatre-Bras, died, and was buried in Kensal Green. He had been a brilliant young man in the Guards; had run through his fortune, and, as was often done in those days, had been appointed Minister to Chili, from which post he had retired, and had come back thoroughly worn out to end his days in London.

My mother was always trying to devise some means to amuse him, and one day she thought he would like to drive down to the old house where they had lived as children at the West End. He constantly yawned. "Tired, John?" she said. "Tired? no—bored," he replied, which was hardly kind.

All the year of 1859 our hearts were full of hope that Italy was about to be rescued from the hateful rule of Austria, and that Cavour's dream was about to be realized; but at home Disraeli was proposing a Reform Bill, full of all kinds of fancy franchises, which are now forgotten. Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley would have none

of the Bill, and resigned. Mr. Walpole had not that plastic mind which is now so common among politicians; he frankly stated that had such a Bill been proposed by Lord Palmerston or Lord John Russell, it would have been resisted by the whole Tory party. Mr. Disraeli's time had not come, and his proposals were defeated by a majority of thirty-nine. A dissolution followed. The different sections of the Liberal party were united and the result was pretty clear. Lord Hartington, being the son of the Duke of Devonshire, was put up to move a vote of want of confidence, which was carried in the new Parliament by a majority of thirteen.

Lord Derby resigned and Lord Granville was invited to form a Ministry; Lord John Russell declined to serve under him, and Lord Palmerston was charged with the task, and immediately formed a strong government, offering office to Cobden, who declined to accept it.

In 1860 Mr. Gladstone introduced his great Budget, reducing the Customs tariff, ratifying the French treaty, and repealing the paper duties. Lord Lyndhurst, now in his eighty-ninth year, made the Lords throw it out with a majority of eighty-nine. There was a counter-proposal that the tea duties should be repealed.

While the debate was proceeding in the House of Commons, Lord Derby wrote a note to Lord Palmerston, saying, "Is it to be tea and turn out?" Lord Palmerston wrote back: "No; paper and stationary." The Lords' action only delayed the repeal for a year.

Lord Palmerston was always fond of a joke. Thus when a deputation waited on him urging him to provide a proper gallery for the pictures of the Chantrey bequest, and the principal speaker said that at present they were hidden away in a cellar: "Ah," said Lord Palmerston, "I will do what I can, but you must recollect the

old saying, 'Ars est celare artem.'" And the deputation left him, I believe, in high good humor.

In 1860 the Queen paid a visit to my wife at Kensington to see her and our boy Horace, who paid her Majesty a return visit shortly afterwards at Windsor, and in the following year her Majesty had a beautiful miniature painted of him by Miss Dickinson, which she gave to my wife.

In June of that year there was a great review of Volunteers in Hyde Park by the Queen, who remarked as they passed what a stuffy smell there was. "*Esprit de corps*, ma'am," replied Lord Palmerston, who was standing by her. Poodle Byng, who was a great personage in London society, marched past as a private Volunteer at a great age; indeed, all the town was Volunteer mad.

In the autumn we were paying a visit to Mr. Charles Grenfell in the new house he had built at Taplow, and met Charles Kingsley. Though he stammered, oddly enough he was fluent in the pulpit. We went out with the Queen's buckhounds, and he apostrophized everything and everybody, and each five-barred gate he came to he expressed a burning desire to jump, but he never gratified his wish.

Marochetti, whom I often met at John Leslie's house at dinner, was a Piedmontese who married a French lady, heiress to the Château de Vaux, near Paris. As a young man he was devoted to modelling, and made a very fine statue, which is now in Turin, of Prince Eugène of Savoy sheathing his sword. Thiers, who was then Prime Minister, was so struck with his talent that he helped him on greatly with government commissions. Then came the Revolution of 1848, and Marochetti decided to live in London, where he made hosts of friends, and at the Great Exhibition of 1851 exhibited his "*Richard Cœur de Lion*," which was afterwards bought by the govern-

ment. It now stands in Palace Yard, near the entrance to the House of Lords. In my opinion it is the finest statue we have in London. His model for the Duke of Wellington's tomb was good, but was unfortunately rejected in favor of the one which is now in St. Paul's.

In February, 1861, I was, like others, bitten with the Volunteer mania, and Lord Elcho, who was one of the most spirited leaders of the movement, succeeded in persuading me to become Captain Commandant of the Kensington Volunteers—an endless source of trouble and annoyance from beginning to end.

CHAPTER VIII

1861-1867

Appointed Private Secretary to Sir Charles Wood at the India Office—Wembley Orchard—Sir Charles Wood as an Official—Distinguished Anglo-Indians: Sir John Lawrence and Sir John Montgomery—The Decline of Swearing—Sir James Hogg, and Sir James Outram, the “Bayard of India”—Deaths of the Prince Consort, Sidney Herbert, Sir James Graham, and Lord and Lady Canning—The Story of Sir John Lawrence’s Appointment—Marriage of the Princess of Wales—My son Gilbert: his Short but Distinguished Career—Deaths of Lord Lansdowne and Thackeray—The Garibaldi Mania—Visits to Latimer and Rushmore—Move to Hill House, Stanmore—Disraeli on Cobden—Resignation of Lord Westbury: His Wit and Sharp Sayings—Death of Lord Palmerston: Conspicuous Absentees at his Funeral—Troubled Times in 1866—Sir Charles Wood’s Hunting Accident and Resignation—Regret at the India Office—Tribute of the *Times*—I am Appointed Deputy-Director of the Indian Military Funds—Relations with Mr. Seccombe, Sir Charles Trevelyan, and Sir John Kaye—My Book on Sir Charles Wood’s Administration of India—Charles Lamb at the India Office—Mr. Goschen’s Promotion to Cabinet Rank—the Cave of Adullam—Defeat of the Reform Bill—Mr. Lowe in Opposition and Office—Latin Quotations in the House—Close of Lord John Russell’s Career—His Attitude to Peel—The Hyde Park Riots—Father Prout—Disraeli’s Ten Minutes Bill—The Derby of 1867—Visits to Hazelwood and Westbrook—Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—Visit of the Sultan—The Clerkenwell Explosion—Marriage of the Duke of St. Albans.

ON June 10, 1861, to our immense delight, I got a letter from Sir Charles Wood, then Secretary of State for India, offering me his private secretaryship.

BELGRAVE SQUARE, *June 11, 1861.*

"DEAR A. WEST,—I did not know that your brother would have mentioned to you what I intended to say myself. I saw him in order that you might not come to any hasty decision on my offer. I fairly say that I have doubts myself as to the prudence of your taking the appointment, as I have no opportunity of doing anything for you, and it seems to me that you may injure your prospects at the Admiralty.

"Your brother says that you have well considered this, and of course you are the best judge of what is best for you to do.

"I must, of course, write to the Duke of Somerset for his sanction to your coming away from the Admiralty.

"Yours truly,

"C. WOOD."

Henry Grenfell, who was leaving him, kindly wrote, strongly dissuading me from accepting it. He argued that Henry Waterfield, the assistant secretary—from working from morning to night, and from knowing, through himself and through his father, everything that had gone on for years—could not fail to have the chief business; hence I should not have the same opportunity of making myself necessary to Sir Charles Wood.

I did not take Henry Grenfell's advice, though I found Henry Waterfield all, and more than all, that he had said. He was generously ready at all times to help and teach me; and when illness overtook him, the whole burden fell on my shoulders. It was lucky that I acted as I did, for this gave me an opening which good fortune and good health widened. I was brought into contact with the extraordinarily brilliant staff of the India Office, and many of the great rulers of India; and I had the opportunity of writing a history of Sir Charles Wood's administration of India, which, though never read by any one in England, was very favorably received by the press, and was, as Lord Northbrook, when Governor-General, told

me, adopted as the text-book for examination in some of the Indian colleges.

But what for me was greater than this was that it led hereafter to my being chosen as private secretary to Mr. Gladstone in 1868.

T. G. Baring was Under-Secretary at the India Office, and I was glad again to come into close official contact with him; but he was soon succeeded by Mr. James Stansfeld, Lord Wodehouse, Lord Dufferin, and Lord de Grey, who followed each other in rapid succession.

Early in the year 1861 we took a little cottage near Lady Adelaide Cadogan's, and called it "Wembley Orchard," close to Sudbury Station, on the North-Western Railway, and here we spent many very happy days with our children, and my dear father, who took great interest in it. My dear mother also used to come and see us, and help us to lay out our little garden. Here, on July 18th, our second son, Reginald Jervoise, was born, and christened at Sudbury Church on August 18th by my brother Richard. My father and mother and Harry Keppel were there; Lord Bury and Jervoise Smith stood as godfathers, and Lady Adelaide Cadogan and Mrs. Dawson Damer were his godmothers.

My appointment as private secretary afforded me un-mixed pleasure, giving me plenty of hard work, and bringing me into close relations with one of the brightest, sharpest, and most versatile of men. Quick and somewhat intolerant as Sir Charles Wood was of lengthy narrations of purely personal interest often placed before him, no man ever bestowed a more willing or patient hearing on those whose experience or knowledge entitled them to attention. Many were those who, on leaving his room, expressed their astonishment to me at the perfect intimacy he displayed on matters supposed by them to



W. H. R. 1871

Viscount Halifax, G.C.B.

be technical, or only to be attained after a long residence in India and years of application.

He gave me, as all wise men do, or should give to their private secretaries, his entire confidence, not only in matters relating to India, but in all the political and court movements of the day. Besides this, I was brought into intimate communication with most of the distinguished Anglo-Indians. The greatest of them was, of course, Sir John Lawrence, who, if somewhat rough and brusque in manner, was always most kind to me, and would come into my room and talk to me of all his experiences.

Another was Sir Robert Montgomery, the successful Governor of the Punjab, whose kind manner and good-natured face gave little indication of the man of iron nerve, whose foresight and cool courage when first the news of the capture of Delhi reached Lahore had disarmed an overwhelming force of native troops, and prevented the revolt getting any hold on the Punjab. It was at a ball at Lahore, as important in the annals of India as the famous ball at Brussels was in the annals of Europe, that, amid the dancing and the music, he conceived the idea of disarming the Sepoys and saving the Punjab.

Sir Charles Mills, Mr. John Abel Smith, Mr. Samuel Gurney, and Mr. George Glyn, during the panic of 1841, had waited on Sir Charles Wood, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, on a matter in dispute, relating, I think, to the stamp laws. Sir Charles Mills said: "We really cannot understand your action." "You will understand it better to-morrow morning," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "for I have desired the Solicitor to the Treasury to take proceedings against you." But now all had been forgotten, and Sir Charles Mills, who was on the Council, acted as intermediary between the

City and the West End, and was most useful in keeping Sir Charles Wood and the Council on good terms. Sir Charles's nature seemed to have undergone a great change since his Chancellorship of the Exchequer days; then he was brusque and impatient. At the India Office he was the very personification of patience. He would spend hours in talking and listening to all his councillors on every subject about which there was likely to be a discussion at their weekly meeting. He was, however, an odd mixture of sharpness and familiarity. "D—n your eyes, my dear Perry, can't you see?" I heard him say quite good-humoredly one day, walking into the council-chamber.

But the days of habitual swearing had passed away, days when the Archbishop of Canterbury, calling on Lord Melbourne to discuss some business, said, "Now, my lord, it will save time if before we begin we assume that everybody and everything is damned."

Evelyn Ashley once told me that on his father becoming Lord Shaftesbury, Lady Caroline Neeld, his sister, said to him, quite seriously, "Now that you have come into the title you must learn to swear. Your father always did, and gained great respect by it in the county."

Old Sir James Hogg was also one of the Council of India. One day he announced his intention of resigning his directorship of the Sun Fire office, for he said he did not think it right any longer to hold it as a councillor. This was, indeed, a bombshell among them, as they most of them were directors of three or four companies, and they earnestly tried to dissuade him; but he was inflexible—he thought it was right. "And besides," he said, "they have promised on my retirement to put my son in my place!"

I well recollect being struck at the pain endured by that great hero, Sir James Outram, in coming up to my room

before seeing Sir Charles Wood ; for at that time we were located high up in the Westminster Palace Hotel, during the building of the new India Office in Downing Street, and elevators were not then in use. Perhaps it is not generally known that a word, now familiar to us, derived its origin from him. He had originated rails on roads for carriages, which were called "Outram ways," and now have come to be called shortly "tramways."

In 1842 Sir Charles Napier had proposed his health as the Bayard of India, *sans peur et sans reproche*, and that was before his splendid work in Persia, and his services through the Indian Mutiny, where he so nobly sacrificed his rank and command to Sir Henry Havelock, to whom he gave all the credit and praise for the relief of Lucknow. It was said in Bombay "that a fox is a fool and a lion a coward compared with famous Outram." He, with Sir John Lawrence, was one of the first to receive the knighthood of the new Star of India ; but his health was broken, and I soon attended his public funeral in Westminster Abbey, where the inscription now can be seen written over his tomb :

"THE BAYARD OF INDIA"

The new Indian Order was now instituted, and the correspondence as to the motto, the color of the ribbon, and how it was to be designated, was tremendous. Everybody had a suggestion ; however, at last it was agreed that the color should be light blue, the motto, "Heaven's light our guide," and the designation the Star of India.

In the winter of the year 1861 the Prince Consort died, and I was awakened in the early morning to hear the sad news. He had never secured for himself any degree of personal popularity, and not until after his

untimely death did the country ever appreciate his worth, the difficulties under which he labored, nor how entirely faithful and unselfish his life had been :

“So kindly modest, all accomplished, wise.”

The great body of Peelites was rapidly passing away. Sidney Herbert, who had left the House of Commons, of which he was a distinguished ornament, died peacefully in his beautiful garden at Wilton in the August of this year. Sir James Graham followed him within three months (October 25, 1861). Lord Elgin, Lord Dalhousie, and Lord Canning had fallen victims to the climate and the responsibilities of our Indian Empire ; they had been swept away, as Mr. Gladstone said, “in the full maturity of their faculties, and in the early stages of middle life.” Some one has said that “forty is the old age of youth, and fifty the youth of old age”; and they before they reached that age had all sought their rest.

One morning in 1861 the telegram announcing Lady Canning’s death came to me, and I had to communicate it to the Sydneys and her other friends. She had been a great friend of my wife’s, whose admiration of her from Windsor days had ripened and grown through the dark days of the Indian Mutiny, when amid the panic and the fear and the reproaches of Anglo-Indian society in Calcutta, she maintained her courage and her dignity. Here is Lord Sydney’s reply :

“MY DEAR WEST,—We are quite overwhelmed by this fatal news, and I am rather afraid poor Lady Canning was absent from him, as she was to take a tour when he went up the country to invest, and join him at Allahabad about the 1st November.

“It was only yesterday Lady Sydney drove over to see their house in Greenwich Park, and made a plan to send out to her. This extra year is always fatal—no European can stand it.

“Yours truly,

“SYDNEY.”

In 1862 Lord Canning came home a broken man, only to die. When first I saw him it was easy to see how the "iron had entered into his soul," but history has done justice to him and his wife, who never faltered through all the horrors and anxieties of the Indian Mutiny; but through all the raging of the frantic press and the timid Anglo-Indians, held high their courage and their faith, and earned for him what was meant for a sneer and a reproach, the finest Christian title of "Clemency Canning."

Lord Elgin was chosen as his successor, and I never was so little impressed with anybody selected for so high a post. His reign, however, was short and uneventful, and I received the telegram of his death, which, after I had deciphered it, I at once took to Sir Charles Wood, who said his successor must be either Stanley, Lawrence, or himself.

Sir Charles was very fond of consulting Lord Stanley on Indian affairs, and I was warned that such confidences were not always well placed; years afterwards General Grey told me that Disraeli had said: "Whenever we wanted to know what was going on, we sent Stanley to find out from Wood."

It was soon decided that Sir John Lawrence was to be the new Governor-General, and Sir Charles Wood told me that he was going to Windsor to get the Queen's approval, and that, without revealing the secret, I was to keep Sir John Lawrence at the office till his return. It was a Saturday afternoon and Sir John Lawrence wanted to go into the country. He discussed with me for a long time who would be the new Viceroy, and his inherent modesty never for a moment put himself in that position. The hours passed, and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping him, and at last I had to come to a compromise, and arranged that he should go to Pad-

dington to meet Sir Charles, who I was sure wanted to see him on his return from Windsor; and it was on the platform there that he received the appointment of Governor-General of India!

This incident was not mentioned in Mr. Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*, and I wrote to Captain Eastwick on the subject, and got the following answer:

12 LEINSTER GARDENS, HYDE PARK, W.,
April 11, 1883.

"MY DEAR WEST,—I delayed replying to your note until I could show it to Lord Halifax. I saw him this morning. He does not recollect the exact circumstances of the case, but has no doubt your version is the correct one. You did not mention your opinion of *The Life*. I have been greatly pleased with it. I should have made it a little shorter, and I would have dispensed with some strong passages; but on the whole I think it a great work, a worthy record of one of England's worthiest sons, written with great vigor and ability. It will add much to Bosworth Smith's literary reputation. Having never been in India, it is extraordinary how few mistakes he has made; of course there will always be differences of opinion both regarding events and persons, but his object has been the truth, and nothing but the truth. He feels, as they said of Dr. Arnold, any cruelty or injustice as a blow, and therefore in some cases he might have modified expressions; but his whole heart has been in the subject, and he must have gone through immense labor to have brought out such a satisfactory record. I have been glad to find Lord Halifax is well, and energetic and keen as ever about public questions. I have been very much broken in health lately, and miss not being able to go to my clubs.

"Very sincerely yours,

"WM. I. EASTWICK."

In the beginning of 1863 the Princess Alexandra of Denmark came to London, and we saw her entry from Lord Cadogan's house in Piccadilly. Horace, who was four years old, went to St. James's Palace to see her pass. Her beauty delighted the English people, before they knew that this was the least of those charms which year

by year have endeared her more and more to the land of her adoption, and made us all say what Tennyson wrote :

“Come to us, love us, and make us your own :
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra !”

It was a lovely sight. An exceptionally early spring, which Tennyson in his “Marriage Ode” alluded to, had made Windsor more than usually beautiful, and the brilliant uniforms and dresses in the chapel were very impressive. The sun shone out in great brilliancy in the middle of the service, and lit up all the colors of the banners and plaques over the Knights’ heads. The Queen was in her galleried pew over the altar. Later on I was one day doubting the account of Lord Palmerston’s tears, which in the *Prince Consort’s Life* flowed so easily, when Lord Granville said it was quite true. “At the Prince of Wales’s marriage I recollect showing him the Queen in her gallery, when he quite broke down and shed tears.”

In November of 1863 our third son was born, Gilbert Richard, Lord Richard Cavendish being his godfather. He became, to our joy and pride, a distinguished officer of the navy ; served in the Cape during the African campaign—for which he obtained the medal—and in China, North America, and Egypt, for which he got the English medal and the Khedive’s star. He was very early made a First Lieutenant of the *Cockatrice*, on which ship he contracted a heart complaint ; but he bravely concealed his certain death—which he knew, as we learned afterwards—came home to die, and after crowning a brave life with a fair death, in May, 1892, was buried at Wainborough, carried to his grave by sailors.

On the last day of the year died the Nestor of English politics, Lord Lansdowne, at a great age. He had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, as Lord Henry Petty, in the short-lived Ministry of All the Talents; as was said in some fine lines that appeared in *Punch* :

“He fought with Pitt, and served with Fox,
He shared the struggles of a fiercer time than ours.”

On that day Thackeray was buried, and I went to his funeral with Mrs. John Leslie¹ at Kensal Green. He was a great friend of hers, and spent many hours in her company. His death was very sudden, as he was engaged to dine with her on the Sunday before his death; his letter saying Fate and the Doctor prevented him from keeping his engagement was the last he ever wrote.

Standing by his open grave was Charles Dickens, looking bowed down with sorrow; and John Leech and Mil-lais wept as the coffin was lowered to its last resting-place.

How curious it is to find, on looking back, that, just as at present, we English people seem to be incapable of ever thinking of more than one thing at a time! Each year, or probably each month, has its well-defined subjects.

In 1864 it was Garibaldi and nothing else that possessed us during his short visit. We went to see him at Mr. Seeley's; he took up Horace in his arms and kissed him. He was a splendid figure, and quite embodied all our ideas of a hero.

We spent a great deal of time very happily at Latimer, a charming place in Bucks, belonging to Lord Chesham; used to fish in the Chess, and hunt with the old Berkeley hounds, and drink a great deal of claret, which was

¹ Now Lady Constance Leslie.

always good. Indeed, this was the last house in which I have seen a horseshoe mahogany table drawn round the fire, and bottle after bottle of claret disappear. Sir Archibald Macdonald told us of a friend, who desired him always to say if a bottle was not in good order; once he did so. "Thank you, my dear fellow," said the friend, "do ring the bell"; but when the butler appeared he was told to bring coffee instead of another bottle.

The beauty and the charm of the Danish Princess had made Danes of us all, and everybody was full of sympathy for the gallant little nation at bay with Germany over the Schleswig-Holstein question.

It is said that Lord John Russell, as well as Lord Palmerston, was for redeeming the encouragement given by the latter, and throwing in our lot with Denmark; but it was understood that, on finding that they could not reckon on any support from France, the rest of the Cabinet had outvoted them.

In July Mr. Disraeli moved a resolution condemning the government. I was in the House of Commons when Lord Palmerston rose to defend his government, and I was much surprised to hear him, after devoting a short time to the justification of his foreign policy, taking credit for all the financial triumphs of Mr. Gladstone, though those who were behind the scenes knew that he had not given them much support during their discussion in the Cabinet. The vote of want of confidence was lost by eighteen votes.

In the autumn of 1864 we paid a visit to Rushmore, Lord Rivers's place in Dorsetshire, which we enjoyed immensely. We settled to pay another visit the following September; but never went there again, for within a short time the only remaining son had died, the prettiest daughter had been killed by lightning on her wedding

tour, the father had been ruined, and he and Lady Rivers had both died.

In 1865 we sold our cottage at Wembley, and were persuaded by Mr. George Glyn to take possession of an old farm called Hill House, on the borders of his park at Stanmore. Close to us was a little church where it was said Handel, while listening to the hammer-strokes on the anvil of an adjoining forge, composed on the organ his "Harmonious Blacksmith." The frescoed ceiling is still there, where sprawl the gods of Verrio and Laguerre, and within a mile of it is the scene of Boadicea's great victory.

I never missed a possible opportunity of attending the debates in the House of Commons, and was there when it was announced that Cobden had died—the great free-trader and opponent of the Corn Laws. Disraeli made a pretty allusion to his spirit still being present at their debates as one of the members who "are independent of the caprices of constituencies, of dissolutions, and even the course of time."

Bright told me that during the Corn Law struggle the secretary of the League came to see him in London, and went with him into the Reform Club; Mr. Rawson, overcome with the magnificence of that splendid Italian building, put his hand on Bright's arm and said: "John, John, how can we keep honest if we live in such palaces as this?"

I was present at the end of the session, when charges were made against Lord Westbury, famous for his talents, his acrid tongue, and for jobs committed as Lord Chancellor, which forced him to resign office. He was succeeded by my father's old friend of New Street days, Lord Cranworth. Many stories are told of Lord Westbury's wit and sharp sayings. On his becoming Solicitor-General in Lord Palmerston's government, he was

called upon by the committee of the Conservative Club to resign his membership. Before obeying, he presented himself and addressed them. He had a small, and, if I may use the expression, a mincing or finicking voice. Some one at the end of the room called out: "Speak up!" "I should have thought," he said, "that the ears of any one in this committee were long enough to have heard me."

A deputation came to see him as Attorney-General, and having heard his advice, their spokesman said they would like to retire to make up their minds. He replied: "Certainly, retire from this room, and when you have made up what you are pleased to call your minds you will return, but you will not find me here."

When the horses in his carriage bolted, he shouted out to his coachman: "Drive into something cheap!"

There is a touching story of him which Sir William Gull told me, and though I think it has been mentioned in his Life, it is good enough to be repeated.

He was dying of a painful disease, and said to Sir William and Sir James Paget: "Surely this is, if ever there was, a case for euthanasia, or the happy despatch."

They argued with him that their duty was to preserve life, and on the following day he said: "I suppose you were right. I have been thinking over the story of what the Roundhead said when he met the Royalist in Heaven. He was surprised at his presence, and asked him how it had come about. The Royalist answered:

"Between the saddle and the ground
I mercy sought and mercy found."

I suppose you think that might be my case."

In reading his Life I was struck by an error into which biographers often fall. Instead of enlarging on the cleverness which brought the son of an obscure village

apothecary to the highest office of the State, his biographer labors to trace his descent from some ancient Welsh king.

When George IV. was descanting at a Mansion House dinner on the merits of the English Constitution, in which all could distinguish themselves, he said, turning to Lord Chancellor Eldon, whose father had been a porter : " My noble friend, sprung from the very dregs of the people, now fills the highest office in the State "; and Lord Eldon did not like it.

In October, 1865, after a very short illness, died Lord Palmerston, who as Foreign Minister had filled and brightened so many pages of English history, who had so well understood the English character, and who had achieved a position in its way unrivalled. His "*Civis Romanus sum*" was the embodiment of a feeling truly British, before it had degenerated into the vulgar phase of Jingoism. He was a great loss to his country and a greater loss to the government, of which he was the head. I attended his funeral in Westminster Abbey, and as his body was being lowered into the grave, a brilliant ray of sunshine fell on his coffin. It was a public funeral of a man who had died as Prime Minister ; and, curiously enough, neither Lord Derby nor Mr. Disraeli attended it, nor, as far as I could hear, any leading members of the Opposition except Lord Salisbury. Coming away, Sir Charles Wood said to me, " Our quiet days are over ; no more peace for us," and his words were soon to be verified. Lord John Russell became Prime Minister ; but somehow things in the session of 1866 went wrong ; a terrible scourge of plague had fallen on our cattle ; there had been an outbreak in Jamaica, cruelly repressed by Governor Eyre ; a financial crisis had occurred : Overend & Gurney put up their shutters on a day which is still well remembered in the City as " Black Monday "; Ire-

1867 SIR CHARLES WOOD'S ACCIDENT

land was restless, and the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, as usual.

In November, when working at the India Office, I received the news of Sir Charles Wood's bad fall while hunting at Hickleton. He was riding a horse which was very nervous, and unfortunately, before starting, he had asked Lady Mary's maid for a piece of cord for his hat; she had given him a bit of elastic, and by some chance his hat came off and banged up and down on his horse's quarters which drove him nearly mad. Sir Charles was a fine rider, and managed to keep his seat, but coming to a field at the end of which was a quarry, he foresaw his danger, and tried to drop on his arm on a low stone wall, instead of which he fell on his head and sustained a concussion of the brain. The next day I received the following letter from his son, giving me his account of the accident:

"My father is going on as well as possible, and the doctor says all will be well if he will only be quiet for the next few days. This he says to himself is all nonsense, and that he is quite well; but nonsense or not, quiet he shall be. He will not come to London before Monday week.

"The accident happened from his hat, which was fastened by a string, blowing off and frightening his horse, who plunged and reared and darted off in a way that was awful to see.

"My father contrived to turn him once, but at last fell backwards against a wall.

"He was quite unconscious for some minutes, and I can hardly bear to think of him, as I saw him, motionless and covered with blood.

"The whole thing happened close to Mr. Armytage's, so that we got him into a cottage, whence, after a little, he contrived to walk home. I am most thankful that my mother did not see him till she saw him walk into the room, and still more thankful that it is no worse; it might have been most serious.

"I shall be in London on Monday, and perhaps you can manage not to send his bag for a day or two; after that I hope he may be about again, but the doctor is anxious he should be very quiet.

"Yours affectionately, C. L. W."

As he was now recovering, I thought it was a good opportunity to have a day's hunting with the Old Berkeley, and in the middle of the run I got a tremendous fall over a stiff wattled fence; I pitched full on my head and heard a crash which I thought was my skull, but fortunately it turned out to be my hat, which was completely telescoped. The rapidity of my ideas struck me as curious, for in that instant of time it occurred to me it was a strange coincidence that the same thing should have happened to me so soon after the accident to my chief.

Though Sir Charles's recovery was complete, he thought it wiser to retire from the cares and responsibilities of office. There was great sorrow and consternation in the India Office, where he was much loved, and Lady Mary wrote me the following letter:

"BELGRAVE SQUARE, *Monday evening.*

"MY DEAR ALGIE,—I thank you very much for your very kind note—it is pleasant to me to hear that my husband's services are appreciated by those who know most of him, for I do not think he has always met with justice from others. The only part in the business that really grieves me is the change it may make to you and Mary. The India Office does not afford much means of doing anything for anybody in this country. I do hope Lord de Grey (I assume that it will be Lord de Grey) may be able to keep you on—I am sure for his own sake he ought to do so—for your knowledge and experience in the office could not but be most useful to him. If he does, it may in the end be better for you to be employed by a person who is likely to take an active part in politics for years to come.

"I look forward with more pleasure than I can well express to having my husband so much more with me. He is very tired to-night, but he has had two harassing days, and the letter to the Queen was a difficult one to write. I cannot help being pleased at her regretting him so much—and I have a very pretty note from Sir Erskine Perry describing what took place in the Council.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"MARY WOOD."

To me it was a great blow, as I had thoroughly enjoyed my work and association with him.

The *Times* well described what that work had been :

“As a monument of his industry, ability, and judgment, Sir Charles Wood may fairly point to his six years’ administration of India, during a period of unexampled difficulty at home and abroad; he found everything in disorder and had everything to reconstruct.

“He had to recast the whole judicial system of India; to create for her a paper currency; to superintend the remodelling of her taxation and the reorganization of her finances; he had to develop a railway system, and last and most difficult of all, to carry through the herculean labor of amalgamating the Queen’s armies.

“Where is the man possessed of that extent and variety of knowledge, that quickness, industry, and versatility, that acquaintance with matters financial, military, naval, judicial, and political, which will enable him to deal with a firm and unfaltering hand with the mighty destinies of 150,000,000 of the human race?”

He became Viscount Halifax and was succeeded at the India Office by Lord de Grey, who made me his private secretary, an appointment I did not hold for very long, as I was made Deputy-Director of the Indian Military Funds, the management of which, after the abolition of the East India Company, had devolved on the Crown. The work was uninteresting, and the chief advantage to me was, that I served under Mr. Secombe, the Financial Secretary to the Council, one of the ablest, and certainly the kindest of the East India Company’s servants, few of whom remained in office under the Crown.

It was in 1865 that I first became personally acquainted with Sir Charles Trevelyan. He had been Secretary of the Treasury from 1840 to 1859; Governor of Madras till 1860, when he returned to England till 1865, when

Sir Charles Wood, overlooking the breach of discipline of which he had been guilty at Madras, appointed him as the Financial Member of the Governor-General's Council. He was extraordinarily hard working, and just before he started for India, he asked me if I could supply him with Blue Books to entertain him on his journey, saying that he devoured them all with avidity, and that I could not provide him with too many.

Sir John Kaye, the brilliant author of *The Sepoy War*, who on the transfer of the government of India to the Crown had succeeded John Stuart Mill as secretary of the Secret and Political Department in the India Office, showed his kindness to me by writing an article in the Anglo-Indian newspaper on my appointment as Deputy-Director of Indian Military Funds, in which he said that the only criticism that could be made on it was that I was too young, but that was a fault which time would cure. He gave me valuable help in editing my work on Indian history, for I had some spare time which I devoted to writing an account of Sir Charles Wood's administration of India. My book was a great success from every other than a financial point of view.

Many were the stories I heard of Charles Lamb, who, in the preface of his *Essays of Elia*, said that they were only the production of his idle hours; his serious work lay in the archives of the India House.

An American came over to study these documents, which Kaye told me could nowhere be found. The story of Lamb's answer to the East India directors, who blamed him for coming too late to his office, when he said: "It is true that I come late, but I always leave early," is too old a friend to omit; but some lines he wrote on his duties are perhaps not so well known. It was the custom of the India House always to give tea to any clerk coming before ten o'clock in the morning, and Charles Lamb wrote:

“From ten to eleven
Eat breakfast for seven.
From eleven to noon
Think I’ve come too soon.
From noon to one
Think what’s to be done.
From one to two
Find nothing to do.
From two to three
Think it will be
A very great bore
To stay till four.”

In 1866 Mr. Goschen, who had distinguished himself at college and was a member for the City, having written a work on Foreign Exchanges, was *per saltum* put into the Cabinet by Lord John Russell. I was told by one of his colleagues that this was done without anybody’s knowledge, and therefore without any consultation whatever.

Lord Russell’s Reform Bill, which was introduced in 1866, provoked serious opposition ; and a number of weak-kneed Liberals deserted their party and found their way into what John Bright humorously described as the Cave of Adullam, “in which every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves together.” Not the splendid oratorical eloquence of Mr. Gladstone, eclipsing even that of John Bright, could save the Bill from ever-decreasing majorities. The debates on that occasion rose to the highest pitch, and Mr. Gladstone’s excelled, in my opinion, any speech he had made before or after. His peroration on Lord Dunkellin’s amendment was far away the finest I ever heard. “The banner,” he said, “which we now carry in the fight, though perhaps at some moment of the struggle it may droop over our sinking heads, yet will float again and catch the eye of Heaven, and will

be borne by the firm hands of a triumphant people, not to an easy but to a certain and not far distant victory."

The excitement in the House was tremendous. Disraeli, who had preceded him, had been in his happiest vein; and the result of the division was awaited with breathless anxiety. When the numbers were announced, the Reform Bill was dead, and with it the fate of the government was decided.

Lowe, who had been the life and soul of the Adullamite party which he had formed, had a complete triumph. Through the whole of the protracted debates he had attacked the government with all the skill of a guerilla chief.

He had entered late into English political life; a scholar of high culture; a strange combination of a Tory and a Radical, scarcely knowing which he despised most; a terrible parliamentary critic; and he attained a high reputation as a speaker. In opposition he was as effective as he proved himself later to be ineffective in statement and defence; and this, I think, was to be explained from his being a nervous and epigrammatic speaker, requiring all the cheers which he freely got from the Tory benches to fill up the gaps between each incisive sentence; these, in later days, when he was in office, not being forthcoming, his speeches became halting and almost painful to hear. I was in the House during the sad scene of his final breakdown.

Those who remember, or who have read, the Reform debates of 1866 will be struck by the constant Latin quotations made use of, which since that time have almost entirely been discontinued.

I recollect on an earlier occasion how Bernal Osborne, drawing into his service some hackneyed and well-worn Latin quotation, paused and said, "Which for the bene-

fit of the moneyed classes sitting around me, I will translate."

Thus ended for the time the Reform Bill and the government, and with it the long political life of Lord Russell. The opening of his career had been illumined by the passing of Lord Grey's Reform Bill of 1832; the ending of his career was clouded by the failure of his own Reform Bill of 1866.

Born in the Whig purple as a reformer, he remained a reformer till his old age and his death. He had never been an admirer of Peel, and once when staying at Minto with my brother, and when the party were playing in the evening at the game of *bouts rimés*, he wrote :

"I ne'er was a soldier of Peel,
Nor e'er did I sit at his back;
For while he wriggled about like an eel,
I swam straight on like a jack."

To Lord Derby was now given the unpleasant task of forming a government which must of necessity be in a minority. No sooner had he assumed the reins of government than the country became alive with agitation in favor of Reform. A great demonstration was to be held in Hyde Park, and Mr. Walpole, who was Home Secretary, attempted to prohibit it; but the people pushed down the rails of the park and held their meeting. The Foot Guards were called out and were cheered by the populace, who were perfectly good-natured; but the government was alarmed, and Spencer Walpole resigned the Home Office and was succeeded by Mr. Gathorne Hardy.

In the autumn of this year the submarine telegraph was successfully laid between England and America, and messages passed between the Queen and the President.

Our youngest son, Augustus William, was born at Hill House, Harrow Weald, where we were then living, in August 1866. Princess Christian was his godmother, and Lord Barrington and Colonel Sotheby his godfathers.

My father had been ill with gout, and I went with him to Wiesbaden, where we met and saw much of Lord Clarendon.* The place certainly did not suit me, though it did my father good, and I came back as quickly as I could.

In 1866 Father Prout died in Paris. He had been French correspondent of the *Globe*, and was very witty. Writing about the financial smash of Felix Solar, he said how all his many friends had fallen away from him—that the popular “Felix” was now “Monsieur Solar,” and quoted these appropriate lines :

“Donec eris Felix multos numerabis amicos :
Nubila cum veniunt plurima Solar eris.”

On December 30 I walked down with my son Horace to see Lady de Grey, who lived in the house where Pitt died, on Wimbledon Common. On reaching the top of Putney Hill, we saw in the distance the fire which was raging at the Crystal Palace, destroying, as we afterwards learned, the whole of the north wing of the building.

In February, 1867, Parliament met, and we were not surprised to hear that Disraeli was at once going to deal with Reform. Needless to say, the Tories were trying their old, old game of outbidding their Liberal opponents. He attempted to deal with the question by resolutions, but had soon to abandon this course of procedure and promised a Reform Bill. Then followed the resignations of Lords Cranborne and Carnarvon and General Peel ; and I remember the merriment that was caused by a speech delivered by Sir John Pakington to

his constituents on the situation. It appeared that Disraeli, with a clear view to eventualities, had prepared two bills, one more comprehensive than the other; the more moderate of the two was explained to the Cabinet, but seeing it was coldly received he produced the more comprehensive one to his remaining colleagues, only ten minutes before he had to explain it in the House of Commons, and hence it was called the "Ten Minutes Bill."

The clause giving the franchise to householders was added in committee. The Bill was remodelled by the opposition and its character was practically summed up as follows by John Stuart Mill in a speech to a large meeting in St. James's Hall: "Mr. Disraeli offers his Reform Bill to the householders of the towns, and they say 'Thank you, Mr. Gladstone.'"

In this month Lord Barrington died, and I went to his funeral at Becket. Among the mourners was William Ashley, who had recently gone into the wine trade, and I was much pleased to see how in his grief, which was genuine and sincere, he did not neglect his business.

"Poor dear William," he said, in a voice breaking with emotion, "how often I have enjoyed his hospitality, and what good claret he had! By the by," turning to his neighbors, "I have got some of it on hand now which I could let you have at a price"; and before the train came up, he had obtained two orders!

We were then living in a little house in James Street, Buckingham Gate, which, being near to the House of Commons, gave us many opportunities of having pleasant dinners, consisting of men who escaped for an hour or two and brought us the last news; George Glyn, Bo Grosvenor, Alfred Seymour, Stansfeld, and others were constant guests on those occasions.

In the spring I had a slight attack of ophthalmia, and

my eyes were so bad that I was shut up in a dark room. On the Derby Day we went down to Hill House in a terrific snow-storm ! It is commonly said that the race for the Derby was run in it, but really it cleared just as the race came off.

We stayed several times at Hazelwood, Lady Rokeby's, who had there made a most lovely garden to which she was devoted. Lord Rokeby was an old Waterloo officer, and had lived to command the Guards in the Crimea. He was always ready to talk and to tell long stories in execrable French ; but he was hospitable and kind, and much beloved by his family and friends.

In the autumn we paid a short visit to Westbrook, a place near Boxmoor belonging to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who had played a great part in Eastern politics, where we met Lord Lyons and listened attentively to all their talk on the Eastern question. Motley described Lord Stratford de Redcliffe as "charming, interesting, straightforward, a fine specimen of a manly, incorruptible, prejudiced, choleric, handsome, sympathetic, diplomatic, thoughtful, wrong-thinking octogenarian of the elder epoch."

This year there was a magnificent ball at the India Office, given to the Sultan, paid for by the Indian government—an unjustifiable proceeding in my opinion ; the ball was very lovely, though a shocking tragedy occurred in the death of Madame Musurus, the wife of the Turkish Ambassador, who was taken suddenly ill and died on the spot.

On a dark and gloomy night in the winter we were startled by the account of a great explosion at the House of Detention at Clerkenwell, where some Fenian prisoners were in custody, and I went to see the many houses that were wrecked ; and a short time after, I gained admission to Bow Street to see the committal of those impli-

1867 THE CLERKENWELL EXPLOSION

cated in this outrage. It was a curious sight, for I passed through a line of policemen armed with cutlasses and revolvers, and looking up to the skylight I saw there more police equally armed.

Sybil, the beautiful daughter of General and Mrs. Grey, and my wife's first cousin, was married at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on June 20, 1867, to the Duke of St. Albans. The chapel itself is as gloomy and unpretentious a building as can well be imagined, and yet it was a pretty sight to see the little procession come across the color-yard in the bright summer day and bring the sunshine in with them.

CHAPTER IX

1868-1869

Kirkman Hodgson : His Mother's Reminiscences of Robespierre—Moor Park and Cassiobury—John Stuart Mill's Candidature for Westminster—Death of Lord Brougham: His Wit and Egotism—Mr. Gladstone's Return to Power—I am Appointed His Private Secretary—William Bramston Gurdon : His Quixotic Conscientiousness—Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone—Bobsy Meade—Mr. Arthur Helps—Mr. Reeve—Mr. Arthur Arnold—Residence in Downing Street—Mr. Gladstone and the Irish Church Disestablishment—His Great Speech on March 1, 1869—Mr. Gladstone at the Derby—Holidays at Walmer Castle—Walks with Mr. Gladstone—Irish Church Bill Carried—End of the Session—At Highgate with George Glyn : His Three Ambitions—Holidays at Fincastle—De Grey's Rifle-shooting—Henry Austin Bruce : His Unselfish Character.

WHEN living at Hill House we saw a great deal of our neighbor, Kirkman Hodgson, a very distinguished Governor of the Bank of England. His mother—who was then alive, and lived until 1886—recollected, as a little girl in Paris, being lifted on her father's shoulders to avoid the pressure of the crowd, and seeing the executioner hold up the head of Robespierre, with a bandage fastened below his jaw. Hodgson was excellent company, and told us that when he was standing for Bristol a bigoted clergyman, speaking on the Tory side, asked with regard to him : “Do you suppose that that jovial millionaire ever devotes a moment's consideration to the state of his own soul ?”

Among our other neighbors were Lord and Lady Essex at Cassiobury, and Lord and Lady Ebury at Moor Park.

I always thought, and still think, Moor Park a beautiful specimen of a huge Italian villa, with its great hall decorated by Amiconi, and its splendid trees pollarded, it was said, by the Duchess of Monmouth in sorrowful remembrance of Monmouth's execution, or, as others said, to prevent them being used for the Royal Navy. Horace Walpole sneered most unjustly at it, saying: "All Capability Brown had done to it was to undulate the horizon in so many artificial mole-hills, fully as unnatural as if drawn with a rule and compass."

Cassiobury was of a different type, and very picturesque, with a lovely trout stream running through the park.

Previous to the general election of 1868 I attended a meeting at St. James's Hall to hear John Stuart Mill and Bo Grosvenor, who were standing for Westminster. A ducal magnate, who had been at Eton and Oxford, had written a very foolish letter to a country clergyman, to the effect that he would withdraw his subscription from his schools if he did not vote for a Tory. This was hooted at from the body of the hall. John Stuart Mill said: "This, my friends, should teach us a lesson of deep humiliation. If you or I had received such an education as this unhappy duke, who knows but what you and I might not have written an equally foolish letter!"

Early in the session Mr. Gladstone had declared that in his opinion the time had come when the Irish Church, as a State institution, must cease to exist; and those who believed in him knew that the shame and disgrace of an alien church in Ireland would shortly disappear.

Mr. Gladstone's resolutions were carried by large ma-

majorities, after debates of a very high order on both sides of the House.

About this time Lord Brougham, who had long left public life, quietly died at Cannes. I had never known him except by sight. He was more talked about and caricatured than any man of his time. Thackeray, meeting him at Miss Berry's, said he was enormously good fun, boiling over with humorous mischief, and the best and wickedest old fellow he had ever met. His motto was "*Pro rege lege grege*," and in Reform times he had the "*lege*" written in italics, making it—instead of as originally meant, "For king, law, and people,"—"For king read people."

He was a fine speaker, and was aware of it; for on being asked by a lady who was the first orator in the House of Lords, he answered: "I consider Stanley the second."

Alfred Montgomery, an old friend of his, one day received a letter purporting to come from a Mr. Shafto, telling him that Lord Brougham had been thrown from his carriage and killed. Sorry as he was for the loss of a great friend, he was unable to resist the strange fascination of being the first to tell of his death. He rushed off with the sad news to Lady Blessington at Kensington Gore, and then posted off to Lord Wellesley, who at that time was living near Windsor, dropping the news as he passed at the castle. Obituary notices filled all the morning papers the next day, and then it turned out that Brougham was not dead at all, but had perpetrated the hoax to see what would be said of him. Whether he was pleased with the result or not I cannot say.

When the autumn came, the long-expected election was to take place and the results of Lord Derby's leap in the dark were to become known. What happened is now a matter of history. Mr. Gladstone was returned by a triumphant majority; and the fiat against the ex-

istence of the Irish Church as an establishment had been ratified by the enlarged constituencies of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

In November, 1868, Lady Caroline Barrington enclosed to me a kind letter from the Queen to her, saying she had appointed me a Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber, an office involving no arduous duties, but pleasant, in that it gave me every opportunity of making many agreeable acquaintances, and of seeing in an easy manner all the State pageants of the day; it also gave us the *entrée*, which was a privilege very acceptable to my wife.

The formation of Mr. Gladstone's first government was the most rapidly constituted administration on record, except Lord Grey's, in 1830. On that occasion the Duke of Wellington resigned on November 16th, and Lord Grey's Ministry was installed on the 22d of the month. We were dining on December 23d at Lady Adelaide Cadogan's in South Audley Street, when the butler brought in a letter for me, saying in a pompous voice: "The messenger has brought it from Mr. Gladstone," which caused a dead pause; it was marked "*Immediate and Private.*" On opening it, I found it was to ask me to call on him as early as I could. As I read it to myself, I felt conscious that *whatever* I did would look foolish; to say nothing would be mysterious, to look important would be silly; so I said what had occurred, and asked my host what I should do, prefacing it by the remark that it was probably only on some small subject connected with the India Office on which Mr. Gladstone wanted information. However, as dinner was just over—we had dined early on our way to a theatre—it was decided that I should go at once to 11 Carlton House Terrace, which I did, but found that Mr. Gladstone had gone out to dinner. I saw his son Stephen,

and arranged to call at eleven o'clock the following morning. The next day I was kindly received in the hall by Mrs. Gladstone, who at once ushered me into Mr. Gladstone's library, and I then had my first interview with him. He was sitting, as I see him now, at his writing-table, wearing a dark frock-coat, with a flower in his button-hole ; a pair of brown trousers with a dark stripe down them, after the fashion of twenty years earlier : a somewhat disordered neckcloth and large collar, the never-ending subject of so much merriment in contemporaneous caricature ; and I noticed the black finger-stall which he invariably adjusted over the amputated finger on his left hand before he began to write. An upward and almost annoyed look at the interruption caused by my entrance melted into a kindly smile as Mrs. Gladstone told him who I was.

He was surrounded with a mass of accumulated correspondence, which added to my involuntary awe in approaching him ; but he at once, in a flattering way, asked me to be his private secretary. I cannot describe the delight with which I accepted his offer. My admiration of him as a public man was very great, and I had never so keenly cared for any political question as for the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

In a few minutes Mr. Gladstone had put into my hands a huge despatch-box full of correspondence in connection with the formation of his government. It was then that I understood why Sir Robert Peel described it as the hardest task that could fall upon a Minister.

The modesty of a few and the pretensions of many—who reminded me of the Persian proverb, “ They came to shoe the Pasha's horses, and the beetle stretched out his leg ”—the overweening selfishness of some, and the qualifications and aspirations of those eager for office,

and a particular office ; the vested-interest claim, which held that a man once included in a government should ever after have a right to a higher office in each succeeding administration—all this lay open before me.

How few of these aspirants but are beyond their hopes and their disappointments now !

I soon left, promising to make arrangements with the Duke of Argyll to enable me temporarily to leave the office I held under the duke, as Director of Indian Military Funds.

I proposed to give £100 a year to my second in command during my absence, and £120 to a new clerk, so my pecuniary gain by my private secretaryship was £80 per annum. Herman Merivale, who was the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for India, was most kind in helping me out with these arrangements, and before the day was over all was settled, and I was installed in the beautiful big drawing-room of Downing Street, with William Bramston Gurdon from the Treasury as my colleague.

Gurdon was possessed of tremendous industry and strong opinions, and had a conscientiousness in regard to public money and its expenditure which even in these pure days was almost Quixotic.

He was secretary to the Monetary Commission which sat in Paris, and on him devolved the duty of checking the accounts. On one occasion he deducted 2s. 6d. from the hotel bill and charged it to a distinguished member of the commission who had casually asked his son, who was on his way through Paris, to the luncheon provided for the commissioners. At the same time he refused to pass any bills for washing, as that, he said, would have been as necessary at home as abroad ; but he made one exception in favor of a member who, he ascertained, had a laundry of his own at home, and would therefore be

exposed to extra cost by having his linen washed in Paris.

When he was on a mission with which he was intrusted in Africa, he put some private letters in an official envelope to secure their safety, but was careful to explain that he had purchased and destroyed a sufficient number of colonial stamps so that the colonial exchequer should not suffer.

The division of work was, as far as possible, soon arranged; he was to deal with Treasury matters and the administration of the Civil List and Royal Bounty, while I was to act in matters unofficial but political, and especially in all questions affecting patronage. This happily brought me into close and confidential relations with the leader in the House of Lords — Lord Granville — and I rarely missed a day without seeing him. Those of his friends that remain will know and appreciate the value of what I then thought a privilege, and now hold among the happiest of my recollections.

His tact and soothing qualities in the Cabinet and in the House of Lords worked wonders; and to all in any difficulties, social or political, he was ever ready to listen and to advise; but the charm of his manners and his conversation were not reserved for society, as is so often the case, but shone forth in his home and with his family, where I was so often admitted.

Few things are more curious than the devoted and unbroken friendship that existed between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville; curious, because the two men were so distinct in their separate individualities—Mr. Gladstone immersed in literature or theology when not occupied in controversial polemics; the other a keen lover of sport and amusements, naturally indolent, devoted to the lighter and social side of life, and yet I can say without fear of contradiction that no breath of jealousy and

suspicion ever ruffled even the surface of their friendship, notwithstanding the difficulties that arose after the election of 1885.

By some inexplicable and unfortunate blunder, the fact that the seals of the Foreign Office were not again to be in his hands was not communicated to him by Mr. Gladstone. The next day I told him that Lord Granville was not unnaturally grieved. "If that is the case," said he, "I will be Chancellor of the Exchequer and he shall be Prime Minister, and you have my authority to tell him so."

Lord Granville's charm was only equalled by that of his private secretary, who was always familiarly known as Bobsy Meade. He was the son of Lord Clanwilliam, and inherited some of his social qualities and much of his aristocratic indifference. It was said of his father, when a young man, that he was so sought after and overwhelmed with notes that he gave up answering them; and when he was dressing for dinner he used to ask his valet what were his invitations for the day, and he would then choose that which he might consider the most agreeable. This, I am sure, was not true, for it would have been a rudeness of which he was utterly incapable; but Bobsy, who had that charm of manner and delightful voice which are denied to most of us, was quite capable of saying to a friend who asked him to dinner: "No, thank you; I think I shall be more comfortable at home." Nothing he ever said or did could offend.

Naturally indolent, he was *malgré lui* the most industrious and capable of officials; and he ruled the Colonial Office, to which he was subsequently appointed, with a kindly but determined persuasiveness.

He told me once that one of his official subordinates called on him, asking if he might take a holiday. The Parliamentary work was in full swing, and he demurred,

until he heard that the applicant was suffering from insomnia.

“Oh,” said Bobsy Mead, who was most sympathetic, “by all means go. How terrible it must be, going to bed and tossing sleeplessly about.”

“No, it is not that,” said the sufferer, “for I always go to sleep the moment I put my head on the pillow at eleven o’clock.”

“Ah, then you wake at three or four o’clock I suppose, and cannot go to sleep again?”

“No, I cannot say that, but recently I have found that I have taken to waking at six o’clock and never closing my eyes again, and I am getting rather alarmed.”

Another time Bobsy Meade was horrified at the inhuman way in which executions in Malta were conducted, and thought he could not do better than consult Marwood, the executioner, who at his invitation came to see him at the Colonial Office.

He found him an earnest advocate of what he professionally called “the long drop,” which he maintained was the most rapid way of putting a man out of existence. Mr. Marwood was not a highly educated man, but he illustrated his process by saying:

“There was Mr. Peace, a small man; I gave him a six-foot drop, and I assure you, sir, he passed off like a summer heve.”

It was not long before I made acquaintance with Mr. Arthur Helps, who was at that time Clerk of the Council, and many were the hours in which we talked together on a thousand questions, of which he always took a pessimistic view; but this, oddly enough, did not detract from the charm of his conversation.

I told him that the book of his which I liked far the best was *Essays Written in the Intervals of Business*, which he declared he had entirely forgotten.

I sometimes also saw Mr. Reeve, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* and of Charles Greville's *Memoirs*, whose somewhat pompous solemnity made me think how witty Sydney Smith was when he was told Mr. Reeve had the gout. "Gout!" he said. "I should have thought rheumatism was good enough for him."

Mr. Arthur Arnold was at this time editor of the *Echo*, which was a most successful newspaper. He told me that Mr. Charles Villiers was in the habit of writing to him on matters of personal gossip, and part of this he, as an editor, could not resist inserting in his newspaper. Mr. Gladstone disapproved of what he thought was copying an evil habit imported from America, and asked me to convey a hint to the editor, which I did; and had I not known him better in later days, I should have been more astonished at the kind and generous way he took the hint and abandoned the practice.

We soon found that in the press of business it became necessary that a private secretary should always be in Downing Street, and as Mr. Gladstone was living in his house in Carlton House Terrace, he allowed me to take possession of his official residence.

Downing Street, I may add, is curiously connected with our family history. On May 26, 1833, during her grandfather's administration, my wife was born there, as I have said. After Lord Grey's resignation, I cannot find that anybody occupied the house officially until her brother, Charles Barrington, who was private secretary to Lord Palmerston when he was Prime Minister in 1855, took up his residence there; and later on, in 1869, during Mr. Gladstone's first administration, we lived in it. But the coincidence does not end here, for the house had been originally given to my great-great-grandfather, Sir Robert Walpole, who refused to accept it as a

private gift, but made it an official residence for successive First Lords of the Treasury.

My life now became stereotyped. I moved into the little room looking to the west, and into this room I went every morning to open letters which poured in at every hour of the day.

At half-past nine breakfast was brought to me there, and by eleven o'clock I had succeeded in analyzing the correspondence. Mr. Gladstone's mode of dealing with it has been so fully described in Sir Edward Hamilton's charming monograph that it need not be repeated here.

The late government had not handed over foreign affairs in a very satisfactory state. Greece and Turkey were flying at each other's throats, and yet within a few days of Christmas, Mr. Gladstone, to my astonishment, gave me the whole framework of the plan of his Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. If it be compared with the law as it passed the House of Commons, it will be found that, after all the discussions and amendments, the original plan was adhered to in every point of principle if not of detail.

There was no Christmas holiday for us, and the new year only made our work more constant and engrossing up to the meeting of Parliament, when it did not diminish, but rather assumed a different aspect.

Mr. Gladstone was daily occupied in correspondence and important interviews on the subject of the Irish Church, which entirely absorbed every hour of his day; but each interview elucidated some knotty point or silenced some objections; while through it all remained his original scheme.

In the spring of 1869 I sent Mr. Gladstone an article written in the *Spectator*. He at once answered :

"May 17, 1869.

"MY DEAR WEST,—How kind of you to send me the *Spectator*! but it is far too flattering; and I always say that men in my life (with a few exceptions, such as Sir James Graham) if they sometimes get undeserved blame, get a great deal more of praise which is in excess of their just claims. Of none is this more true than of me.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

The afternoon of March 1, 1869, on which Mr. Gladstone made his great speech on the Disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland, I was with him at his house at 3.45, and he had not then finally arranged the order of it, and was sitting in his arm-chair reading Shakespeare—no doubt refreshing his mind with the words of King Lear, which he afterwards quoted, when Edgar endeavors to persuade Gloucester that he has fallen over the cliffs of Dover:

"Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life's a miracle."

He calculated that his speech would occupy three hours in delivery, and it lasted for three hours and ten minutes, practically without a check, being only interrupted once by Seymour Damer, who asked a very silly question about glebes. "Had I wished," said Mr. Gladstone, "entirely to obscure the question I have in hand, I should have, as the honorable member suggests, included glebe lands, etc."

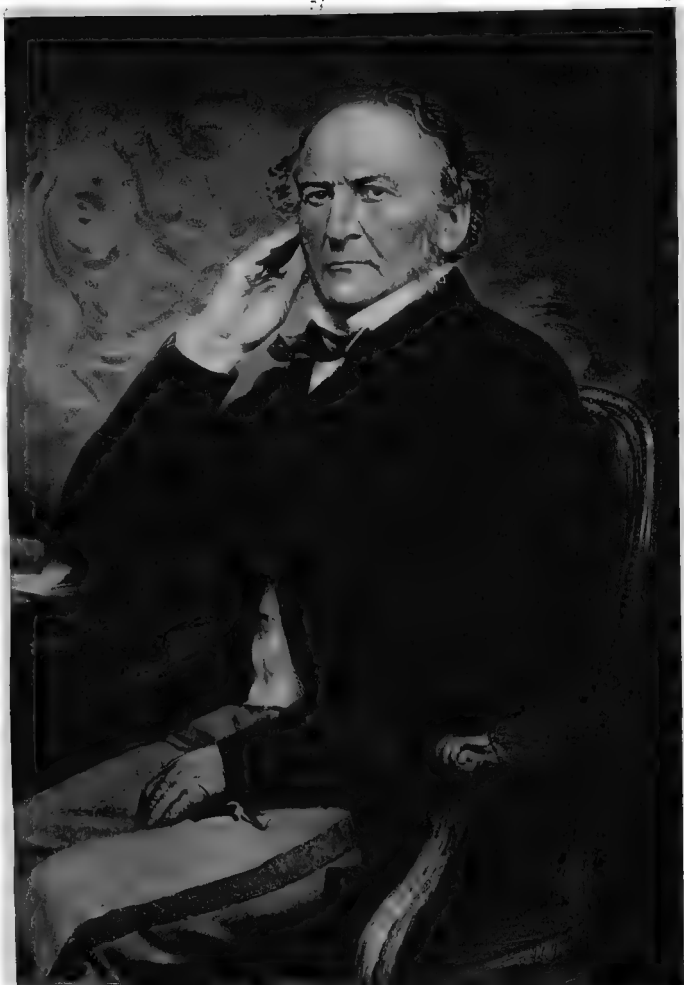
During the Irish Church debate I always attended the House and kept a corrected bill of all amendments proposed and carried, for Mr. Gladstone's use next day.

The Derby preceded Whitsuntide, and Lords Granville and Wolverton, then George Glyn, persuaded Mr. Gladstone to go with them and see it. I confess I did

not much approve, thinking it out of his line and not altogether a dignified thing for him to do; however they went, and joining us in the evening at a station on the line, we all went for our holidays to Walmer Castle on a visit to Lord Granville, then the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. To me it was more than ordinarily pleasant, because I was able to show my wife all the scenes of my childhood and early boyhood—my father's house; the bathing-machines where I had been nearly drowned; the hill which I had raced down with the old Duke of Wellington, and the very spot where I had missed hitting him with a stone; and the downs where I had learned to ride and follow the West Street Harriers. We had a lovely time basking in the sunshine and enjoying a real week's holiday after six months' severe strain, so soon to be recommenced.

Lord Granville had spent great sums in enlarging the castle, and had called into his assistance Mr. Devey who had conceived the happy idea of bringing the old stones of Sandown Castle, which was rapidly falling into the sea, and with them building the new tower. So successful had he been, that a friend staying there at the time mistook the new for the old, and pointed out its superiority. But beyond these additions Lord Granville had built new stables, for he kept the West Street Harriers, and had purchased a farm on which he had erected a lovely building overhanging the sea, which he christened after his daughter "Villa Vita," and here in the hot afternoons we used to have tea.

After Whitsuntide the weather was very warm, and on our return we often had our dinner in the garden of Downing Street. Mr. Gladstone enjoyed the cool air in the evenings, which refreshed him for his return to the House of Commons. He and I used frequently to walk home together from the House in the early morning—



Walker & Boutall photo.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

bright and talking on every subject but the one on which he had been debating all night. He once said after a heated discussion in which he had, of course, borne the brunt: "Do you know I could not get the debate out of my head all night?" "I am not surprised," said I, in my innocence. "Not surprised!" he exclaimed. "Why, if I was to allow myself to think over the debates after I had left the House, I should go mad in a very short time."

Mr. Gladstone was an appreciative rather than considerate master. At a concert one evening Harry Grey tried to persuade me to go down to fish at Christchurch on the following day. I told him it was impossible, for I was far too busy, though I should have liked it of all things; and on turning round I saw Mr. Gladstone, who had heard the conversation, smiling. Most men would have said, "Oh, pray go." He did not, which showed me that he appreciated my work.

The long discussions on the Irish Church Bill, which was eventually carried through the House of Commons, were beginning to tell on Mr. Gladstone. Then came a terrible crisis of anxiety when the chances of the bill being thrown out in the House of Lords were great, and were only overcome by the tact of Lord Granville and Lord Cairns, who arrived at a compromise. The day that this was effected Mr. Gladstone was fairly laid up, and I had to communicate the result to the Queen from him; but I was unable to get the cipher, which I believe Mr. Hammond, the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, had composed himself in the copy of a dictionary, and carried about in his pocket all day, and put under his pillow at night. It was found at last, and the message was sent to her Majesty, saying that all was now arranged and that the measure was passed. Mr. Gladstone was not well; but the great work of the session

was accomplished, and he was experiencing what William Watson describes as

“The joy of most glorious striving
Which dieth in Victory.”

He was lying down on his sofa, very happy and very calm, when I went up to his house. He presented me, as a recollection of the day, with a copy of his *Juventus Mundi*, which had just been published; I valued it as coming from him, but I confess I have never read it. He went down to Lord Granville's, and wrote to me from there the following letter:

“WALMER CASTLE, DEAL, August 28, 1869.

“MY DEAR WEST,—I have been rather unhappy for some time at your being tied to the desk so long, and I rejoice that the period of your holiday is at hand. Do not shorten it on my account. I think it will be October before any thickening of the work will come on; and Gurdon is efficient and rapid.

“Thank God I am pretty sound again.

“I must not conclude without thanking you warmly for the exceeding kindness of your note, as well as for every other kindness.

“Ever yours sincerely,

“W. E. GLADSTONE.”

In after years Mr. Gladstone averred that the Irish Church Bill was the cleanest political business he had ever known. There was no pressure brought to bear on anybody.

On the prorogation, I went with George Glyn to Highgate, where he had rented a villa belonging to Lady Dufferin. I well remember, as we drove away from Downing Street, how both of us, almost worn out with the unceasing work of the session, regretted its conclusion, and thought how sadly we should miss the constant interest and absorbing excitement that each day brought.

George Glyn, an old friend of mine, was what was called Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, a name

which had lost its meaning, and chief Whip ; with him of course I was brought into daily communication. When he was a boy at Oxford he had set his heart on three things—to marry his beautiful wife, to be Whip to the Liberal party, and to be Master of Hounds. All three wishes were fulfilled. His was a strange character ; and he possessed in almost equal proportions the qualifications which a whip should have and the disqualifications a whip should not have. Among the former were his energy, his fidelity, and not only his fidelity but his blind admiration of and devotion to his master, his entire absorption in his work, and his sharpness and ability. On the other hand, his devotion made him blind and obstinate, and he was overbearing to those who even ventured to differ from anything Mr. Gladstone thought right. He was, perhaps, tactless and apt to be tyrannical, very fidgety, and possessing none of that calm which enables a man to weather the political storm. But take him all in all, he was a joyous companion and a sincere friend, and his wife's beauty and reposeful yet enthusiastic temperament compensated for many of his faults.

We took advantage of our holiday and went to Fin-castle, in the island of Harris, which Lord Ripon had hired from Lord Dunmore. The castle was not finished, and we lived in the offices that were to be, and enjoyed ourselves immensely in a life and a country quite new to us. We got good fishing and my first experience of stalking, and were amused at seeing De Grey's wonderful precision with a rifle. One evening, coming home through the forest in the dusk, we caught sight of a stag's antlers just appearing within 150 yards of us ; we stopped, and just as the top of the stag's head, above his eyes, came over the near horizon, De Grey shot him through the brain. Another day he and Clare Vyner

got among a quantity of stags, which somehow became confused, and they shot eleven between them.

The river tumbled into the bay just by the house, and often on our return from fishing we used to throw our flies over the salmon which were crowding to get up the fall, without any success; but on one occasion Douglas, who had been fishing near home, threw a fly and hooked a salmon, and then another with every cast he threw, till fifteen, in addition to three he had caught in the loch, were lying on the grass to astonish and exasperate, on their return, those who had been stalking or fishing elsewhere. After that, need I say that we used all to stand by the sea-wall, like boys by the Serpentine, casting ineffectual flies into the bay.

Here I met and learned to appreciate Henry Austin Bruce; a more delightful companion it was impossible to know. He was a man of splendid physique and an enthusiastic fisherman. As we strode over the bare moors of the Hebrides to the lochs, he would delight me with his conversation and classical quotations. He was then Home Secretary, but he was not lucky in the choice of his private secretary, a brilliant scholar no doubt, but singularly devoid of that tact which is necessary in dealing with men.

The unpopularity of the secretary, unfortunately, was visited on his chief, who was himself the most lovable of men. His dearest friend, in writing to me about him, says: "Bruce's character was in some respects one of the finest with which I have ever been acquainted in public life. I could see no self-seeking in him anywhere. He was not without ambition, and he liked office; but he accepted his exclusion when it came without a murmur, and without a disloyal thought towards the party or the chief who set him aside. I know no greater test of character than this. The fact that he was omitted from

the Cabinet of 1880, and that his official life was closed, seemed to make no difference to him at all. He was ready ever afterwards to take any public work that came to him, and to do it with all his old earnestness and zeal. And when the testing time came in 1886, and so many took the opportunity of venting their spite for what they considered past want of appreciation or neglect, he went on his way as calmly and as faithfully as if he had never been a member of a Cabinet, or had any claim to high office; and this is all the more remarkable because the bill whose failure damaged his reputation, and probably led to his exclusion, would now, I suppose, be admitted by every one to have been a wise measure which would have placed the Licensing question on a sound footing that would have lasted our time, at all events."

CHAPTER X

1870

Our Thursday Dinners at Downing Street—Anecdote of Mr. Gladstone—Massacre of Englishmen by Greek Brigands—Death of General Grey—Instances of Mr. Gladstone's Absorption—Cockburn and Bethell—Death of Lord Clarendon: Mr. Hammond's Forecast—The Education Bill: Forster's Speech—Mr. Gladstone's Thoughts of Retirement—His Criticism of Veterans—Death of My Father: Mr. Gladstone's Letter—Holidays at Walmer: Lord Granville's *Chef*—Mr. Gladstone at the Play: His Dislike of Scriptural Allusions—Practical Jokes at Walmer—Mr. Gladstone and Tobacco—His Tricks of Gesture: the Dean of Windsor's Remonstrance—Sir William Gull—Loss of *The Captain*—Death of My Mother—Anecdote of Appleton, the Office-Keeper—Visits to Ranston—Whyte Melville and Bob Grimston.

AFTER a few visits I returned early to my work in Downing Street, which became every day more absorbing; and when the session began we instituted Thursday dinners, to which Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone always came. John Bright, Panizzi, then Head of the British Museum, Lord and Lady Granville, Wolverton, Frederick Leveson-Gower, Sir Reginald Welby, Bobsy Meade, and others often dined with us, and Mr. Gladstone was always at his best, talking with an animation and fluency peculiar to him, on all that was going on in the House of Commons, and his old recollections. He once told us that in 1849 he was crossing the Campagna on his way to Rome, when the diligence in which he was trav-

elling came to a broad and shallow stream. The driver made all the passengers alight, saying the vehicle could not be taken across unless they got down, and having deposited his human freight, the horses were whipped up and the diligence taken to the other side.

Now it happened that although there was a full complement of passengers, Mr. Gladstone was the only man among them, the other travellers being the wives of French officers belonging to the Army of Occupation on their way to join their husbands.

The task of taking them across the stream thus fell entirely on Mr. Gladstone, who, equal to the emergency, carried them to the other side one by one, an act courteously acknowledged by the husbands on the following day, who all called to thank him for the assistance rendered.

Lord Charles Russell, who was then Sergeant-at-Arms, had given my wife a seat of her own in his gallery, and we constantly returned after dinner to the House and sat out the debates.

In April, 1870, when staying at Latimer, I got a telegram telling me of the Greek massacre, by brigands, of poor Freddy Vyner, Lady Ripon's brother. The party had been taken by surprise, and it was arranged that one of them should return and procure the ransom. The lot had fallen on him, but he had generously waived it in favor of Lord Muncaster, who was a married man. The brigands had made it a condition that he was to return alone, but the Greek government sent soldiers with him, at sight of whom the brigands fled, first murdering Freddy Vyner and his companion, George Herbert.

I received a sad letter from Mr. Gladstone deploring the disaster, and immediately returned to town.

Soon after, to our great grief, died General Grey. During Lady Caroline Barrington's long absence at Court

my wife had lived in his house before her marriage, and he had been not only an uncle, but the kindest friend to us both. When private secretary to Sir Charles Wood at the India Office, I had always found him most trusting and open in all matters, and they were many, in which I had been brought into contact with him. He had been to the Queen the frankest and ablest adviser, and had worked with a never-flagging energy in her service. Somebody at his deathbed said, "Killed by overwork." "No," said Dr. Gull, "that is very commonly thought and said, but for one man that dies from too much work ten will die from too little."

Last year Mr. Gladstone had gone with Lord Granville and George Glyn to the Derby, and this year we were all to have gone again, and Lord Granville was to drive us to meet his horses somewhere on the route and ride to Epsom; but at the last moment Mr. Gladstone was detained, and I, of course, did not go. He showed his thought and consideration for me by writing me a letter imploring me to go without him, but I did not obey him in this instance.

One evening Mr. Gladstone was dining with us, and was very indignant at the proposal that the government should pay the costs of the Overend & Gurney trial; he rehearsed almost the words he should utter on the subject. I did not go back with him to the House, but was told his speech, later on in the evening, was one of the most brilliant he had ever delivered.

It was on one of his hardest-worked days in Downing Street, during the discussion on Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill in 1870, that he was anxious to see Lord Dufferin on the subject, but the day passed without his having the opportunity. I suggested that he should dine with us, and that I should get Dufferin to meet him; he readily agreed, and I warned my wife that we

should have a really agreeable dinner, and that she should recollect all she heard on what was the most interesting question of the moment. Mr. Gladstone was the first to arrive, and then Dufferin, who had just come from Dublin, told us of the horrid crossing he had had, and how everybody was sea-sick, and on this subject the conversation was continued throughout the whole of the dinner, while the Land Bill was never mentioned.

As another instance of Mr. Gladstone's absorption in the topic of the moment, I may mention that he wrote to the solicitor to the Newcastle estates, of which he was trustee, appointing an hour for their meeting—fixing on eleven o'clock as his only spare hour. One of the trustees arrived a little before the time, and when the solicitor arrived they were discussing whether the myth of Helen of Troy could be connected in any way with the history of the Virgin Mary. The discussion was continued till twelve o'clock, when Mr. Gladstone had to go to another appointment, and the business of the Newcastle Trust had to be postponed.

This reminds me of a story I heard of Sir Alexander Cockburn and Bethell.

Sir Alexander had a bill on which it was necessary to obtain Bethell's opinion—he could never get it. At last Bethell asked him down to the country to discuss it; the evening passed and no allusion was made to the bill. On the following morning they went out shooting, and Bethell shot his keeper. In the evening Cockburn returned to town, never having alluded to his bill. When taken to task at an interview with Mr. Gladstone and the Attorney and Solicitor General, Cockburn stated that he had never had an opportunity of discussing the subject with the Attorney-General.

"My dear Cockburn," said Bethell, in his softest voice, "do you not recollect our thorough discussion of

it after that unfortunate occasion when you shot m gamekeeper?"

On June 27th of this year died Lord Clarendon, wh had been always most kind to me. He was a man o exquisite wit, unbounded sympathy, and a remarkabl geniality, and wonderfully agreeable in conversation He had the art, above all men I ever knew, of talking a it were confidentially, telling you everything and ye saying very little; his enemies, who were ignorant o this, would call him indiscreet.

Lord Granville succeeded him as Foreign Secretary and was told by Mr. Hammond, the Under-Secretary, a man of long and vast experience, that the world had never been so profoundly at peace or the atmosphere so clear—in short, that there was not a cloud on the horizon Within a fortnight the Franco-Prussian war had broken out, and in less than a month the battles of Saarbrück Weissenburg, Wörth, and Spicheren had been fought and the French army was in full retreat.

So much for the value of experience.

The session was much occupied by the Education Bill and I recollect being in the House of Commons when Mr. Forster made his speech, which was not oratorical but in the middle of it he mentioned cases of poor people, ignorant and in want, caring nothing for their theological disputes, and yet wishing for some education for their children, in so touching a way that it almost, for the moment, upset me.

At the close of the session I attended a committee consisting of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Bessborough, and Lord Granville, to consider the bestowal of honors Among those given was a peerage to Mr. G. C. Glyn the head of the firm of Glyn-Mills and the chairman of the North-Western Railway Company. It was during his chairmanship that Mr. Smith, a small stationer in

the Strand, proposed to start stalls for the sale of books and newspapers at the stations on his line. Mr. Glyn acquiesced, and the result was that the great firm of W. H. Smith was established from this small beginning.

In the autumn the Fenian troubles were great, and O'Donovan Rossa was returned to Parliament. Mr. Gladstone thought there was a favorable side to his election—"the Fenians thinking it worth while to lay hold on the forms of the Constitution is a step forward, not backward; whether it can be allowed to stand is quite another question."

All through this hot year Mr. Gladstone had toiled unremittingly, always looking forward to his coming retirement. One morning, at the close of a peculiarly harassing debate, we walked home together in the dawning day, and on parting at the foot of the Duke of York's steps, weary as he was, he said: "Well, my work is now nearly over. If I can pass Irish Education and find a fitting place for you in the Civil Service, I shall have done all I wish to do and be able to retire."

It is curious that Mr. Gladstone, who, from the force of circumstances, began his fourth administration when he was over eighty years of age, should, so far back as 1870, have expressed to me, in language almost violent, his aversion to old men lingering on the stage when the activity of their youthful energies had begun to decline.

In that year it was my duty to bring under his notice the name of a very distinguished soldier in connection with some honor.

"I suppose," he said, turning to me with that look, which we learned so well to know, of indignant surprise, "seniority is his claim: simply because he is old. In ancient days old men were put aside to make room for the young."

I haltingly ventured to suggest as a reminiscence of

an imperfect and wasted Eton education the name of Nestor.

“Nestor,” he answered, “took no part in the active warfare of life; he merely came on the scene as an adviser when he was wanted.”

That these were his real sentiments at the time there can be no manner of doubt.

In August of this year my father, whose faculties had lately become dimmed, literally “fell asleep” with his hand holding my dear mother’s.

He was buried in Chiswick church-yard on the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage—buried where, as a boy at school, he had first met my mother, then a girl, staying with her relations, the Misses Walpole, in Chiswick. I make no excuse for reproducing the letter of condolence which I received from Mr. Gladstone:

“MY DEAR WEST,—Such a combination of the course of life and its ending as you describe seems to disarm the last Enemy of his sting, or rather to testify how he has been disarmed on our behalf by One greater than ourselves. I sincerely hope that you may never stand by a deathbed with less of consolation.

“Work seems to slacken in Downing Street, and I am sure there will be no difficulty, from what Gurdon says, in your giving yourself *now* some of the rest you have so well earned.

“Ever sincerely yours,

“W. E. GLADSTONE.”

In the later autumn we spent a delightful long holiday with our boys at Walmer—riding, playing croquet, and doing some work. On my telling them that Mr. Meade was coming one evening, they said, “Oh, we know all about him; he is the man that drives the water-carts on the Horse Guards Parade!”

One day Mr. Gladstone and I were walking on the beach when we saw a shoal of mackerel, and we helped to drag in the net, which soon surrounded them, in

gratitude for which the fishermen gave Mr. Gladstone three mackerel.

Our host, Lord Granville, had a famous cook, whom he asked during the siege of Paris whether he would not like to return to his country. "No," he wittily answered; "I would sooner make *entrées* here than *sorties* in Paris."

But even the best of cooks cannot prevail against fashion. Everybody gave credit to Lord Granville for an excellent cuisine, and rather depreciated that of Mr. Gladstone. After a dinner there, some one came to Lord Granville's saying: "How different from yours, which was excellent, and this so bad." "I am sorry," said Lord Granville, "for this one was cooked by my *chef*!"

Late in the autumn of 1870 events connected with the Franco-German war kept Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville almost constantly in London.

Mr. Gladstone's establishment in Carlton House Terrace was one of the simplest, and on my asking the boy, who represented the butler, whether Mr. Gladstone was alone, he said he was, but that there was a gentleman, who had given the name of Burnstorff, sitting in the hall. Now Count Bernstorff was at that time the German Ambassador.

Mr. Gladstone used constantly in those days to dine with Mr. James Stuart-Wortley, meeting there Count Streletsky, Sir Francis Doyle, and Sir David Dundas, and he often would dine with us, Lord Granville and his secretary, Bobsy Meade; and we went together to the play.

Irving was acting in the "Two Roses," in which some scriptural allusions occurred which very much disturbed Mr. Gladstone, so much so that he wrote to me the next morning with a suggestion that I should get the Press

to discountenance such allusions on the stage, and adding that, as he was in a "grumbling vein," he wished something could be done to mitigate the noise and vulgarity of a Lord Mayor's dinner.

He accompanied me to have tea with my brother Richard at St. Mary Magdalene's in Paddington, one Sunday evening, and afterwards attended the service, where he was deeply impressed with the mighty work my brother had accomplished there, all in one short, vigorous lifetime. To few men has it been given to have begun and completed so gigantic a task before the night came.

Directly we could get away we returned to Walmer, and on one lovely day Lord Granville was summoned to the Foreign Office, leaving with me the cipher in case anything of importance should arrive.

We were playing croquet in the afternoon, when a long telegram in cipher was put in my hands, and when Lady Granville and I began to translate it, we soon found it was full of chaff and nonsense, so we answered it in the same vein. Lord Granville arrived in time for dinner, not having received our reply. I was in terror lest our telegram should fall into the hands of Mr. Hammond, the Under-Secretary, who would consider any unauthorized use of the sacred cipher not less serious than the violation of the Ark. I set myself, however, to write a letter to Lord Granville, purporting to be Hammond's indignant remonstrance on opening the telegram, which he read out to Lady Granville; and so in those happy days we amused ourselves by jokes which pass in the hour.

As we were walking on the ramparts one evening after dinner we persuaded Mr. Gladstone to smoke a cigarette, but it was a terrible failure. Tobacco to him was an abomination.

Only once again did he attempt it, and this was an instance of his courtesy: for when the Prince of Wales

was dining with him and wished to smoke, he placed the Prince at his ease by, at any rate, lighting a cigarette.

From the time when a boy at Eton he persuaded a friend to throw away the accursed weed to the last days of his life he had a horror of it. In later years he accused me of smelling strongly of tobacco. "I don't wonder," I said, "for I have been sitting for half an hour in Sir William Harcourt's room." "Does Harcourt smoke?" he asked, in a voice of horror; "if so, he must be very careful always to change his clothes before he comes to me?"

If I recollect right, *Vanity Fair* had recently appeared with a caricature of Lord Granville standing at the table of the House of Lords with his hands joined as in prayer—a very common attitude of his, of which he said he was unaware. We then found that Mr. Cardwell, who was there, was equally unaware that in speaking he had a constant habit of walking one step up to the box on the table and then walking one step back; and that Mr. Gladstone did not know of his constant habit, in impassioned moments, of scratching the back of his head with the back of his right thumb before bringing his hand down with a thump on the papers on the table before him. He got so much into the practice of thumping the table that I was asked to speak to him of it. To speak to a man of a trick he has acquired is a task one gladly shuffles off onto somebody else's shoulders; so, on the occasion of a Sunday visit, I spoke to the Dean of Windsor on the subject—as one of his oldest and best friends. He at once undertook the thankless office, and Mr. Gladstone abandoned the habit. A few Sundays after, I was again at the Windsor Deanery, and thanked the dean for the hint which had borne such good fruit. He threw his hands up and said, "I entirely forgot all about it!"

Coming away from Walmer with Frederick Leveson-Gower, we found in the train at Deal Sir William Gull, with whom we conversed. He told me what in my ignorance I had never known before: that all animals that chew the cud rise on their hind-legs first, while all other animals rise first on their fore-legs. We then talked of the Siamese twins, and I wondered why they had not been allowed to die at their birth; from that I asked why people's lives which are only made up of suffering should be prolonged. Sir William said the line of medical men could never be drawn anywhere if it were not laid down that their absolute duty was always to save life.

Sir William Gull told me Lord Beaconsfield complained of always feeling ill at Hughenden after the session, and explained how it was the penalty of all hard-working men to be unwell when the strain of work abated—it was not peculiar to Lord Beaconsfield.

In September, Lord Northbrook was paying us a visit at Hill House, and amused our boys by drawing for them little pencil sketches of the turrets in the new ship *The Captain*, in which his second boy was a midddy. On the following morning we went up to London together, and to my sorrow, just after I had parted from him, I heard the terrible news of her total loss in the Bay of Biscay. I went to verify it at the Admiralty, and there heard that the news was true, and had already been communicated to poor Northbrook.

In December of this year, on returning from dinner at the Somertons', we found my mother's servant had come to tell me how ill she was; but, thank God, she did not suffer, but died, as she had wished, a very sudden death. Thank God, too, that I had been to see her that morning; it was pouring rain, and she stood at the window, as she always did, and said: "How good of you to come on such a day!"

She had borne my father's loss quietly, but felt it deeply. She said once to me: "You cannot think what a blank it is having no one to tell everything to." I was so often reminded of the touching, quaint old epitaph:

"He first deceased, she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died."

She was buried also at Chiswick—the best woman and the dearest mother that ever lived. I hope my children may recollect her, and her and my father's love for and kindness to them all.

My visit to Hawarden was put off, and Mr. Gladstone wrote:

"HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER, *December 8, 1870.*

"MY DEAR WEST,—There is something most touching, but also most soothing, in your mother's early departure to reunite a severed existence. I understand your grief, but I feel that the stroke has been made light and gentle.

"Gurdon would like to save you from any necessity of seeing people by going up: but pray do as you think best. I am sure his wish to join you is on this ground alone.

"We are very sorry that your visit here should drop. Pray consider whether you would let it come somewhat later.

"Glyn's uncertain health is also a subject of great regret.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

A clerkship at the table of the House of Commons falling vacant at this time, and Sir Erskine May having said he would like to have me there, the Speaker consulted Mr. Gladstone, who wrote the following letter:

"10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, *December 16, 1870.*

"MY DEAR MR. SPEAKER,—What I wished to say last night, had time permitted, involves no disparagement to Mr. — and will cause you no difficulty, nor should I have said it at all, had not your note given me so much invitation as almost to make it my duty not to withhold from your knowledge the name of any one whom I

might consider to be *eminently* fit. Such a person, I am inclined to think, you would find in Mr. Algernon West, one of my private secretaries. That I have no very selfish motive in naming him, you will readily believe. To take him from me would be like cutting off a hand. He entered the public service in 1851 ; and he has since had a large and varied experience in important private secretaryships. Halifax would tell you much about him. You will judge of the advantage possessed by Mr. — in Parliamentary knowledge.* I do not know him ; and it is not invidious if I say of West that, apart from position and direct experience within the establishment, I think his qualifications in all respects to be of a very high order. Especially I think he would excel almost all men in making the table acceptable by tact and by unwearied kindness. You will, however, I hope, consider this note not as a request, but as testimony. At least, if it be a request at all, it is only a request that, should you still be free, you will make West's qualifications a matter of inquiry.

“ W. E. GLADSTONE.

“ P.S.—You may wonder that I did not name Mr. West at once, but I was under the impression that Mr. — had more of a vested right from standing than appeared, when I looked to the list, to be the case.”

To my recollections of these times I may add an anecdote of an office-keeper in Downing Street—by name, Appleton—who had served I do not know how many Prime Ministers, and always used the old expression—meaning constantly—“ times and frequent.”

He was very careful of us ; and one day Sir George Campbell, who, as many members of the House of Commons recollect, had a very strident, loud, rasping voice, called on me to talk over the Land question, on which he was a great authority. After he had been in conversation about three minutes, Appleton appeared producing a card of an M.P. who, he said, was very anxious to see me. I said I was sorry to be engaged. In another minute he appeared with a card of a well-known peer, who was most anxious to have a word with me. Again I

said I was too busy to see him just then. In another minute he again came in with a huge card saying the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London wanted to speak to me very urgently in the next room. I apologized to Sir George, and went out to such great dignitaries. When I got out of the room, Appleton said to me: "There ain't nobody here, sir, but I was afraid a mad-man had been shown into you by mistake, and I wanted to warn you!"

Ranston, in Dorsetshire, was rented by Wolverton, and there we had many a happy visit, hunting occasionally with the Blackmoor Vale Hounds, and oftener with Lord Portman's in a far easier country. Willie Portman hunted them from Durweston, and provided horses for my wife, who delighted in these happy days. Whyte Melville was constantly there, and charmed us with his cheery talk. He was one of those delightful men who always studied to make people happy and self-satisfied. Many a time, both there and when he met me with Baron Rothschild's and Selby Lowndes' hounds, would he say a kind word about my riding and my hands and seat, which though undeserved, yet coming from him gave infinite satisfaction.

One evening he devoted himself to the curate's wife to such an extent that Wolverton remonstrated "What have I done?" said he. "It amused her, and kept my hand in."

Discussing his books, he told us how his publishers had hinted to him that in each of them he was saying the same thing over again in different language, but that he now had reached the time when he had got to telling the same thing in the same words.

He had a curious habit of always lighting a strong cigar, which he called a "roofer," directly he heard hounds giving tongue in covert. I asked him why.

“Partly,” he said, “because I really like it, and partly because it looks as if I was not in a funk, which I really am.”

I often met with him his great friend, Bob Grimston, in his broad-brimmed hat, with rosettes tied round his ears to keep them warm. He was a rabid Tory. Hunting one day with the baron, when he was chairman of W. H. Smith’s committee in the Westminster election, he said if he was beaten he would blow his brains out. And who knows whether that dogged old Tory would not have been as good as his word?

About this time I used occasionally to meet that famous horsewoman Mrs. Jack Villiers, who so fearlessly followed Jem Mason over the strongly fenced pastures of the Aylesbury Vale.

Before the year was over, Mr. Lowe, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, offered me the post of Treasury Remembrancer in Dublin, which I refused, though I was flattered by his thought of me.

CHAPTER XI

1871-1872

Proposal to Enter Parliament for Coventry on Sir Henry Bulwer's Elevation to the Peerage—Dinner at Edward Levy's—Sir Henry James's Quotation—Episodes of the Session—Visits to Nocton and Somerley—My Last Shooting-party—Tom Price's Appetite—The Prince of Wales's Illness—Sir William Bovill and the Forged Letter—Farewell Dinner to Lord Northbrook—Lord Dufferin's Appointment as Canadian Viceroy—Mrs. Norton—Disraeli and Mr. Brand—A Historic Chess-board—Sir John Rose and his Wife—Hooker and Ayrton—The "Collier Scandal"—Advantages of a Cabinet of Private Secretaries—My Appointment as Commissioner of Inland Revenue—Regret at Leaving Mr. Gladstone—His Appreciation—Tribute of the *Times*—Proposed History of the 1868 Government—Mr. Gladstone's Advice.

IN 1871 Sir Henry Bulwer, the younger brother of Lord Lytton, was raised to the Peerage as Lord Dalling, and consequently vacated his seat in the House of Commons.

I was talking to Mr. Gladstone at that time as to who would follow George Glyn as Whip when he succeeded to his father's title. Shortly afterwards, when I had returned to Downing Street, George came and proposed to me, from Mr. Gladstone, that I should go into Parliament for Coventry, which Sir Henry Bulwer would vacate, and succeed him as Whip. It did not take me a moment to see and say how the *res angusta domi* would make such an idea impossible; but it took many moments and many

days to put out of my head a proposal which, had it been practicable, would have given me and my wife the greatest pleasure—for Parliament then represented the height of my ambition.

On May 6th I dined at an interesting literary dinner at Edward Levy's, who was the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*. Among the guests were two men whom I was very glad to see—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and Wilkie Collins. Sir Henry James, who had not been very long in Parliament, was also there. On the previous Wednesday he had made an excellent speech on the question of female suffrage, in which he had told Mr. Gladstone, who I suppose he thought was coquetting with the subject, that fame had no present and popularity no future. Henry Calcraft was there, who did not know who Sir Henry James was, and in spite of my kicks under the table, found fault with the speech, saying that the speaker had cribbed a quotation from Southey and pretended it was his own. This was more than Sir Henry James could bear, and he told us, to Henry Calcraft's surprise, that he had not attempted to pass the quotation as his own, but had stated it was Southey's. He was very good-natured, however, about it, and we all parted the best of friends.

It had not been a happy session. Abolition of purchase in the Army, good in itself, had been carried by the very high-handed proceeding of a Royal Warrant. Mr. Lowe's Budget, which had great merits, had to be withdrawn. Nothing could be more astute than the means adopted to insure the defeat of his match tax. All the girls employed in the business were summarily dismissed from their employment, and were, by the manufacturers, put into vans, which formed a procession on the Embankment. People were always ready, without inquiry into facts, to take the sentimental view

of the question, and the tax was abandoned; indeed, it might be said that the Budget was withdrawn, and with it Mr. Bruce's admirable Licensing Bill, which succeeding generations have had bitter cause to regret.

We were interested and amused by the progress of the Tichborne trial, the Franco-German war was perpetually before us, and the cowardly horrors of the Commune were in full blast.

M. Thiers visited London and had an interview with Lord Granville, who after a time was struck by the absolute silence with which he received his remarks; but he found that, overcome with the fatigues of his journey, the old diplomatist was wrapped in a deep slumber, from which he was only awakened by a not altogether unintentional fall of the fire-irons.

It was at Nocton, in the early seventies, where for the last time I took part in a great *battue*. After dinner the head of game shot by each gun was brought into the dining-room. I hung my head as the numbers were read out, and determined never to shoot again. My case was not unlike what happened to Mr. Frank Sneyd, who was not very successful at pheasant-shooting, when he heard the head-keeper shouting out to his various subordinates: "No hens to be shot in these spinneys. You need not tell Mr. Sneyd." That, I believe, was his last day's shooting; and for reasons equally obvious I gave up the noble sport.

At Somerley we used constantly to meet Tom Price, a great friend of the Barrington family, a fine rider, and very greedy.

One day, eating a good dinner, he said: "This is my idea of heaven." "Yes," said a neighbor; "such a dinner as this, without money and without price!"

He always reminded me of the greedy man who, coming down-stairs in the morning before breakfast, said,

"Food has not passed my lips since last night, and to-morrow will be the third day." But he had many good qualities.

It was in December, 1871, that the Prince of Wales was seized with a severe attack of typhoid fever, and his death was expected from day to day. Mr. Gladstone was summoned to London, and I came up from Somerley, where I was staying, to meet him in the dull, dark days of a London winter. We anxiously waited for news, every moment expecting the Prince's death. He, however, happily recovered, and early in 1872 there was a great ceremony of thanksgiving in St. Paul's Cathedral, where, as Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber, I had to receive the Speaker of the House of Commons at the door and take him to his seat. I then stood by him and Mr. Gladstone, just in front of the royal pew.

The celebrated Tichborne case was proceeding in January, 1872, when Sir William Bovill, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in whose court it was being tried, wrote to me as follows :

SESSIONS HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, *January 15, 1872.*

"DEAR SIR,—The inclosed letter has every indication of being genuine, but before taking any notice of it I shall be glad to know from you by my messenger whether it is a genuine letter and bears your actual signature.

"Yours faithfully,

"WM. BOVILL.

"ALGERNON WEST, Esq.,

Secretary to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone."

"10 DOWNING STREET, *January 13, 1872.*

"SIR,—I this morning received directions from Mr. Gladstone, who is at present out of town, to communicate with you in reference to the protracted trial over which you preside. Mr. Gladstone says :

"In common with several of my colleagues, with whom I spoke on the subject when last in town, I have regarded with painful feelings the course of proceeding in the (Tichborne) case. The ad-

ministration of justice is a matter of great and common concern, and the process of obtaining justice ought to be cheap, easy, and effectual. Here the latter is so much the reverse that not only may a public scandal be caused at home, but we cannot fail to become a bye-word to all civilized nations.'

"Mr. Gladstone adds that he is aware you are not in any sense responsible for a state of things which is a blot upon our civil jurisprudence, but he thinks that an early and public expression of your and perhaps his opinion, from the high position you occupy, would tend to remedy a state of things which threatens to result in a virtual denial of justice; and that the resumption of the trial would be a not unfitting opportunity for this expression of opinion.

"I am to add that Mr. Gladstone would himself have written were he in town, as he desires this letter to be considered official.

"I have the honor to remain, Sir,

"Your very obedient servant,

"ALGERNON WEST.

"The Lord Chief Justice BOVILL."

I went down to Westminster Sessions House, and found that on the receipt of this very obvious forgery Sir William had summoned all the judges within reach, to consult on this unprecedented interference with the judicial bench. One of the learned judges, however, wiser than his fellows, suggested that it might possibly be better to inquire if the letter was really authentic before considering the grave constitutional question. Of course I said it was a forgery; but I was never able to discover its author, or how he succeeded in obtaining the Treasury official note-paper on which the letter was written. It was of Sir William that Sergeant Ballantine is reported to have said that "with a little more experience Bovill would be the worst judge on the bench."

In March General Ashburnham, a great friend of ours, whom we constantly met at Frognal, died.

I was anxious to get something at the sale of his furniture as a memento, and I chose an arm-chair which I pointed out to Lord Granville, who said it was unfortu-

nate, as he particularly wanted it; so I innocently gave way, and in the evening the chair arrived at our house, with a note from Lord Granville saying it was to be Horace's, as a recollection of his old friend "T. A."

In March, 1872, I got up a great farewell dinner to Lord Northbrook on his departure to India as Governor-General. It was held at the Buckingham Palace Hotel, and was an extraordinary success, Lord Dufferin proposing Lord Northbrook's health in language of exquisite felicity.

In April Lady Caroline Barrington was in charge of the Prince and Princess of Wales's children at Chiswick, and our children, Constance and Bill, went to stay there with them. We spent some evenings in that historical house, and saw the room in which Charles James Fox died.

About this time Lord Dufferin offered me, through my wife, the clerkship to the Council of the Duchy of Lancaster, which, after some consideration, I declined, as I felt that it would be too much of a backwater, and that my prospects of advancement would not be improved by accepting it.

Lord Dufferin wrote: "It is very vexatious to think that the one bit of patronage that I have ever had at my disposal, instead of going to a dear friend and one so eminently qualified to hold it, should fall into the possession of a stranger to me."

Just after this, Lord Dufferin went to Canada as Governor-General, to his great delight; and Mr. Gladstone became provisionally Chancellor of the Duchy.

It was in May that, dining at the Dufferins' before he started, we met for the last time the beautiful Mrs. Norton; but she was not alone in her beauty, for others of the Sheridan family were there (Lady Hermione and her lovely daughters) to enter into competition with her, with all the glorious advantages of youth.

On Mr. Denison's retirement from the Speakership, in 1872, Mr. Brand was elected. He had been Whip to the Liberal party for seven years, and was the most delightful and genial of men. When Mr. Disraeli was acquainted with the choice of the government, he is reported to have said: "I dare say he is a very good man, but I don't happen ever to have seen him."

The choice was soon justified, and Mr. Brand filled his high office with judgment and dignity. I once asked him if he had ever known or heard of money passing in our time for the vote of a member. He said: "No, never. The nearest approach to it I have ever known was our finding a suit of clothes for an M.P., who stated that without them he would not be able to attend the House at a critical division."

On Saturday, June 15th, a hot day, the Cabinet was summoned at eleven o'clock to await the decision of the Alabama Court from Geneva. After they had been waiting in vain for some hours, Lord Granville put his head into my room and said: "We shall inevitably quarrel if we are kept much longer waiting with nothing to do. Can you get me a chess-board?" I went down-stairs and found my daughter Constance had one, which I produced, and on which Mr. Forster and Lord Granville played for hours on the terrace, the rest looking on.

This is told in Forster's biography, and I am still the happy possessor of the historical chess-board. The Cabinet sat till dinner time, but the news never came till Sunday.

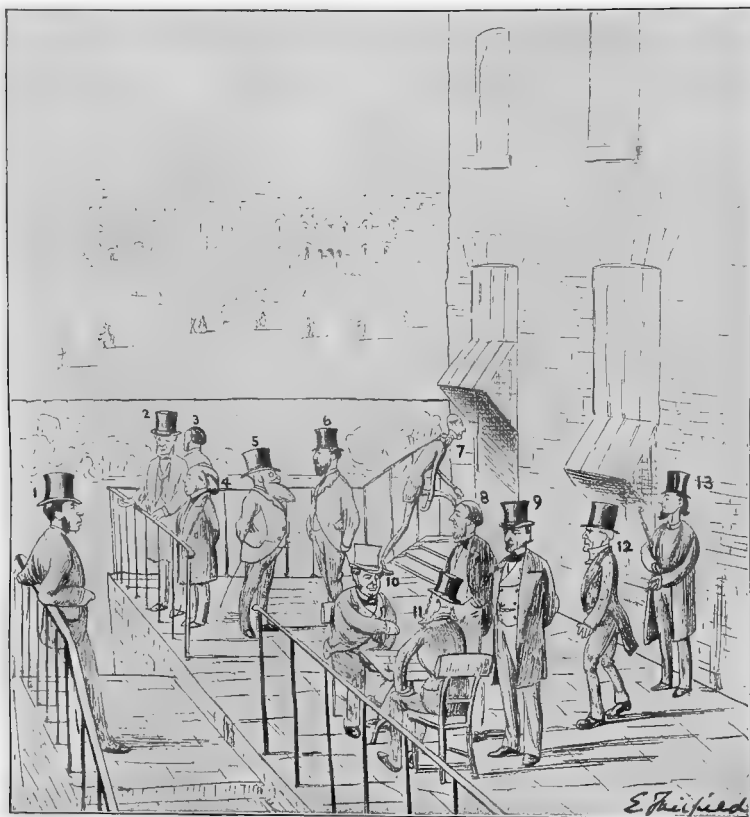
It was during the process of the Alabama difficulties that I made the acquaintance of Sir John Rose. He had had an interesting and varied career, having begun life as a local school-master in Canada, and had fought in the rebellion of 1837 as a volunteer, after which, having been called to the Bar in 1842, and practising at Montreal, he

became the leading authority in commercial law. Later on he was made Solicitor-General and Minister of Public Works, and in 1864 was appointed commissioner for the negotiation of the Oregon Claims. In 1869 he was made special commissioner in connection with the Alabama Claims, and assisted in the settlement happily effected by the Washington treaty of 1870.

While the latter negotiations were going on we were in constant confidential communication, and the acquaintance then formed with Sir John and Lady Rose ripened into a friendship only ending with their deaths, which, curiously enough, were both very sudden. I was out driving with her at Loseley only a few days before she died; and on the very day, some years later, that I received a letter from him, begging me to join him in Scotland, came the news of his death, which occurred while stalking in the Duke of Portland's forest at Langwell. There was no pain to him in his death; that was reserved to us, for a better or kinder friend never lived. Dr. Quain told us afterwards that he had a weak heart, and should not have gone out stalking. He was buried in the cemetery at Guildford, and laid by the side of his wife, many of his friends following him to the grave with aching hearts. As for Lady Rose, I have in a long life met many women I thought clever, but never one so clever as she was, or with such a genius for society.

One evening after dinner we went into their drawing-room at Loseley, the ceiling of which was decorated with a cockatrice on each panel. "I don't know," said Welby, "what a cockatrice is." "I little thought," I said, "that a *gourmet* like you would avow your ignorance of the existence of a 'poulet au riz.'"

In this year there was published a scurrilous pamphlet entitled *What Does She Do With It?* by "Solomon Temple," reflecting on the Queen and the Civil List. It was



WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

1. MR. GOSCHEN.
2. MR. CARDWELL.
3. MR. H. A. BRUCE.
4. DUKE OF ARGYLL.
5. MARQUESS OF RIPON.
6. MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON.
7. VISCOUNT HALIFAX.

8. EARL OF KIMBERLEY.
9. MR. GLADSTONE.
10. EARL GRANVILLE.
11. MR. W. E. FORSTER.
12. LORD HATHERLEY.
13. MR. STANSFELD.

supposed to have been written anonymously by some one in a high position, and I had a great deal of work in connection with answering all the charges made; but the answer was complete.

I was also concerned in some very complicated negotiations between Mr. Hooker, the Director of Kew Gardens, and Mr. Ayrton, the First Commissioner of Works, who had quarrelled. Ayrton had an evil tongue, but I confess that I thought him the more reasonable man of the two. He was complimentary to me in the House of Commons when the subject was discussed; and on Mr. Bernal Osborne sneering at my attempt to make peace, Mr. Gladstone spoke most eulogistically of the part I had taken in the matter.

Before the session was over arose what was unfairly called the Collier scandal, for which Mr. Gladstone could only justly be blamed as a consenting party.

In a previous session a Bill had been passed by which it was enacted that no one should be appointed a Lord of Appeal without having first served as a Judge in the Common Pleas.

It was proposed now that Sir Robert Collier should be passed *straight* through the Common Pleas, thus complying with the letter of the law only.

I foresaw that Mr. Gladstone would suffer heavily if this were done; and though it was no particular business of mine, I implored George Glyn to interpose. He only said: "I suppose you know better than Mr. Gladstone." "Well, at any rate," I answered, "I am what Sydney Smith used to call a 'good foolometer.'" And I went up and argued the case with Mr. Gladstone, who was most kind and attentive, but did not see it with my eyes, and the most was made of what was not a scandal but a grave error. It had not even the elements of a job in it, for Sir Robert Collier was a great loss to the govern-

ment as a law adviser, and the seat he held was lost to the Liberal party.

Then followed another mistake, which was naturally taken advantage of by the Opposition: Mr. Harvey, a Cambridge man, was appointed to the rectory of Ewelme. The statutes laid down that the rector must be a member of the Oxford Convocation, but he had been educated at Cambridge, and was only subsequently made a member of the Oxford Convocation to satisfy the statute.

These two events, small in themselves, did enormous damage to the government.

Bobsy Meade used humorously to say that if everything were submitted to a cabinet of private secretaries, most of the blunders committed by government would be avoided. Of course he said it jokingly, but in the joke lay some truth on the principle that "onlookers see most of the game."

One evening in August we had been dining, as we often did, in the garden of Downing Street, and were standing on the terrace when Mr. Gladstone told me that he proposed to appoint me in poor Sir Alexander Duff-Gordon's place to a commissionership of Inland Revenue. As public speakers say, it was "with very mingled feelings" that I received the announcement. It was a very sad moment to feel that my private secretaryship was drawing to a close. Next to being in the Cabinet, to be private secretary to a great leader like Mr. Gladstone is, in my opinion, the most desirable of offices—provided the private secretary enjoys, as I am happy to say I did, the absolute confidence of his master. No one ever before had one so kind, so trusting, and so generous—I will not say considerate in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but thoroughly appreciative: he worked hard himself and always expected that those under him should do so too.

After nearly four years of delightful and confidential intercourse with the greatest man of this or probably any other age, the end was indeed inexpressibly sad. During that time he had always let me talk to him freely on every subject. He had argued matters with me often as an equal, with great earnestness, yet, with all his knowledge and experience, modestly, and ever ready to make allowances for the many shortcomings with which I must often have tried him. And yet throughout that period I never knew him lose his temper, and cannot recollect a hard thing he ever spoke of his bitterest opponents, or even of friends who deserted and vilified the man upon whom they had fawned, though he had covered them with honors and titles.

I lay the flattering unction to my soul that he was a little sorry too, for he wrote to her Majesty as follows:

“Mr. West obtains a well-deserved reward for much arduous labor admirably performed; but the office he takes is a working one and absolutely requires the surrender of the private secretaryship, to Mr. Gladstone’s great concern and not small embarrassment.”

The *Times* also commented on my appointment in the following appreciative terms:

“None who do not know can form an adequate idea of the responsibility necessarily thrown upon the private secretary of a Cabinet Minister, or the anxiety and labor the office entails; the salary would not repay a second-class clerk in a great mercantile establishment, and until a proper provision is made for this highest kind of confidential service, such appointments as that now conferred upon Mr. Algernon West must be regarded as only a tardy repayment for good and hard work insufficiently rewarded.”

Towards the end of the session I asked Mr. Gladstone to look through a history I had written of Sir Charles

Wood's Indian administration; and sought his opinion as to whether I should make an attempt to write something on the same lines about the 1868 government.

He promised to read it and tell me what he thought, a promise which he fulfilled in the following letter:

“HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER, *August 21, 1872.*”

“MY DEAR WEST,—I have read your book on Lord Halifax's Indian administration with great interest, and I am indebted to it not only for much information, but for a far fuller and greater view of his merits as an Indian Minister.

“Your question to me, I think, was whether I thought (after reading it) that you were competent to write a narrative of the principal proceedings of the present government—or of its Irish legislation. Correct me if I do not report your inquiry accurately.

“I should answer without doubt in the affirmative. But I think there is one danger against which you would require to be more on your guard than was necessary in dealing with the unimpassioned question of India. You would have to expel from your mind for the time the spirit of sympathy and friendship and to place everything as far as possible in an abundance of daylight. The danger I refer to besets you not as A. E. W., but as a contemporary writer. These narratives close on the heels of the event are very difficult, though not impossible. If you succeeded in your second task as well as in the first, it would do you much honor.

“Yours sincerely,

“W. E. GLADSTONE.”

CHAPTER XII

MR. GLADSTONE

AND so the time was come when I should have to leave the great Prime Minister who was "not in the roll with common men"—who had won success almost from his cradle; at three years old, as he often told me, he had babbled out a few lisping words standing on his father's dining-table, on the occasion of Mr. Canning's successful election for Liverpool in 1812. At Eton, the friend of Lord Canning, Milnes Gaskell, Hope Scott, Gerald Wellesley, and Arthur Hallam, he had foreshadowed his future career; at Oxford, in competition with a larger body of distinguished men, he had taken the highest honors; when only twenty-three years of age he had entered Parliament on the Duke of Newcastle's recommendation, and after a hard fight had reconquered for the Tory party the borough of Newark. He soon attracted more attention than usually falls to the lot of the young members of the House of Commons, and Mrs. Gladstone told me of a letter written by William IV. to Lord Althorp and published in his *Life*, in which the King had noticed and admired an early speech of her husband's.

In Peel's great government of 1841, Mr. Gladstone, who had been a Junior Lord of the Treasury in 1834-35, became Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and was informed by the Prime Minister that he would learn everything connected with the business of his department

from the President, from whom, Mr. Gladstone has frequently told me, he learned absolutely nothing; but from his own application and labor he learned much, and among other things the blessings likely to accrue to the country by the abolition of protective duties on corn.

At the Board of Trade some Chinese despatches came before him, in which the Prime Minister of that country argued that foreign ships should not be admitted to Chinese waters; but, he added, "some of these ships conveyed corn, and it would be madness to exclude what would cheapen the food of the people from their ports." And these words of Oriental wisdom had influenced Mr. Gladstone's mind in the direction of free-trade.

In 1843 he first entered the Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade, a position which he resigned in 1845 on the Maynooth question, Disraeli declaring that his career was over. With advancing years, we learn, too late perhaps, the folly of all, particularly political, prophecies.

In September of 1845 Mr. Gladstone—who had vacated his seat for Newark, disagreeing on the question of free-trade with the personage then called the Patron of the Borough, the Duke of Newcastle—re-entered the Cabinet as Secretary of State for the Colonies without a seat in Parliament.

In 1847 he had become member for the University of Oxford.

He was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the governments of Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston, at whose death he had led the House of Commons; he had shown himself to be an accomplished orator: the mellowness and modulation of his voice, tinged with the slight Lancashire burr which never deserted him, had already delighted and fascinated the House of Commons.

Lord Macaulay has told us how in the early morning, when Mr. Disraeli, having replied at the close of the de-

bate on the Budget of 1852, sat down, "one greater than he arose—Mr. Gladstone bounded on the floor amid a storm of cheers such as the walls of Parliament had never heard. His oration in a single day doubled his influence in Parliament and his popularity in the country"—all this was known to the veriest tyro in political knowledge; but, notwithstanding his great reputation, all his successes, and all his triumphs, he was still in 1868 looked upon by those who belonged to what were then called "the governing families" of the country, with the notable exception of Lord Granville, and perhaps Lord Russell, as an "outsider," so to speak. I recollect one of them saying to me: "He is a wonderful man, no doubt; but so is a Japanese conjurer."

A great Yorkshire squire described him in hunting slang as "not having been bred in their kennel."

"If Mr. Gladstone," wrote a Whig magnate, "thinks he can lead the House of Commons with the force of the millions without the good-will of the ten thousand, he will find his mistake."

Mr. Bagehot, a keen political observer, had said it was impossible to calculate what his future course would be. His great Budget had been described by an old Whig as "Oxford on the surface, and Liverpool below."

The Tories feared and hated him: the Church, with a few notable exceptions, opposed him: Oxford University had thrust him out; the old Whig party had not forgotten his opposition in past years; the Nonconformists disliked his Church views. Even in his financial triumph of 1860 they of his own household were opposed to him. The readers of Greville's *Memoirs* will recollect how "Clarendon shook his head, and pronounced against the French treaty, and the *Times* thundered against it." Lord Palmerston and Sir George Cornwall Lewis were always secretly, when not openly, opposed to him

on matters of finance. Charles Greville, himself no mean representative of the governing families, described him in 1860 as having "a fervent imagination which furnishes facts and arguments in support of them: he is an audacious innovator because he has an insatiable desire for popularity, and in his notions of government he is a far more sincere Republican than Bright, for his ungratified personal vanity makes him wish to subvert the institutions and the classes that stand in the way of his ambition."

And yet so overwhelming was his personality and his force that he was in 1868, by the voice of the people, chosen to be Prime Minister by an enormous majority of the votes of his countrymen. As John Morley tells us, Dr. Johnson said of the elder Pitt, "he was a Minister given by the people to the King," and rarely as, we are told, it happens, "Parliamentary life admitted the autocratic supremacy of his original intellect." If this be true, Mr. Gladstone was only reaching his zenith at nearly sixty years of age; and at the time of his becoming the most powerful Prime Minister of our day, I had had the rare good fortune to be associated with him, and had the opportunity, at any rate, of seeing behind the veil of his wonderful and subtle character. From that hour there remained, and will ever remain with me, an intense love and admiration of his enormous powers, of his marvellous memory, of his splendid oratory, of his personal kindness, and of his touching modesty.

It was soon after my first acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone that he told me how impossible it was for a Minister and his secretary adequately to perform their respective duties unless there was established between them such an absolute confidence as in a happy domestic life should exist between a man and his wife. I hope I have never betrayed that confidence which he so fully

bestowed on me, and which extended to the last days of his existence. After all the long years of close intimacy, private and official, I have never felt capable of adequately depicting a hundredth part of his complex character, so great and so vast that to understand it is necessary to divide it.

Through every phase, in every action and every thought was abundantly apparent a deep sense of religion; indeed, it was to his life what the Nile is to Egypt, what sunshine is to the world.

“Languor was not in his heart,
Weakness was not in his word,
Weariness not on his brow.”

He was possessed of an imperious vitality, and what Burke called a “quadrumanous activity” which penetrated into every office of the state; and through it all stood out his old conservatism in the truest sense of the word: his devotion to old traditions and constitutional forms; his loyalty to the Crown; while with this devotion was joined a courtesy most reverential to the Queen, and an affection for the royal family which was most touching. The world perhaps does not know that it was largely owing to his negotiations as leader of the Liberal party that the royal grants were so satisfactorily arranged in the House of Commons in 1889.

William Gurdon, who had been my colleague and knew him well, said that he approached every new question, first from a Tory point of view, and after some consideration would come round to see it from a Liberal point of view. Even in small details his conservatism was apparent. George Lefevre once told me that when, as First Commissioner of Works, he put before Mr. Gladstone his plan for the widening of Parliament Street, the latter deprecated very strongly the destruction of King

Street, simply because it was an ancient landmark of London, and should be preserved for that reason.

It has been said and repeated a hundred times that Lord Beaconsfield understood men, but that Mr. Gladstone understood mankind; as Monckton Milnes said of the first: “Knew not mankind, but keenly knew all men”; and of the latter: “Knew naught of men, but knew and loved mankind.”

I have my own doubts as to the truth of this generally accepted proposition, for from numberless conversations with him I was able to see how shrewd was his criticism and appreciation of public men. He always, I admit, took the highest view that was possible, and believed in them till he was persuaded to the contrary.

Talking on this subject long after his departure from the Liberal party, Mr. Chamberlain said Mr. Gladstone was no judge of men; but then he generously added: “When a man is on a high eminence he looks down and sees men moving below him, but from his great height he does not distinguish between those that are tall and those of lesser stature.”

As an instance of his Parliamentary intuition and judgment of character I may notice that when the game of obstruction began to be practised in the House of Commons by some of the Tory left wing, a friend walking home with Mr. Gladstone asked him if he did not think it very serious.

“Not at present,” he said; “for these obstructionists are all *au fond* gentlemen, and will not press it to extremity; but their example may be followed in the future by less scrupulous men, and then it may become dangerous.”

It was an intuition that made him select Sir Stafford Northcote, then an unknown man, as his private secretary, and he was the first to introduce him into Par-

liament as member for Dudley, a seat then controlled by Lord Ward, a Peelite.

He was also the first to appreciate the budding qualities of Lord Randolph Churchill, while five of the most successful and prominent politicians¹ of the present day were all introduced into high office by Mr. Gladstone.

Lords Hampden and Peel, as Speakers, testify to his keen discernment of their qualifications; while among permanent officials I may surely point to Sir Robert Herbert, Sir Arthur Godley, and Mr. Theodore Walrond, who were all brought into the Civil Service by him, and to Lord Lingen and Lord Welby, who were both placed in the highest positions by his selection.

To say that Mr. Disraeli—who at once fascinated and delighted the Court and the populace with his idea of an Empress of India; who at the time of the Treaty of Berlin tickled the imagination of the people with visions of Oriental imperialism; who became the most popular Minister of the century, and almost its idol—was ignorant of mankind, seems to me to be almost grotesque.

Mr. Gladstone has been accused of being intolerant of those who differed from him, and of brushing aside with an energy approaching to rudeness objections made to his own plans. This may have been quite true, when his mind was once definitely made up; but I have never known a man who, while any matter was being discussed, was so patient in hearing and sifting objections to the bottom until he thought the truth was reached. And then he had a splendid boldness in dashing difficulties aside, thus following Lord Bacon's advice .. that in council it is good to see dangers—in execution not to see them. He acted on the famous maxim that

¹ Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. John Morley.

a statesman should doubt to the last, and then act as if he had never doubted. In the hour of action he was like a great commander who, having matured plans after careful consideration, sees before him his enemy's citadel which he means to take, and becomes regardless and even scornful of timid counsels and timid advisers who point out to him ambuscades and obstacles which he means to, and does, overcome.

The comparison holds good in another aspect. Like many political personages, he has been accused of being heartless. Would not that criticism equally hold good in the case of any great and successful general who in the fury of the battle sees his comrades shot down by his side, but has no time to waste in idle lamentations; indeed, he envies them the glorious opportunity of laying down their lives in the service of their country?

My own belief is that Mr. Gladstone early realized the fact that "life has nobler uses than regret." He believed that in every step he took throughout his career he had acted to the best of his abilities, and that there was no time to waste on idle retrospections.

His aim and work lay before him; and, like Colonel Hay's hero,

"He saw his duty a straight, sure thing,
And went for it there and then."

He was

"One who never turned his back; but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

The intense-enthusiasm with which he entered into the subject and the object of the moment was apt to dim, if not obliterate, the little loves and affections which

crowd the life of smaller men. The execution of his great work was the one thing in his eyes, and the instruments and tools he used were dearer to him than anything else; and the men associated with him at the moment were always greater than the men who had passed away. He became absorbed in the task, whatever it might be, which he had set himself to do; he was not one of those who, having put their hand to the plough, knew what it was to turn back.

Mr. Lowe said to a friend of mine: "Gladstone possesses no ideas—his ideas possess him."

He would strongly condemn what he thought wrong, but he never imputed a bad motive to any one, and his masterful temper was singularly combined with a proud modesty, which led him to shrink from any honor conferred upon himself; for here was the greatest Prime Minister of his day, who had created Dukes and Marquises, Earls and Viscounts, and Barons galore, who had showered Garters and Ribbons and Stars, who had bestowed Archbishoprics and Bishoprics, Viceroyalties, and Secretaryships of State—a commoner, without any title and without any rank.

We all know how, among the decorated statesmen who formed the dazzling assembly in Vienna, Talleyrand remarked of Lord Castlereagh, who attended the conference without any decoration: "*Il est bien distingué.*" And so it was with Mr. Gladstone, he was *bien distingué*. As Macaulay said of Hampden: "He was one of those great commoners whose plain prefix of 'Mr.' has to our ears a more majestic sound than the proudest of the feudal titles."

Genius has been described in a thousand ways; but his genius it was to raise everything he touched to a higher level, and to leave the impress of his intellect on every person and every subject with whom he came in contact.

The late Lord Dalhousie, for whom Mr. Gladstone entertained a great affection, said to me that he had done infinite harm to him and his contemporaries by establishing a level so high as to make it impossible of attainment; yet I am sure he was the last man who would have wished "to pare the mountain to the plain."

Though Mr. Gladstone was consumed with a devouring passion for liberty throughout the world—from the moment when in opening the doors of the dungeons to the Neapolitan prisoners he struck the first note of Italian independence, to the last moment of his life when he vainly raised his voice in behalf of the oppressed and murdered Armenians: foreign politics could rarely distract his attention from the more engrossing subjects of domestic and more especially financial importance; and so far did this distaste permeate his character that he was often lacking in sufficient appreciation of the heroic deeds of our sailors and soldiers, which fascinate at all times and seasons the belligerent imaginations of the most peaceful of Englishmen.

Mr. Gladstone's liberality, little heard of, while never exceeding the bounds of his income, was very great, and was curiously accompanied by his love of small economies—his determination to have the proper discount taken off the price of his second-hand books, his horror of a wasted half-sheet of note-paper, which almost equalled his detestation of a wasted minute; for his arrangement of every hour of the day, and for the occupation of that hour, was extraordinary. There was never in his busy life an idle dawdle by the fire after luncheon, or a doze over a novel before dinner. Sauntering, as Lord Rosebery said, was an impossibility to him—mentally or physically; a walk meant four miles an hour sharp, and I remember his regretting the day when he could only go up the Duke of York's steps

two at a time. When about to travel he would carefully pack his own despatch-box, so that the book or paper he was reading was uppermost and ready at a moment's notice to his hand.

In the ordinary acceptance of the phrase, Mr. Gladstone might be described as wanting in humor, but he certainly was not deficient in the rapier-like skill which he employed in the brightest of badinage (or may I call it chaff?) in the House of Commons.

If he was not ready to appreciate the fleeting witticisms which float around society, there were simple stories which he would tell and laugh at with a childlike enjoyment.

Two contradictory anecdotes of his humor and his want of appreciation of a joke occur to me.

"Look," he said to his colleagues on the Bench, "at those two men; which is the uglier?" They gave their opinion.

"No," said he; "you do not approach the question from the proper point. If you were to magnify your man he would, on a colossal scale, become dignified and even imposing; but my man, the more you magnified him the meaner he would become."

The Admiralty got into a great scrape by sending a condemned transport called the *Megara* to sea in spite of a report of unseaworthiness; she sprang a leak and was beached.

During the debate which arose on it, Mr. Goschen, then First Lord of the Admiralty, tried to justify himself by emphasizing the fact that the leak was very small.

Lord Young, who was Lord Advocate at the time, sitting next Mr. Lowe, said: "It is lucky it is a little one, because he'll have to swallow it."

Lowe repeated it to Mr. Gladstone, who never smiled,

and evidently showed his want of appreciation of the joke, or disapproval of its frivolity at such a moment.

As a talker, he would pour out floods of information and eloquence, even on small points, probing deeper than anybody could desire into the origin of every subject, illustrating Joubert's axiom: "To occupy ourselves with little^e things as with great, to be as fit and ready for the one as for the other, is not weakness and littleness, but power and sufficiency." But he would frequently become too much absorbed in the question to possess the gift of the conversationalist, whose highest art it is to give and take, and toss the ball to and fro lightly across the table, and be "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

The subject was never difficult to find; whatever it was, he was prepared fully to dilate on its minutest details.

Nothing demonstrated his modesty more than his criticism of sermons. It was constantly my lot to go to church with him, and I only once recollect his criticising adversely, as we lesser men habitually do, the sermon that he heard.

"A very notable sermon," he would say to me; or, "A very remarkable reference that he made to Isaiah," and so on. Once only, coming away from the Chapel Royal, he exclaimed against a very beautiful sermon of Mr. White's of the Savoy, "because," he said, "he has excited my brain by his quotations, and given me anything but the rest which is what I want and expect to find in church."

Mr. Gladstone never omitted attending service twice every Sunday, and used always to hold me in small repute in being, as he termed it, a "one-cer."

Lord Rosebery, in his *Life of Pitt*, tells us of a discussion which took place as to the quality most required in

a statesman. One said eloquence ; one knowledge ; one toil ; and Pitt said patience.

Surely Mr. Gladstone was endowed with all these qualities, but the fairy that presided at his birth denied him the gift of proportion.

He would often use the strength of a steam-hammer to break a nut ; he would treat a stupid interruption in a debate by an insignificant member of Parliament as solemnly as a weighty argument from a distinguished opponent ; he would compare Lord Althorp to Oliver Cromwell, and I am not sure that he would not give the pre-eminence to the former.

I never feared to approach and even to remonstrate with him on any important subject, but I was terrified at the look and words of intense annoyance which were sure to be elicited by some silly little request from an ardent admirer to put his signature to a photograph or a book.

Sir Edward Hamilton, in his excellent monograph on Mr. Gladstone, talks of his credulity, and he certainly possessed an extraordinary gift of believing, and sincerely believing, what he wanted to believe. Indeed, the secret of his success was largely owing to his moral earnestness. This was the power by which, more even than by his oratory or his intellect, he swayed the masses of his fellow-countrymen.

Nobody could come within reach of him without feeling that he was profoundly penetrated himself with the truth of everything he said.

In 1875, when he had temporarily resigned the leadership of the Liberal party to Lord Hartington, Mrs. Neville Lyttelton told me he was dining on Sunday with Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, in a state of spirits almost childish, for I suppose he really thought at the moment that he had retired from active politics. He told her how he had attended service in the Chapel Royal, probably for

the last time, as he connected it with Parliamentary life, and he felt inclined to say, coming out of the door:

“Good-bye, church; good-bye, steeple;
Good-bye, parson; good-bye people.”

A lady who lived at East Sheen recollected about that time his going down to Lord Leven’s and rolling down a grass bank, in the very abandonment of his joy.

Indeed, he always believed in his retirement. Long before that came he said to a neighbor at dinner: “My great wish is to be out of all the strife. At my age I ought to be one of those ‘whose faces are set towards Zion, and who go up thither’; this is only a preparatory school—only a preparatory school.”

M. des Jardins, at the annual meeting of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in Paris, said:

“Mr. Gladstone might have sat here at his choice among our philosophers, our historians, our jurists, our economists, or our moralists. He summed up in his person all the moral sciences; better still, he carried out the doctrines which he professed. Even while in office he knew how, if necessary, to set the right of mankind above British interests.”

To this I may add, without fear of contradiction, that he was a scholar, financier, theologian, administrator, and orator of the highest order; unrivalled as a Parliamentary tactician, while one of his chief claims to the admiration of posterity will be that he was able at will to excite the enthusiasm, rouse the sympathies, and call forth the love and the hatred, both alike passionate, of his fellow-countrymen.

That Mr. Gladstone’s political life has been advantageous to our country I cannot doubt, but posterity alone can decide; of this, however, I am sure, that it will be “counted to him for righteousness,” for it is the struggle and not the victory that constitutes the glory of noble hearts.

CHAPTER XIII

1872-1875

Chesterfield Street in 1872 : Historical Associations—Watts's Studio: the Cosmopolitan Club—The Board of Inland Revenue: Herries and Stephenson—Visit to Paris: Traces of the Siege—Visit to Studley in January, 1873—Dick Doyle—Deaths of Bishop Wilberforce and Lord Westbury—Royal Commission on Judicial Establishments—First Visit to Hawarden—Mr. Gladstone and Tree-felling—Sir Frederick Abel's Experiment—Mr. Gladstone on the Extravagance of the Indian Council—His Defeat on the Irish Education Bill—The Election of 1874—Retrospect of the Government of 1868-1874—Fire at the Pantechnicon—Froude and Kingsley—Holidays at Datchet—Lord Granville on Landscape Gardening—Death of Lady Caroline Barrington—Residence at Wimbledon and Fairmile Common.

IN 1872 we took up our abode in Chesterfield Street, still charming, though not the Chesterfield Street of my earliest recollections, with Chesterfield House peopled by the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn and their beautiful daughters; the house, as Lord Chesterfield called it, of canonical pillars, which were brought from Canons, the seat of the Duke of Buckingham, near Edgware, but now, in the miserable greed for money, shorn of its lovely garden and its ancestral rookery. At the corner was the house where the great Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, breathed his last, and where Becky Sharp was found on that unlucky night by poor Rawdon Crawley in the arms of Lord Steyne. There, too, is what I have always rightly or wrongly imagined to be Thackeray's Lady Whittle-

sea's Chapel, where Charles Honeyman preached in the morning, and coughed in the afternoon "for the women like a consumptive parson." At any rate, it has its historical reminiscences; for, if it is not the building, it is the spot on which the chapel stood where the Duke of Hamilton married the beautiful Miss Gunning at midnight. The historical Misses Berry's house, No. 8, is still as it was in the days when their salon was famous, and their drawing-rooms crowded with the most brilliant society of London. Chesterfield Street itself was where Beau Brummel lived, the famous dandy of the Regent's time; and later on was the abode of another dandy, with none of the faults of his predecessor, Alfred Montgomery, who, unlike Brummel, accumulated friends as he advanced in years, and whose death was bitterly regretted by them all.

There at the corner is Watts's old studio, one of the great walls of which is covered with a life-size fresco taken from a story of Boccaccio's (*The Spectre Huntsman*); where a nude young woman, as a punishment for having jilted her lover, is pursued by furies and wild dogs, he to whom she had behaved so badly in her life bringing a party of friends to see the fate of this poor hunted girl. The room is now the abode of the Cosmopolitan Club, and it was a standing joke of Stirling-Maxwell's to say to any inquirer into the subject of the picture, "You have no doubt heard of Watts's hymns; that is one of his *hers*."

It is a remarkable club, which originally, in 1851, met in Robert Morier's rooms in Bond Street. The original list of members contained the names of Robert Lowe, Layard, Harcourt, Watts, Ruskin, Venables, Brookfield, Spedding, Palgrave, H. Phillips, and Arthur Russell; it meets only on Wednesdays and Sunday nights, when painters and politicians, officials, soldiers,

and literary men assemble for a talk and a friendly pipe.

Visions of departed evenings rise in my recollection—when I have seen Alfred Wigan delight us all with his impersonation of the strong man or the bounding brick of Babylon, and Julian Fane give us wonderful impersonations of Rachel in her famous rôle of Adrienne Lecouvreur. There I saw Motley, Millais, Monckton Milnes, whom Carlyle called “The Perpetual President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society,” and heard Tom Taylor tell us how in his drive into London from Clapham he had been told by the omnibus driver, “It seems to me, sir, that society’s pretty well nigh at a end in Paris.” “How so?” said Taylor. “Well,” he continued, “I was reading in the paper last night that they were making barricades of omnibuses, and I thinks to myself, when they do that society’s pretty well nigh at a end.”

It was on his return from this club that Mr. Bonteen was murdered in Lansdowne Passage in Trollope’s novel of *Phineas Redux*.

Here I have seen Tom Hughes of Rugby renown smoking his old pipe, and George Barrington his cigarette; Laurence Oliphant, just back from the Lake of Tiberias; Browning and Tennyson, between whom no spark of jealousy existed; and Thackeray, who never took in the spirit of the place when he said, “Here everybody is, or is supposed to be, a celebrity. Nobody ever says anything worth hearing, and everybody goes there at midnight with a white choker, to appear as if he had been dining with the aristocracy.”

These are to the present generation only ghosts—*simulacra*. On what shore tarry they now?

In August, 1872, I took my seat at the Board of Inland Revenue, consisting then of Sir William Stephenson,

chairman; Mr., afterwards Sir Charles Herries, deputy chairman (son of the former Chancellor of the Exchequer); Mr. Alfred Montgomery and Mr. Roberts, commissioners; but it was conceded that I might continue to assist Mr. Gladstone till the end of the session, or at any rate till my successor was appointed. It was ultimately decided that Frederick Cavendish should undertake the office.

Sir W. Stephenson at once told me that I held an office where it was possible to do very little or a great deal. He recommended the latter course, and I soon found that he and Herries provided me with every possible opportunity of learning my work. Two better men were never yoked together in the management of a great department; Sir William Stephenson's calm judgment, cool temper, and good sense made him an admirable chairman; while Herries, a scholar, a lover of detail, and a beautiful writer, supplied all that the chairman lacked.

In October my wife and I went for a short holiday to Paris, where we were to meet Sir Reginald Welby, and to see what appeared to us to be the wrecked remains of that City of Pleasure. While there we drove to the Pont de Neuilly and back through the Bois, contemplating the ruins and desolation of the siege and the Commune. Nearly all the houses were destroyed, though new ones were rapidly rising from the ruins. All the fine trees in the Bois near Paris had been cut down.

We saw Desclée at the Gymnase, and "Rabagas," a skit on Gambetta, and Sardou's "Patrie." Welby was a wonderful guide over the battle-fields of the Marne. One day, after having breakfasted at the Pavillon Henri Quatre at St.-Germain, we walked on the terrace where the German Emperor and his staff were standing when a shot, fired from Mont-Valérien, struck the wall below their feet. We went to St.-Cloud in a carriage, the

driver being dressed in the old postilion fashion; here the demolition was terrible; we saw a wall, all that was standing of a house, and a bird-cage pathetically hanging on it still. In one house over the door was an unexploded shell stuck fast in the plaster. In the Rue du Bac and the Palais Royal and the Hôtel de Ville were terrible evidences of what Paris had suffered. Another day we visited Versailles, breakfasting at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, and visiting the Palais, where, in the Galerie des Glaces, the King of Prussia had been declared Emperor. Passing by the Préfecture, we saw Thiers coming out for his afternoon drive, the only occasion on which I had ever seen him. M. Thiers, by the way, once met an old college friend, who said, "Well, what have you been doing since we parted?" "J'ai été ministre," said Thiers. "Protestant?" queried his friend. Such is fame.

I had some revenue business to transact with the Governor of the Bank of France, the Vicomte de Pleurac, and much regretted the inadequacy of my French, but consoled myself with the thought that, bad though it might be, the Vicomte could not speak a word of English.

When I was Mr. Gladstone's secretary and living in Downing Street, my name was put on the list of those who had the privilege of driving down Constitution Hill. Soon after the Tory accession my wife was stopped by the park-keeper and told that our name was removed from the list by the Home Secretary without any communication with us, which was a strong order. We mentioned this to Sir Thomas Biddulph, the Queen's Privy Purse, and shortly after had the pleasure of receiving a notification from the Home Secretary that he had received her Majesty's orders to grant us the right during life.

In the end of January, 1873, we joined a large party at Studley for the coming of age of Lord de Grey. There was nothing approaching to architectural beauty in the house, but there was a fine ball-room; and, as all the world knows, within a mile of it is the most glorious ruin in England—Fountains Abbey. Close to it is a beautiful old house, so beautiful that one marvels at the curious taste that could build in its vicinity a house like the one that glories in the name of Studley Royal.

The party was a great success, and the host and hostess, young, clever, and charming, did everything to make it so. Among the guests was "Dicky Doyle." By this time he had abandoned his manners and customs of ye Englishe, and his *Diary of Mr. Pips*, and had already taken to sketches of fairyland, many of which were in Lady Ripon's boudoir; he was of a singularly simple character, full of dry and good-natured wit and companionship.

On June 18th, as Gentleman Usher, I had to go down officially to Dover to assist in the reception of the Shah of Persia. There was a fog hanging over the Channel as we arrived, but it became less dense as the sun became more powerful, and the ships of the Channel Squadron appeared, one by one, out of the mist, and saluted—a lovely sight. We returned by special train to Charing Cross with the Granvilles to their house in Carlton House Terrace, to see the procession pass. Unfortunately, a thunderstorm broke and soaked everybody and everything.

In the middle of July we had been spending our Sunday at Englemere, Bobsy Meade's place, near Ascot, and on getting our newspapers learned the sad news of the Bishop of Winchester's death. He was riding over from Dorking to Holmbury with Lord Granville, when his horse put its foot in a rabbit-hole, and fell (killing the

Bishop on the spot), in a lovely grass valley near Holm-bury. It was a curious coincidence that, after he had started in the morning, he returned, asking for his glasses, "for," he said, "I am going this afternoon to such a beautiful country."

I had been much in contact with him when Mr. Gladstone's secretary. I recollect on one occasion his telling me how dearly the public like a bit of nepotism, and illustrated it by saying that when he was at Oxford a good living in his diocese fell vacant; he wanted some new blood, but feared the outcry of the clergy in the diocese. At last he appointed his own son, and not a word was said.

We were spending a long holiday at Walmer in 1871, when he arrived and delighted us all with his stories.

One I remember was of Talleyrand, who was transacting business with the Emperor, when the latter suddenly turned to him, and said: "I have lately been subject to fits, which I am anxious to conceal. I feel as if I were going to suffer from one now; if it should be so, keep the fact from every one."

A minute later the Emperor fell back in his chair, becoming livid. At that moment Talleyrand was alarmed by a knock at the door, and an A.D.C. said he had brought a message from the Empress. Talleyrand said the Emperor was engaged at the moment, and could not be disturbed. The A.D.C. angrily retired, and Talleyrand went back to the Emperor, only to find him apparently dying. In great terror at his own position, he heard a loud knock at the door and found the Empress, annoyed at the failure of her messenger, demanding admission. Talleyrand audaciously gave her the same answer he had given to her A.D.C., and giving himself up as lost, returned to find the Emperor's pulse beginning to beat. I am bound to say that one of the party, who

was a bit of a cynic, went on whispering at each story, "Absolutely untrue," "A complete fabrication," and so on.

On the very day after the Bishop's death died Lord Westbury, who had been Lord Palmerston's Chancellor, a man of great ability, a clever lawyer, utterly unscrupulous, with as bitter a tongue and vitriolic a wit as ever cursed their possessor. He and the Bishop had many acrimonious disputes in the House of Lords, originating with Lord Westbury's applying the word "saponaceous" to the Bishop, who was always afterwards called "Soapy Sam."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe, asked me to serve on a royal commission, appointed to inquire into the administrative departments of the courts of law, an offer which I gladly accepted as giving me some work beyond my own department.

Lord Lisgar was our chairman; Baron Bramwell, W. Law, George Trevelyan, and Mr. Rowsell were also on the commission.

We worked hard and proposed many reforms which bore fruits in the High Courts of Judicature Bill. We recommended that a committee should be appointed to give effect to further reforms, and when the Tories came in they appointed it, leaving out Bramwell, Trevelyan, and myself!

Various causes, and the desire to get free from secretarial work when we did get a holiday, had postponed our first visit to Hawarden till 1873.

The place has been described so often that it is needless to go over ground so thoroughly known to everybody interested in it.

The life was very simple and somewhat old-fashioned—good plain food, regular and early hours; Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone going to church every morning at eight

and returning to breakfast; then came a little talk, after which Mr. Gladstone went to work in his library, to which he kindly invited me, and showed me his correspondence; a plain luncheon followed, and then a good walk through a beautifully wooded park tossed about in various undulating glades. In those days he had no favorite dog, and so the talks were long, uninterrupted, and of course intensely interesting about men and all sorts of subjects; but rarely was a walk finished without some allusion to the height or circumference of the bole of a tree, in which he took a personal interest. Then always five-o'clock tea, and more reading till dinner, when he held forth on all subjects; but the one that delighted me most was when he got on to old recollections and memories of Lord Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, and even so far back as Eton days under Keate.

It was at a dinner held in this year, where Sir Henry Storks¹ and Lord Essex were present, that the conversation turned on tree-felling, on which Mr. Gladstone, of course, was a great authority. He had often told me that if other trades failed he would be able to gain full wages as a timber-cutter. Sir Henry Storks said he thought that for the future trees would be cut down by placing a ring of gun-cotton round them, and offered to take Mr. Gladstone down to Woolwich to show him some experiments. Time passed, and no vacant afternoon

¹ Sir Henry Storks, who was a very distinguished soldier and Clerk to the Ordnance, committed the error of going into Parliament at the age of seventy-two.

One night George Glyn asked him to stay for a division, and in those days the House sat often till three or four o'clock in the morning.

"Yes," he said, "I will; but, my dear George, there is never a morning when I shave myself before my looking-glass that I don't say: 'Good morning, you d—d old fool.'"

could be found for the expedition, which Mr. Gladstone regretted.

He was told that Sir Frederick Abel was prepared to show him the result of the gun-cotton necklace on a mast to be erected in the garden in Downing Street, which I went to witness.

Sir Frederick undertook that there would be no noise or disturbance of any kind. When I arrived at the gardens I found Ayrton, then First Commissioner of Works, who was not a believer in scientists, protesting against the experiment.

On Sir Frederick Abel's assurance, however, the experiment took place, and, after being nearly deafened by a terrific report, I found myself under a shower of broken glass, which fell from the skylight in the First Lord's house. All the adjoining windows that were open were destroyed, and, contrary to the common belief, those that were shut escaped the almost universal smash, the noise of which was heard in Hyde Park.

There was only one person who rejoiced, and that was the triumphant Ayrton. Theories were exploded as well as gun-cotton.

On December 10th Mr. Gladstone wrote to me asking for some remarks on the extravagance of the Indian Council, about which we had conversed at Hawarden :

"HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER, *December 10, 1873.*

"MY DEAR WEST,—You gave me a kind of promise to supply me with materials for the purpose of showing that the India Office is less economical in administration (perhaps also in its composition) than our government generally is, or than Treasury principles, so to call them, would require.

"I have at present only a strong, a very strong, suspicion but no particulars. If you could supply them I think it would be of great use in a not improbable contingency.

"In my opinion it would be of great advantage that one place at the Council table should be filled on the nomination of the Board

of Treasury ; and that the person so appointed should be invested with the title to record his reasons officially against any proposed expenditure where he considers it to be contrary to any rule established for Imperial administration.

“Yours sincerely,

“W. E. GLADSTONE.”

Mr. Lowe had wished me to be appointed as a counsellor, and I wrote him a long letter in answer, which is too personal to publish here.

Mr. Gladstone was defeated on his Irish Education Bill by a curious combination of Tories, Roman Catholics, and discontented Liberals, and at once resigned ; but the Conservatives were not ready, and cleverly contrived to keep Mr. Gladstone in office.

One Sunday I met Mr. Gladstone at the Chapel Royal, and had a talk with him about recent elections which had gone against the government.

The next day he had a bad cold and was kept in bed for a short time. Here it was that he hatched his plot of a dissolution. Coming home from a dance at Sir William Stephenson's, I found a note from Gurdon telling me what was to appear next morning—the dissolution and the proposed abolition of the income-tax. Nothing could exceed the popularity of the movement at the moment, and I received quite an ovation at the Cosmopolitan a few days afterwards.

Then came the disastrous election of 1874—a wholesale defeat, horse and foot—and it became a matter of consideration whether or not the government should meet Parliament or resign.

Mr. Gladstone wrote to me on the subject of his arrangements :

“10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, *February 10, 1874.*

“MY DEAR WEST,—Many thanks for your useful note.

“(1) I see no reason why a vote of credit should not be given at any time after a new Ministry was constituted in its main offices,

say March 20th or 22d; the Easter holidays need not begin until April 1st, 2d, or even 3d. This could be done by the Secretary to the Treasury, perhaps even by the outgoing government.

"(2) I think it would be found that in 1852 and 1858 the government, taking office in February, required a very short time to make up its mind about the estimates, and I should not have thought it impossible that the estimates could be laid, on the responsibility of the new government, in Passion Week, but neither would be necessary.

" Yours ever,

" W. E. G."

I had accordingly the pleasure of going into the whole question of dates and possibilities and precedents since the Duke of Portland's time in 1807, with that most charming authority on all Parliamentary knowledge, Sir Erskine May, Clerk to Parliament.

Coming home one February evening, I was met by my wife, who told me that as she was driving back by the park, near Knightsbridge, there were great sparks from some huge fire falling around her; so we instantly started forth in the direction of the blaze, which we could now plainly see was somewhere in Belgravia. We reached Wilton Place, and were admitted into the house of Lady Georgiana Bathurst, from whose windows the fierce flames of the Pantechnicon were painfully glaring. The windows grew so hot that it was impossible to touch the glass with our hands. Lady Georgiana was crippled with rheumatism, and arrangements had to be made for her removal, in case the flames spread to her house, which happily they did not, and we, having some people dining with us in Chesterfield Street, were obliged to return; but after dinner Sir Reginald Welby and I returned to see the end of one of the biggest conflagrations of our day. The sky seemed ablaze, and the modern Calphurnia might have said: "The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes," for within three days Mr. Gladstone's great government of 1868-74 had ceased to exist.

Never was there a government to compare with that of Mr. Gladstone's of 1868. The Irish grievance of a dominant Protestant Church of the minority was abolished. National education was established. Purchase in the army was done way with. The Ballot Bill for the protection of voters was passed into law. The foolish Ecclesiastical Bill was repealed. The Alabama arbitration opened up a vista of peace instead of war to the nations of the world. Neutrality was maintained throughout the terrible Franco-German war ; while on his defeat Mr. Gladstone left a surplus of £5,000,000 to his successor, after having reduced taxation and paid off £26,000,000 of the national debt.

In all this work Mr. Gladstone was the guiding and presiding genius, and it was not wonderful that he spent his majority.

Before this had come, however, I had ceased to be his secretary, and had become a Commissioner of Inland Revenue ; but on his return to office he kindly allowed me to see all his correspondence, though, of course, I took no part in political work.

Notwithstanding the performances of the 1868-74 government, Froude so far forgot the duties of the historian in the party man that he deliberately stated that Mr. Gladstone's government had nothing to show but revolutionary measures in Ireland, which had hitherto been unattended by success. *Voilà comment on écrit l'histoire !*

The following lines, which were suggested by certain utterances of Froude and Kingsley, might fittingly be quoted here :

“Froude informs the Scottish youth
That parsons never tell the truth ;
At Cambridge Canon Kingsley cries
That history's a pack of lies.

Such statements how can we combine ?

This perhaps explains the mystery,

Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,

And Kingsley looks to Froude for history."

In the summer we let our house in Chesterfield Street to Mr. Stanley, and took a house at Datchet till the late autumn, when we went to Hill House, and spent much of our time on the river ; the C. Hambros, Monty Corry, Welby, and the Charles Stephensons and Lord Morley, constantly making up the crew of a famous four oar of Welby's.

When we were staying at Walmer, Lord Granville was very anxious that our eldest son, Horace, should serve an apprenticeship to Mr. Thomas, the famous landscape gardener, arguing he was the only man at the head of the most charming profession in the world, and that he had no one to fill his place when he should grow older.

He wrote on the subject to Mr. Thomas, who answered : " Once bitten twice shy. I have tried one gentleman and will never try another." But Lord Granville would not abandon the idea, and afterwards wrote to me the following letter :

" WALMER CASTLE, DEAL, *September 23, 1874.*

" MY DEAR WEST,—I have been thinking over my failure with Thomas respecting your boy. I regret it, as Thomas himself told me that there was hardly any one in his profession, notwithstanding the passion all classes in this country have for improving or spoiling the parks and gardens which they inherit, buy, or erect.

" Thomas has the advantage of being a gentleman, not shy, and pleasant ; but he is evidently not a clever man. If he took your son the advantage would rather be in the connection and the succession than in the learning.

" There are some great landscape gardeners in France—the man who made the new Bois de Boulogne, and others who have been employed by the La Rochefoucaulds, etc.

" In all probability they have more knowledge of the principles of their art than Thomas, and at least as much taste ; they would

1875 DEATH OF LADY BARRINGTON

probably be more accessible to a premium, particularly with an Englishman, who would not become a rival in France, and might introduce them to a connection in England. They would teach French for nothing.

“If your boy has a turn for drawing and construction, after a year or two of study of French gardening and landscape gardening, an architect like Devey might make use of him for the outdoor part of his work, and he might push himself into the tolerably lucrative and very pleasant occupation of the English “*Le Nôtre*” of the generation.

“It is not clear that Thomas might not be too glad to get hold of him at the end of that time.—Yours,

“GRANVILLE.”

Later on the same dear friend asked Mr. Devey to give our youngest son a chance of entering the “delightful profession” of an architect, which he did; and though Mr. Devey’s early death sundered the friendship which was begun so auspiciously between them, the education our son had received from him remained, to which I am sure he will attribute a great part of his present success.

In the spring of 1875, Lady Caroline Barrington, my wife’s mother, caught a chill, and died at Kensington Palace. Lady Caroline Barrington was the third daughter of Charles, Earl Grey. In 1827 she was married to Captain Hon. George Barrington, R.N., who was a Lord of the Admiralty in Lord Grey’s administration. He died in 1835, and Lady Caroline had lived with her father at Howick until she was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, and took up her residence at Windsor. She subsequently became Lady Superintendent on Lady Lyttelton’s retirement from that post. Nothing could exceed the kindness of all the royalties, who were devoted to her. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Louis of Hesse, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian attended her funeral at Kensal Green.

We let our house in Chesterfield Street and took the new house at Wimbledon, which belonged to Dr. Sandwith, one of the heroes of Kars. Charles Barrington came and lived here with us till the autumn, when we moved farther off and took a little place near Fairmile Common, Esher.

One evening we were standing on the road when we heard the shuffling steps of an old man passing by; as soon as he had done so he sank on the bank, and on our going to his assistance he said: "I mostly 'as a fit going up 'ill." I asked him where he was going, and he replied: "Down there towards Cobham." I, trying to cheer him, said: "That's all right, as it is down-hill all the way." "Ah!" said he; "that's the worst of it; I always pitches on my 'ead going down 'ill." And yet he had in that hilly country been out for a long day's pleasuring!

Lady Rose, who of all the women I ever knew was the brightest and most witty, was much amused at this story, and told me that, asking a poor woman once how her husband was, the reply came: "Oh, he is better to-day; and indeed, I have always remarked that if he gets through May, he generally lives through the rest of the year."

CHAPTER XIV

1875-1879

Mr. Gladstone's Motive in Retiring from the Leadership—Lord Granville on the House of Lords—Visit to Tintagel—Dinner with the Archbishop of Canterbury—Hawker of Morwenstow—Sir George Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay*—Mr. Gladstone on Croker in the *Quarterly*—Lord Lyttelton's Death—Mr. Gladstone's Speech at Blackheath on the Bulgarian Atrocities—His Literary Conversations—Mr. Gladstone's Hat—Verger the Phrenologist—Mr. Gladstone's Use of Unparliamentary Language—His Letter to Mr. Herries—My Appointment as Deputy-Chairman of the Inland Revenue Board—Visit to Hawarden in 1878—Mr. Gladstone's Estimates of Forster and Lowe—Lord Lawrence and Lord Lytton—Anecdote of Sir Drummond Wolff—Mr. John Murray on Successful Authors—Stamp Reform: My Victory over Welby—Letter from Mr. Lingen—Marriage of the Duke of Connaught—Visit to Studley.

MR. GLADSTONE retired from the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons, partly from a desire of rest, but mainly, I think, from his dislike of daily confronting Mr. Disraeli, a man so utterly opposed to him, not only in politics, but in thoughts, tastes, and desires. It was necessary to choose a leader, and it lay between Mr. Forster and Lord Hartington; naturally the House of Commons preferred the Duke's son. Lord Granville told me very truly, that while the House of Lords daily sank in the estimation of the country, the love of the individual lord increased in proportion.

In February there was a question of my transfer from

the Board of Inland Revenue to the Under-Secretaryship of the India Office, which Mr. Gladstone rather favored; but it was settled otherwise.

In the autumn we paid a visit to Lady Hayter, who had inherited from Mr. Cook, the editor of the *Saturday Review*, a cottage at Tintagel, which in those days was over twenty miles distant from a railway station. In this far-off county, the Bodmin and Wadebridge line was one of the first opened to the public by the London and South-Western Railway Company, in the room of whose chairman may be seen a picture of the train and its open carriages; in front of the engine and between the buffers sat a man whose business it was to get down and open the gates. It was a great charm to us jaded Londoners to get to this wild country. On our way we passed through one of the pre-Reform close boroughs of Cornwall—Camelford—which had the honor of returning Lord Henry Petty, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, and Henry, afterwards Lord Brougham.

All our time was spent in expeditions to King Arthur's Castle, to Rough Tor, Brown Willy, and Slaughter Bridge, near the scene of that great battle in the West, where rumor says King Arthur lies buried.

When staying here we got a message from the genial rector, saying that the Archbishop of Canterbury was coming to pass the night at his house, and asking the whole party to meet him at dinner, and to bring all our servants to wait.

We were a joyous party, and all day long we had a misgiving that we should indecorously laugh at the wrong moment. The hour and the dinner came, and all went smoothly until a fine dish of Cornish junket appeared in Mr. Kinsman's best china bowl; which, however, had been mended. Just as my servant was handing it, the piece broke away, and the whole junket

poured over our host's best evening coat. "God—" he exclaimed; and then in a tone subdued in deference to his guest, "bless the Queen"—whereupon we all burst into uncontrolled laughter, and the rest of the evening was most merry.

During one of our visits we were tempted to pass a night at Bude, and to drive over the following day to a sale at Morwenstow, the house of the Rev. Robert Hawker, who had recently died. In early manhood he had married an old lady, who paid the expenses of his education at college; and in late life turned the tables by marrying a very young wife. He was eccentric in his dress, his manners, and his ways, and worked hard in rescuing victims of the savage wreckers of the Cornish coast. He was also a poet, and was the author of

"And shall Trelawney die?
And shall Trelawney die?
Then thirty thousand Cornish boys
Will know the reason why."

The miners from the caverns re-echoed the song:

"Then twenty thousand underground
Will know the reason why."

These lines were quoted by Macaulay in his History as being an old Cornish ballad. On discovering that this was a modern song of Mr. Hawker's, instead of a real song of Cornish miners at the time of the trial of the seven bishops, Macaulay must have been as disappointed as I was on finding that the "Wearin' of the Green" was not a revolutionary ballad of 1798, but, in the form we know it, was evolved from the quick and poetical brain of Boucicault, for his play of the "Colleen Bawn."

In the beginning of the year 1876, George Trevelyan's

delightful *Biography of Lord Macaulay* appeared. In it there were some very severe remarks on John Wil-son Croker, which were shown to his widow, who was our next-door neighbor; she was naturally unhappy, and to please her I wrote to Trevelyan, who was very kind, and promised to expunge the objectionable passages from his next edition, regretting their insertion. I also, at Mrs. Croker's request, saw Mr. Gladstone and got his authority to ask Mr. John Murray if he would insert an article in the *Quarterly* on the biography, in which Mr. Gladstone said he would put Croker in a truer position.

In talking over Lord Macaulay's character Mr. Gladstone remarked that he never had any idea of proportion, and often would absolutely despise an opponent who the world thought was nearly his equal; and this was the case with Croker, who was, no doubt, a formidable antagonist. Mr. Gladstone wrote his article, which, while most complimentary to Trevelyan's *Biography*, had the merit of making poor Mrs. Croker satisfied.

Going to him one morning I learned that Lord Lyttelton, in a fit of depression, had destroyed himself. Mr. Gladstone, whose life-long friend he had been, was deeply grieved; he told me how he partly laid the blame at his own door, for he had met him a day or two before at dinner, and had made a suggestion to him to commence a concordance of the *Odyssey*, as he was the only person who could do it satisfactorily. "I did not," he added, "press it upon him as vigorously as I should have done, for, had I succeeded, the work would have interested him and occupied his attention, and perhaps might have saved him from himself."

It was in this year that Mr. Gladstone was the mouth-piece of the nation in denouncing the massacres known as the Bulgarian atrocities, and I heard him address a

meeting of ten thousand people at Blackheath, whither I went with Lord Carrington and my son Horace, and shall never forget the effect of his magic voice and delivery. There was a knot of people bent on interruption, who, in little more than a few moments, were reduced into unwilling silence, and soon after into rapt attention and enthusiastic applause.

We were now living at Kensington Palace, and Mr. Gladstone, having no London house, came with Mrs. Gladstone to pay us a visit. We had in his honor many pleasant little political dinners, which reminded us of our dinners on Thursdays when we were in Downing Street, of which only the memory remains. But it is a bright memory of Mr. Gladstone as the central figure, ever brimming over with earnest talk, to which the whole dinner-party listened with rapt attention.

Thus I remember how Mr. Gladstone, in comparing George Eliot and Sir Walter Scott, remarked on the unsatisfactory nature of all the former's marriages.

"But," said Mrs. Neville Lyttelton, "Scott's are so colorless."

"Colorless!" he said; "what do you say to Meg Merri-
lies and Rebecca?"

"Neither was married," said Mrs. Lyttelton. Mr. Gladstone did not answer, but went on to say:

"How well I recollect, as a boy, lying on my stomach on the grass, reading Sir Walter Scott's novels as they came out in numbers!"

After one of his great speeches he asked Mrs. Lyttelton after Mrs. Clive, instead of her mother, Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, and, detecting his mistake, he groaned over what he called "the lamentable state of his memory."

"But," she said, "through all your long Liverpool speech you never referred to a note."

“Ah,” he said, “of course if I make an effort I can remember.”

Mr. Gladstone constantly told us that nearly every year he was obliged to have his hat enlarged. “I always stick to mine,” he said, “as there are only two men whose hats I could ever get on my head—one the Duke of Newcastle’s, the other Lord Stanhope’s. The latter was a very remarkable man, though not conspicuous in Parliament, and a stanch friend. We entered Parliamentary life together as followers of Sir Robert Peel; we afterwards diverged, but it never affected our friendship.”

Lord Stanhope was responsible for taking him to a man called Verger, who, he said, classified qualities according to certain bumps on the skull by placing one hand on the head, and his other on some conducting medium with corresponding circles, and thus defined the character. Mr. Gladstone rather believed in him, as he told him how many qualities he was deficient in, among others in the retention and memory of faces, which was true.

In June, 1877, I met Mr. Gladstone at dinner at Mrs. Milbank’s, and repeated to him what Lord Beaconsfield had told Sir William Stephenson on his recommending Mr. Herries as his successor: “These appointments should be considered not as official promotions, but as political prizes,” and, therefore, I considered our chances of succession small. “D—n him,” said Mr. Gladstone; and this, after a long and close intercourse, was the first of only two occasions on which I ever heard him make use of an unparliamentary expression.

On the second occasion he was talking of oratory in the House of Commons, and regretting that classical quotations were no longer appreciated. He instanced Pitt’s quotation from Virgil in his speech on the slave trade, which he considered one of the most apposite he

knew, and added: "If a quotation were made in the House now, they would not care about it a d—n."

The quotation, and the words preceding it which I have referred to, ran as follows:

"Then also will Europe, participating in her (Africa's) improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness (if kindness it can be called) of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness, which in other more fortunate regions has been so much more speedily dispelled:

"*Nos primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis:
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.*"

It was at the end of June that Lord Beaconsfield gave the chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue to Herries, and this was the note he received from Mr. Gladstone on his appointment:

"73 HARLEY STREET, June 19, 1877.

"DEAR MR. HERRIES,—I hope I do not take an undue liberty in congratulating you on your arrival at the head of your great department.

"My long-continued official relations with you enable me in some degree to bear willing testimony to the wisdom and justice of the selection which the government have made.

"You follow a series of admirable chiefs, and I feel assured you will be able to maintain the high level of the tradition.

"In all my many transactions with the Board of Inland Revenue, I found continually increasing reason to admire the sound and enlightened spirit of the department; and I do not recollect so much as a single instance either of rashness or of slackness in the transaction of that mass of business which it was my duty and my pleasure to carry on by their aid.

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

The appointment of Deputy was kept in abeyance, though, of course, I discharged the duties of the place until the end of the session. On my asking Lord Bea-

consfield's secretary whether there was any chance of the appointment being completed, he said: "It is difficult to say, when one of my chief's mottoes is: 'Depend upon it, delay is the secret of success.'"

On August 13th, I heard from Lord Beaconsfield offering me the appointment of Deputy, and Walter Northcote, Sir Stafford's eldest son, was appointed in my place. Mr. Gladstone wrote to me the following letter:

"HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER, *August 15, 1877.*

"MY DEAR WEST,—I send you on the part of all here a line of hearty congratulation, and I also congratulate the public on an appointment so conducive to its interests.

"I have always looked on the Board of Inland Revenue as nearly approaching—so to speak—the ideal, and I am sure it will not degenerate under present circumstances.

"Smith must be a loss to you; and it is uncertain till he is further proved what gain he will be to the Admiralty. Stanley is clever, but can an heir to the earldom of Derby descend to the saving of candle-ends, which is very much the measure of a good Secretary to the Treasury?

"Pray remember us if you come northwards, and believe me, most sincerely yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

In the following November we paid a visit to Hawarden; and after dinner Mr. Gladstone discussed at great length the difficulties attending the formation of a new Liberal government. It is always supposed that Mr. Gladstone did not understand men; but if he did not, he could nevertheless make very shrewd guesses as to their capabilities, erring, no doubt, too often on the lenient side. Mr. Lowe he considered a man fitted by nature for offence rather than defence, stronger in opposition than in office. He was always impressed with the ability and honesty of Mr. W. E. Forster; but he was well aware that with them was combined a strong ingredient of vanity and want of tact. I think it was Bishop Wilberforce

who said that if any man prided himself more especially on one quality, the chances were strongly in favor of his being deficient in it.

It was about this time that Lord Lawrence, with all his authority, had been denouncing Lord Lytton's unhappy policy in regard to Afghanistan, which led to such disastrous results.

Notwithstanding Lord Salisbury's positive assurances that no attempt had been made to force an envoy on the Ameer, that our relations with him had not since last year undergone any material change, and that his feelings were in no way embittered towards the British government, Lord Lawrence endeavored to raise the country against the policy of Lord Lytton, who said that the opinion of his private secretary was worth twenty Lawrences. With this object a committee was being formed, and while I was at Hawarden a telegram arrived asking Mr. Gladstone to join it.

Personally he was inclined to accede to the proposal, and thus give a cue to the party; but he ended by consulting Lord Granville, though he thought him apt to take too many people into his confidence; so unlike, he said, to Peel, who only took a very few.

Lord Grey and Lord Halifax had written, the former vigorously, favoring an agitation for the summoning of Parliament; but Lord Granville, while approving of the object of the committee, was opposed to Mr. Gladstone or himself being members of it.

After this the conversation reverted, as it so often did, to his early conceptions of Peel, who, except on a few points, was essentially Liberal, indeed far more so than Palmerston ever was.

He thought O'Connell, except perhaps Mirabeau, the greatest demagogue that ever lived, and in that way superior even to Bright.

We then turned to another favorite subject of his, and naturally of mine—the Inland Revenue Department. He laid down as an axiom that the chairman of that board should always, in forming his estimates, be guided in forecasting the revenue for the coming year by what, humanly speaking, he was sure of getting, and it was the duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to accept it. He but once, in his nine years' experience as Chancellor of the Exchequer, ventured to alter estimates given him by the Chairman of the Inland Revenue Board, and in that instance only differed from him as to how much revenue would be lost by altering the incidence of the income tax.

I often wonder at the closeness with which revenue estimates for a coming year are made. In the eleven years during which I was Chairman of the Inland Revenue Board—thanks to the efficient help of my advisers—the returns exceeded my estimates only by £500,000 on an average.

Incidentally Drummond Wolff came under discussion, and I told Mr. Gladstone that, with one exception, I did not believe Wolff bore animosity to any one. As an instance of his diplomatic talent, I told Mr. Gladstone that I was once sitting with Wolff in the portico of the Athenæum when a notorious bore appeared. Wolff was equal to the occasion and shook hands with him warmly, saying: "Good-bye, good-bye." The bore was so taken aback that he speedily retreated.

The next day arrived Lord Bath and Mr. Dodson at Hawarden; the former, whom I had always known as a Tory, had come over on the Eastern question, and, like all converts, was more Liberal than the Liberals.

Mr. John Murray came in time for dinner, and there was interesting publishing talk. Mr. Murray told us that Sir Walter Scott was, from a monetary point of view, the greatest English author, but successful only after

his death: and it was sad to think how little he and his family made out of his writings, though probably not less than £400,000 had been realized from first to last.

Then came in order Charles Dickens, Tennyson, and Macaulay.

Shortly after I returned to London and Somerset House, I received a long letter from Mr. Gladstone on the subject of income-tax statistics, which he said he was sure, "from the high organization of your department," I should be able to answer. He was careful to add:

"My object is purely non-political, at least not against the government. I think I see my way towards estimating the relative effects of railways, etc., on one side, free-trade on the other, in promoting wealth, which I think has never been done."

It is always a new source of wonder to me to think of how inexhaustible Mr. Gladstone's energies were.

Lord Hampton, at an advanced age, had recently been appointed Chief Commissioner of the Board of Civil Service Commissioners. His appointment at the time was looked on as a job, and Mr. Gladstone, to whom a job was like a red rag to a bull, thought so also; Sir Ralph Lingens, then Secretary to the Treasury, had proved to me that Sir Stafford Northcote had acted on his advice, and with the best motives. I sent the papers and explanation to Mr. Gladstone, who, it appears, had also heard from Sir Stafford:

"Many thanks," he says, "for the figures *re* Hampton. Northcote spontaneously supplied the particulars contained in the letter within, which I thought you might like to see. Hereupon I withdraw the word 'job.'"

Up to January, 1879, the penny postage stamp could only be used for postal and not the ordinary inland revenue purposes, such as receipts, etc. It seemed to me that numerous involuntary evasions of this duty took

place, simply because people in the transaction of ordinary business did not always have the revenue stamps by their side, and I made a proposal to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that one stamp should be made to meet both postage and revenue purposes. The Secretary of the Treasury, now Lord Welby, in the interests of statistical accuracy, opposed it. Mr. Gladstone sent for us and told us we were to enter the lists and tilt, and he would act as assessor. After some argument Mr. Gladstone awarded me the palm, and the change was ordered to take effect. Henry Northcote sent me the following decree on hearing of Welby's defeat:

“ LIBERTÉ,

“ FRATER- [stamps] NITÉ,

“ ÉGALITÉ.

“ De part de la République une et indivisible.

“ Les soussignés ont jugé convenable de publier le Décret suivant:

“ Le citoyen Welby, représentant de l'ancienne faction aristocrate intitulée Whig, ayant été dénoncé comme suspect d'avoir parlé contre la fusion fraternelle des timbres ci-joints, est condamné par ce présent aux peines suivantes :

“ Les biens du citoyen Welby seront affectés aux besoins particuliers des membres du Comité du Salut Public soussignés, moyennant la somme de vingt-cinq shillings (monnaie anglaise) dans laquelle le citoyen Welby se trouve actuellement débiteur à la Déesse de la Raison par les mains du citoyen J. A. Kempe.

“ En outre le citoyen Welby est sérieusement prévenu de se garder bien de faire aucune réclamation contre cet arrêt sous peine d'être condamné comme contumace et d'avoir la tête tranchée par le bourreau public, citoyen F. B. Garnett, sur la Place Somerset House.

Vive la République!

[stamp]

“ Vu et approuvé,

ROBESPIERRE.

“ (Signé)

“ ROBESPIERRE.

“ DANTON.

“ MARAT.

“ COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

“ ST.-JUST.

HERRIES.

WEST.

MONTGOMERY.

KEITH FALCONER.

NORTHCOTE.”

When Deputy-Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, I was deeply occupied with the administration, and to my no small delight I received the following letter from Mr. Lingen, who was the distinguished Secretary of the Treasury, and my pleasure was added to by Mr. Gladstone's approval:

"TREASURY, *February 6, 1879.*

"DEAR MR. ALGERNON WEST,—Some figures which I occupied the greater part of last Sunday in getting out bring out this most satisfactory result, that, excluding a temporary and not excessive addition to the non-effective change, you were able—(1) To improve the emolument of your out-door service—a necessity long accumulated and postponed till the latest moment that the safety of the revenue admitted—to the extent of £80,000 per annum nearly;

"(2) To make the same sort of change and for the same reasons in your Legacy and Succession Duties Office;

"(3) To reform and stamp with a professional character your Solicitors' Office;

"(4) In all your departments to provide for the introduction of the Playfair scheme, by well-considered present arrangements.

"All this for an addition of no more than £10,000 a year to your vote. It gave me sincere pleasure to call the Chancellor of the Exchequer's notice to these figures yesterday—who expressed his warm satisfaction with them—and to tell him that nineteen-twentieths of this good administrative work was personally due to yourself, supported by your Board.

"Very truly yours,

"R. W. W. LINGEN.

"ALGERNON WEST, Esq."

To this I returned the following reply:

"BOARD OF INLAND REVENUE, *February 6, 1879.*

"MY DEAR MR. LINGEN,—I must thank you very warmly and sincerely for your letter of to-day, which, I think, has given me more pleasure than any letter I have ever received on official matters, and I must also thank you for the generous and kind thought which made you write it.

"I wish I could end here without repudiating, as I must in all fairness, the share you allot me in the reorganization of our offices.

"For my own part I can only take a small proportion, for without the approval and cordial co-operation of my chairman, and the help we got from our secretaries and assistant-secretaries in the office, I could have done very little. You must let me consider your letter, therefore, as an approval of the work of our board, and in that sense I will not be one atom the less grateful to you for it.

"I am sure we should be ungrateful if we did not thank you for all the patient labor you have incurred in our behalf, and all the help we have always had from you.

"Yours very truly,

"ALGERNON WEST.

"R. W. W. LINGEN, Esq., C.B."

I could not resist the pleasure of sending this correspondence to Mr. Gladstone, who said in answer:

"HARLEY STREET, *March 24, 1879.*

"MY DEAR WEST,—I need not say, and yet cannot help saying, that I have read these letters with much pleasure, but with no surprise.

"Ever yours sincerely,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

In May I took my daughter Constance to Windsor, where I was in waiting, to the Duke of Connaught's wedding. The Duke himself and his pretty bride, with a childish little pout as if she were going to cry, on the arm of her father, the Red Prince, in a very red uniform—all made a pretty picture.

Of all the sights I have ever seen, and they have been many, nothing ever smiles on me so much as a religious ceremonial in St. George's Chapel, with the music, the painted windows, and the antiquity of the heraldic banners, which, for the moment, at any rate, make one think that the Knights of the Garter may be proud of their Order for other reasons than that ascribed to it by Lord Melbourne.

In the autumn we paid a visit to Studley, and were

entranced with the beauty of Fountains Abbey. From there we went to Castle Howard—then occupied by Lord and Lady Lanerton—the magnificent palace, built by Vanbrugh, approached by a fine avenue of clumps of trees converging on an obelisk raised in honor of the great Duke of Marlborough, with splendid fountains and garden statuary; and inside, the magnificent picture of the three Marys—the largest place, next to Blenheim, which I had ever seen. We missed our connection at Thirsk and travelled with the inspecting engineer, whose coach only was attached to the engine, which to us was rather exciting.

CHAPTER XV

1880

Announcement of the Dissolution—Mr. Gladstone's Second Midlothian Campaign—Herbert Gladstone's Candidature for Middlesex—Letters from Mr. Gladstone—Adam's Prophecies of Victory—Mr. Bright's Tribute to Mr. Gladstone—Lord Beaconsfield's Comment on the Tory *Débâcle*—Mr. Gladstone sent for to Windsor—The New Beer Duty—Mr. Gladstone's Enthusiasm for Finance: his Wonderful Memory—Mr. Watney's Testimony—Appointment of my Son Horace as Private Secretary to Mr. W. E. Forster—His Experiences in Dublin—The Arrest of Mr. Parnell: Elaborate Precautions—Mr. Forster and his Revolver—His Dislike of Police Protection—Anecdote of Judge Barry—Narrow Escape of Mr. Forster at Westland Row in March, 1882—Father Healy's Wit—An Indignant Archbishop.

ON March 8th the secret of the dissolution was publicly known. As a splendid instance of that inviolable honor which pervades the Civil Service of England, I may tell the following anecdote:

On the day preceding the announcement, an official friend of mine, from his intercourse with Sir Stafford Northcote, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, became aware of what was going to happen. On his way home from the Treasury, he met a great friend of his not blessed with an income which exceeded the bounds of avarice, who was a candidate for an English borough, and who told him he was going abroad that evening, and yet my friend felt so bound by honor not to divulge a secret which had come to him through official sources,

that he let the other start with the full knowledge that on arrival at his destination he would receive the news that would necessitate his immediate return. Some there were who said his conduct was Quixotic; others, who revered the sacred traditions of the Civil Service, knew that he was right.

In March, 1880, Mr. Gladstone threw himself with unabated energy into his second Midlothian campaign. The enthusiasm he created was unflagging, and it was a sore moment for me, tied by official restraints, to have to refuse an invitation from Lady Rosebery to join the party at Dalmeny.

In the midst of the campaign Herbert Gladstone was asked to stand for Middlesex. It was a splendid opening, of which he availed himself. My two sons, Horace and Reginald, attended his meetings and helped him. Mr. Lowe, whom I met during the contest, assured me that Herbert spoke as well, or even better, on the platform than his father had spoken at his age.

I wrote to Mr. Gladstone saying how anxious I was that Herbert should not let slip such an opportunity, and he answered me from Dalmeny, saying:

“A quiet, sober-minded man like me is necessarily bewildered at your audacious proceedings. Tell Herbert, if you see him, he is constantly in my mind; and I am so delighted, though not surprised, to hear that he has done well in speaking. Tell him to take opportunities of expressing loyalty to Granville and Hartington. Enthusiasm here is at fever heat, and the meetings, especially the *great* meetings, are better than in November.”

Herbert was evidently much in his thoughts, for at the *end* of the week he wrote:

“DALMENY PARK, EDINBURGH, *March 27, 1880.*

“MY DEAR WEST,—I have in my mind the possibility that the *London* elections may go ill, and this may be used to discourage Herbert.

"In such case it may be well to provide him with the means of showing by facts that London does not always represent the country.

"Without referring to other occasions, the election of 1841 would, I think, prove this. My recollection is that the Conservatives were then successful in the City, but were in a very small minority of the Metropolitan representatives, while they were in a *majority of eighty* odd from the entire country. This would not be difficult to ascertain by reference; will you, if you can, kindly do it, and send him the result. I have not named the matter to him.

"Experience has shown that you judged well and wisely in encouraging him to stand. Had I been on the ground, my heart might have failed me, but I would not have stood in his way. The accounts of him give me intense joy, but no surprise. *I think* his face is worth a thousand votes.

"My election here is considered a moral certainty. The enthusiasm is ungovernable; it has done us mischief in causing the Sheriff to postpone the election; he was sincerely afraid of violence had he fixed Saturday—a great bore.

"On Monday I expect to decide finally my public movements.

"A thousand thanks for all kindnesses, your sons' included.

"Yours ever,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

A few days later I received the following:

"DALMENY PARK, EDINBURGH, April 1, 1880.

"MY DEAR WEST,—Our enthusiasm keeps at boiling-point, and our computations are all to the good. For Midlothian the only doubt in my mind (but I am sensible of the difference between objective and subjective certainty) is between a middling and a really good majority.

"However, England seems less dependent than I had supposed on Scotch teaching.

"Yesterday well bore out your anticipations. We are only getting the first telegrams of to-day as I write. It will surprise me now if the government survive, and it is much to be wished that if they fall they may fall heavily. As conversely I was tempted to hope that if beaten we should be decisively beaten.

"Wretched City! If anything, it should be financial. What a tale *I* could tell of it as a financial authority!

"My last Midlothian speech stands for to-morrow. Continue to give Herbert a kindly glance.

"I look upon yesterday as a *dies alba*, and as an historic day.

"What are your present expectations? You will not, I fear, have this until Friday morning.

"Many thanks for all your trouble, and for the abstract.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Willie Adam had succeeded George Glyn (who had become Lord Wolverton) as Liberal Whip. Never was there such a prophet of the victory which was coming in 1880. He never varied in what I thought his exaggerated views of the coming triumph, to which he largely contributed by his aptitude for organization and by his great popularity.

When the elections began we used often to dine together at Brooks's, and telegram after telegram used to pour in, giving news of fresh gains.

"If you want a seat," he said, "you have only to go to Scotland, say you were Mr. Gladstone's secretary, and you would walk in!"

But amid all the Liberal successes came the sad news of my brother's defeat at Ipswich.

I had ventured to make a forecast of the elections, which I sent to Mr. Gladstone. On April 11th he wrote from Hawarden, whither he had returned after his Midlothian campaign, saying:

"MY DEAR WEST,—What wonders! Even your cheerful calculations left far in the rear.

"Yours ever,

"W. G."

Then came the rush of the election, triumph after triumph, victory over victory, throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Goschen repeated a story at Ripon which I had told him.

I was dining at Lady Ripon's, and was told by John Bright that he had met a lady recently who had loudly abused Mr. Gladstone to him. Mr. Bright said: "Madame, have you any children? If so, show Mr. Gladstone to them, and if you can get him to shake hands with them, they will in after days thank you for having shown them the greatest, the noblest, and the purest of British statesmen."

In a letter in which he acknowledged the loan, Mr. Goschen said, "I thought it a good story for a large audience, and dragged it in by the heels."

Miss Agnes Hope told me that she was staying at Hatfield during the Tory *débâcle* of 1880, and heard Lord Beaconsfield say to some of the young men: "Ah, this is only an episode in your life; it is the end of mine."

While the elections were proceeding, Welby gave us a dinner at the Garrick Club to celebrate the engagement of our friend Bobsy Meade to Miss Grenfell.

Dining one night shortly after the election was over with Mr. Gladstone in Harley Street, and before anything was known as to the resignation of the Tory government, I suggested that when he came in as Chancellor of the Exchequer he should repeal the malt tax and impose a beer duty.

"Can it be done?" he said.

"Of course it can," I replied; "it is in operation in the United States now; we could inquire how it is done there."

Mr. Gladstone was doubtful as to whether he should be in office at all.

Soon after this Lord Beaconsfield resigned, and first Lord Granville and then Lord Hartington were sent for to Windsor. The former realized at once that the only man the country wanted was Mr. Gladstone; the latter, after a vain attempt to form a Cabinet, declined the task.

On one of these evenings I was coming home from dinner and overtook Lord Granville, and walked with him, discussing what was going on, until we got near his house in Carlton Terrace. Just as we got there a hansom drove up furiously to the door, and two men said they must see Lord Granville. The servant said it was impossible. They said they would not go away till they had got some news, and there they stood. I left Lord Granville and went for a policeman, whom I could not find, but meeting Wolverton, we returned, to find the men still there, who were only got rid of with difficulty. They were touts for the Press, and had been hanging about all day.

The next morning Mr. Gladstone was sent for to Windsor, and accepted the combined offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The following morning I was sent for to Harley Street, where I found him at work.

"Send your inspectors at once to the United States," he said, "about the beer duty."

"I now think we can do it without that," I said, and we did it, thanks to Mr. Gladstone's wonderful powers of perception and persuasion and to Mr. Young's (who was then Secretary to the Board of Inland Revenue) knowledge and power of imparting details.

Mr. Herries, the Chairman of my Board, was ill during all the preliminary investigations into the possibilities of the conversion of the malt tax into a beer duty, and consequently I had the great advantage of dealing direct with Mr. Gladstone, and learning myself his wonderful mastery of detail, his clearness, and his accuracy. Luckily for me I had as a coadjutor Adam Young, a splendid type of the foremost of civil servants, who was able to give Mr. Gladstone all the minute details of the malt duty which he had asked for, from the time the

barley was growing in the fields to the moment when it was finished beer.

Visiting Whitbread's great brewery one day with Mr. Young, I was wondering how successful the new beer duty would prove, when he answered good-naturedly: "Our business is to inspect the brewery; do not let us waste time in thinking of what is going to happen in the future," a habit and control of mind which must have contributed largely, I think, to his success.

One Sunday Mr. Gladstone met my daughter coming out of the Chapel Royal, and asked for me; hearing I was away, he said he must trust her with a great secret about the malt duty, and gave her papers which she refused to speak of even to my wife, and, I believe, sat on till my return.

Mr. Gladstone himself revelled in financial discussions, in which he was so splendid a master and I so inapt a pupil. When one day we arrived to keep an appointment with him, we found him engaged on some question of foreign affairs with, if I recollect rightly, a colleague and an ambassador, whom he got rid of, glancing at the clock and saying, as he rose: "Now I must go to those dear malt people."

Mr. Gladstone's memory was simply marvellous; he one day began the conversation by assuming that under the malt tax the profit of the maltster was 3 per cent. on the quarter of malt. I interrupted him by saying it was 4 per cent. "Surely," he said, "you told me it was 3 per cent., or how could I have got it into my head." I was sure of my ground, so with some firmness I maintained my position. Turning to Mr. Young, Mr. Gladstone said: "Can you recollect as far back as 1832?" "Yes," said he, "and the profit was then reckoned at 3 per cent. per quarter." "Ah," said Mr. Gladstone, much relieved, "I now see how I got that figure into my head;

I was elected member for Newark in that year, and I studied the Malt question then."

Fifty years ago—what a memory!

After his great Budget speech, introducing the abolition of the malt tax and the substitution of the beer duty, he left the details of the Bill to be drafted by Mr., now Sir William, Melvill, the solicitor to our Board, and the details to Mr. Adam Young and myself. The care that was given to it, and a few meetings at Downing Street with Mr. Gladstone, settled all difficulties, and the government won an easy victory in the House on a division raised by the brewers as to the specific gravity, though Sir Stafford Northcote, who knew nothing of the technical question, supported them.

Mr. Watney, the great brewer, who had worked at the business himself as an operator, and was thoroughly acquainted with all its technicalities and details, was chosen to fight the various clauses and to insert amendments when the Bill was in Committee.

When Mr. Gladstone had answered and defeated a few of those which stood on the paper, Mr. Watney rose from his place, put his hat on, and came to me under the gallery, saying: "It is no use my going on; Gladstone knows more of my business than I do myself; he's a wizard and I shall leave the House," which he proceeded to do.

During the progress of the Budget a mistake was made from the fault of a change not having been made in the original estimate. I was very miserable about it, and after breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone I said how sorry I was. He at once said: "I don't put any of the blame on you, but even if I did I should not forget the part you took in originating the change of duty."

Mr. Gladstone often told me it was the greatest financial revolution he had ever witnessed, and frequently

testified to the ability of my department in bringing it to so successful a conclusion. Sam Whitbread, who, of course, was deeply interested in it and knew the difficulties of the change, often told me he marvelled how it had been possible.

One day I was at Lord Ripon's house, and Forster, who was with him, asked me to speak to him ; to my surprise he asked me if my eldest son Horace would become his assistant private secretary. I replied that all I could say of him was that, though he was very young and had had no experience, he was a gentleman and would do his best, and that I should be glad if on this understanding he would take him.

He had already been offered a similar place by Lord Northbrook, but that was out of friendship for me, and this, I thought, would be better for him. At first he was put at work far too difficult for one without any experience and he made some natural blunders, but it was not till he had gone to Ireland with Forster that his real value came out. On Forster's return, he told me that no words could express the comfort he had been to him, or his charm and popularity, which, indeed, I heard on all sides. He continued with him through all the terrible dangers and troubles of the time, till the Chief Secretary's resignation.

Forster was a Radical of the Radicals, with a strong infusion of Socialism, which he showed in dealing with the men in his employ. Outwardly rough, as if hewn from a rock, he had a vein of tenderness deep down in his heart.

He entered upon his Irish office full of hope of what he was to do in reconciling the Irish, and gaining their hearts ; why he failed it is too early to determine.

The following is from my son's recollections of his time in Ireland with him :

“Mr. Forster was appointed Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1880, and made me his private secretary in April of that year.

“The Land League had obtained such a hold throughout Ireland that he decided strong measures were absolutely necessary, unless the Irish Executive were to allow the leaders of the Land League to govern the country, and in consequence arrests were made throughout Ireland. Some of the most important of these were Davitt and Healy. Matters were in a very critical state, and it was a fight between the Land League and the Irish government as to which was to have the upper hand. Special resident magistrates were appointed, and troops were drafted into all the disturbed districts. In spite of all these measures matters became worse, and in October, 1881, Mr. Forster considered it necessary that Parnell should be arrested. This was kept most secret; a special meeting of the Cabinet was summoned, and Mr. Forster went over to London by the night mail to attend the meeting the next morning, leaving a few officials who were in the secret to make all the preparations necessary for the arrest, should he obtain the sanction of the Cabinet. Parnell was to address a meeting in Wicklow the same day, and was to stay in Dublin that night. The telegram came from Mr. Forster after the meeting of the Cabinet, telling us to have everything ready, and I remember dining that night at the Club, and sitting with Colonel Talbot, the head of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, after dinner, when he got the report that Parnell had returned from his meeting and was at his hotel. Mr. Forster was on his way back to Dublin, and everything was arranged that, on his arrival the following morning, he should drive at once to the Castle, sign the warrants, and then go on to the Chief Secretary's Lodge. Mr. Forster arrived at Westland Row

at eight o'clock, and was out at the Chief Secretary's Lodge at nine o'clock, having signed the warrants on his way, and at 9.30 we received a message saying Parnell was lodged in Kilmainham. We drove into the Castle at 10.30, and got in before any one heard of the arrest, which did not become generally known until about twelve o'clock. Sir Thomas Steele, fearing serious riots, drafted artillery, cavalry, and infantry into the Castle Yard, and no outsider was admitted. About seven o'clock we drove back to the Chief Secretary's Lodge with an escort. The police were doubled all round the house, and six troopers of the Scots Greys were put into the stables in case of emergency, and during this state of affairs I remember at about ten o'clock one night a Constabulary orderly came out with a telegram from Clifford Lloyd, stating that serious riots were taking place in the West, and about half an hour later a Dragoon orderly arrived with a telegram from the Queen. We could not decipher it, as the Foreign Office cipher was always kept in the Private Secretary's room at the Castle. Mr. Forster was dead tired, and I told him that I would go into Dublin and decipher it, and if there was anything to be done I would call him when I returned. I changed my things and started to ride into Dublin. When half-way through the Phoenix Park I began to overtake the Dragoon orderly, who, in very forcible language, asked me who I was and my business, at the same time warning me not to come too near him. I gave an explanation which satisfied him, and on coming up with him I asked the reason for his apparent alarm, when he told me that riots were going on in Dublin, and he had had to get out of the town by a round-about way, so as to avoid the mob, and advised me to look out for myself. I went on cautiously, trusting that if I saw any cause for alarm I could turn round, having

no uniform which would attract attention. I reached the Castle gates without meeting a soul, but had to yell pretty loudly before I was admitted. Once inside, I inquired of the Constabulary officer what had taken place, and was horrified to hear that the unfortunate Constabulary orderly who had carried Clifford Lloyd's telegram, had been stoned by the mob and was only dragged through the gates partly alive. It appeared that when he had been sent out everything was quiet—the riots did not commence until half an hour afterwards; consequently on his way back he knew nothing, not having met the Dragoon orderly with the Queen's telegram, who, as I have already said, had come by a different route. I fortunately had come behind the rioters, as they had gone on in front of me, and turned down Sackville Street.

“All through this time it was well known that Mr. Forster's life was in serious danger, and of course threatening letters were not wanting, some of them genuine, the majority rubbish. It is a matter of history how marvellous were his escapes from that dangerous gang who afterwards murdered poor Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke.

“As I had the privilege of living with Mr. Forster at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, I considered it my duty to accompany him always when going to the Castle or returning home at night; and in Dublin, if ever he went round to the Club for a rubber of whist before going back to dinner, either I or my colleague, Mr. Jephson, would go with him. Acting under the advice of the police, we always carried loaded revolvers, and well do I remember an amusing incident arising out of this. On Mr. Forster's return from the Cabinet meeting to which I have already alluded, he said to me in his study the following morning: ‘I bought a revolver yesterday in

London, but it seems to me to be very awkward to get at.' He then struggled with his inside breast-pocket and dragged out a cavalry 'bull-dog' loaded in every chamber, with the muzzle pointing upward. I persuaded him to let me take it and put it away, and I gave him in exchange the ordinary-sized 'bull-dog'; and with that he and I used occasionally to go out into the kitchen-garden, put up a target, and have a shooting match by way of getting our eyes in.

"All this time a special detective followed him about, and I did not envy this officer the long hours he had to sit on his wooden chair outside the door of Mr. Forster's room at the Castle. We also had two mounted police, who would always follow the carriage in going and returning from the Castle; and I remember one evening, driving home in the dark, how Mr. Forster, who was more than usually bothered and worried over the Irish troubles, turned round to me and said: 'Are those fellows following me?' On hearing they were, he said: 'Tell them to go home; I don't mind if they do kill me.'

"But I was able to dissuade him from this course by pointing out that he would be putting the policemen in a wrong position, as, if anything happened to him and they had turned back, they would be blamed; so afterwards he put up with them, although it was naturally irksome to him.

"A sensational incident, which began in a silly practical joke, of which I now feel rather ashamed, took place on Christmas night. After we had gone to the smoking-room, instead of sitting quietly and chatting as might be expected, somehow we began 'bullyragging' (Mr. Forster had gone to bed), and from that I ran out of the front door into the garden, chased by the rest; but a watchful policeman, hidden behind a tree, and unaccustomed to scenes of frivolity, rushed out and

captured me, much to the amusement of those following. The policeman, seeing the position of affairs, apologized and retired. However, the spirit of the fun had fled, and every one was returning to the house when I complained bitterly to the policeman who was usually at the Lodge of the excess of zeal shown by his colleague. He sympathized with me, and, entering into the spirit of the thing, said: 'He's new to the business; it's his first time out here.' Then he suggested: 'Look here, sir; you see him now in the moonlight, walking up and down by the ha-ha. Well, put on my hat and coat, and see if you can pass him. I dar'n't give you the pass-word, but when he challenges you, say you're the Inspector, and I'll see no harm comes to you.' I slipped on the coat and hat, and off I started by a roundabout way, so as to approach the policeman on the path by the ha-ha; the remainder of the party, with the friendly policeman, crept along under the cover of the bushes to within as near their object as was safe, where they waited, listening to the policeman pacing up and down on the gravel path; before long other steps were heard approaching, and then the challenge of 'Who goes there?' rang out, and was immediately answered, 'The Inspector'; and to the onlookers' astonishment they saw the policeman stand aside and salute, while 'the Inspector' continued to march on. At a corner of the garden under the shadow of the trees the parties all met, and the originator, fired with the success of the venture, said: 'Go on, sir, and you'll meet the patrol.'

"I, flushed with success, continued to march on through a bit of a coppice, when I again suddenly received a challenge from behind the trees, and immediately answered, as before, 'The Inspector.' But this time the words were hardly out of my mouth when I was

roughly seized by the collar of my borrowed coat, and a bare sword placed across the back of my neck, and the point of another policeman's sword at my throat, with the question, 'Who the —— are you?'

"The friendly policeman hereupon thought things were getting a little serious, and, hoping to save bloodshed, rushed out from his hiding, exclaiming: 'It is Mr. West, of the Lodge; for God's sake do him no harm.'

"The two police officers could not make it out, and one retained his hold on me, with his sword pressing my neck, while the other arrested the policeman without his hat and coat; then came explanations, etc., and we were both released, but the two constables who had arrested me said:

" 'You may thank your stars, sir, there was a moon, or we should have cut you down first and asked questions afterwards, as the moment you said you were the Inspector, in reply to our challenge, we knew it could not be, as it was not his footstep we had heard, and seeing you in a policeman's uniform we thought something must be up.'

"About this time, I think it was, Judge Barry came over to dine, and I can see him now, standing with his back to the fire before dinner in the drawing-room, and Mr. Forster, who was late back from the Castle, coming in, saying:

" 'Well, and how's that God-forsaken County Galway of yours going on?'

"He replied, with a twinkle in his eye, and his strong Irish brogue:

" 'Not God-forsaken, Mr. Forster, but government-forsaken county.'

"One other event showing the great risk Mr. Forster ran of having his life taken came under my personal notice.

“It was in March, 1882, when Mr. and Mrs. Forster were to return to London for the Parliamentary session. Mr. Forster, as usual, had gone to the Castle in the morning, and was to join Mrs. Forster and his daughters at Westland Row Station in the evening, and travel by the night mail. When we arrived at the Castle, Jephson, who lived at Bray, asked Mr. Forster to go down with him by an earlier train and dine with him at the Yacht Club; but Mr. Forster said he did not think he should have time.

“The day wore on, and as usual we were very busy, when about half-past five Mr. Forster’s bell rang and Jephson went into him, and, coming back to our room, said: ‘The Chief is coming down with me to dine at the Yacht Club before going on board the boat,’ and left me one or two things to do that he might catch the train with Mr. Forster, who asked me to meet Mrs. Forster at Westland Row, and tell her he would meet her on board.

“I dined at the Club in Dublin and met Mrs. Forster at the station, where I took the tickets, and at the time I noticed there was a very large crowd: indeed, it was with difficulty I managed to get to the booking-office, and on going on the platform it was with still more difficulty I helped Mrs. Forster to the carriage reserved for the Chief Secretary; and when we were in, there was a continuous crowd with many inquiries as to ‘Where was the Chief Secretary?’

“At the time I put this down to mere curiosity, but afterwards, at the trial of the ‘Invincibles,’ it came out that they were there with the intention of murdering him; and they got a large crowd to attend to facilitate their escape after the foul deed should have been done.

“During the time I was in Dublin I came across many interesting people, among them Father Healy, so well known for his witty sayings and amusing stories. One

of them I remember about a very tall young lady named Miss Lynch :

“ ‘Nature,’ said he, ‘gave her an *inch* and she took an *ell*.’

“ On one occasion, when walking with a friend from Dublin to Bray, his friend called his attention to some small girls bathing in the sea, with the remark :

“ ‘What wretched spindle-shanks they have for legs !’

“ Father Healy answered, ‘Sure and you wouldn’t expect such heifers to have calves !’

“ One story, though against myself, may be worth telling : When first I went to Mr. Forster I used generally to be given the less important correspondence to attend to, and I remember noticing one morning, on arriving at the Irish Office, the uninteresting looking letters which were on my table. I opened one, written in a bad handwriting, covering two sheets of foolscap, giving the writer’s views on the Irish question, and suggesting many remedies. The letter began : ‘Dear Sir,’ and ended up, ‘Yours faithfully, J. Ebor,’ and somewhere in the corner was the word ‘York.’

“ After reading the letter, I did not think it was worth troubling Mr. Forster with, so acknowledged it in the usual way, and stated that the matter would receive attention. I addressed the reply to ‘J. Ebor, Esq., York,’ thinking at the time that the address was scanty, and that probably it would come back to me through the Dead-letter Office. I should not have thought anything more of the matter, but two days later I received an indignant letter from ‘J. Ebor,’ informing me that he was the Archbishop of York, and he thought it gross ignorance for any one in the position of a private secretary not to know the usual signature of the Archbishop of York. I wrote a long letter full of apologies, which I only hope pacified his Grace’s indignation.”

CHAPTER XVI

1880-1881

Correspondence with Lord and Lady Ripon—Letter from Lord Sherbrooke—Mr. Gladstone on the Beer Duty Bill and the Board of Inland Revenue—All-night Sitting in the House—Companionship of the Bath: Mr. Gladstone's Letter—Trip to the Riviera with Sir John Rose—A Parisian Dinner—Nice and Monte-Carlo—Sir John Rose's Britannic Mood—Ill-health and Resignation of Herries—Appointed Chairman of Inland Revenue Board—Letter from Sir Ralph Lingen—Retirement of Alfred Montgomery—His Career and Personal Charm and Wit—"Not One of the Public"—Rebuke to a Private Secretary—Trip to Corsica in the *Pandora*—Visit to the Pietri Family—Ajaccio—Expeditions in Sardinia—Return to Walmer.

IN May I went to Charing Cross to see Lord Ripon off as Governor-General of India, and met him and Lord Northbrook on the platform; the latter said, alluding to me: "He was my best correspondent when I was in India." So Lord Ripon begged me to write to him as I did to Lord Northbrook. I did so till later in the year, when Lady Ripon joined him in India; I then transferred my correspondence to her, and we kept it up regularly nearly every week during her absence.

When I had first joined the Board of Inland Revenue, I studied Sir Stafford Northcote's *Twenty Years of Financial Progress*, and set myself, by way of an educational process, to write twenty years more. I sent what I had said of Mr. Lowe's chancellorship to him, and received from him the following letter:

“34 LOWNDES SQUARE, S.W., *July 11, 1880.*

“MY DEAR WEST,—I have, as you may well believe, read your paper with the greatest pleasure. I have no criticisms to offer, but am very much obliged to you for all the trouble which you have taken to put my proceedings fairly before the public. The only other person who has ever, as far as I know, said a good word for me was Mr. Noble. I was, if I must confess the truth, so much disgusted at having the crowning result of all my labors taken from me, as if my work had been a complete failure, that I have purposely avoided finance as a subject on which I might speak unadvisedly with my lips, and am consequently quite unable to offer any advice or suggestion. Your account coincides exactly with my own impressions.

“With many thanks for the pleasure you have given, and, I may add, the justice you have done me, believe me,

“Very truly yours,

“SHERBROOKE.”

Encouraging as this was, I never had the audacity to publish what I had written.

The Beer Duty Bill was passed without much further discussion, and in August Mr. Gladstone wrote to Herries and myself:

August 6, 1880.

“DEAR MR. HERRIES,—I avail myself of one of the earliest moments of returning capacity for business to write to you.

“Let me first thank you for the great ability and no less conspicuous patience with which you have assisted me in the rather arduous matter of our Inland Revenue Regulations.

“Will you also perform for me the very pleasing duty of conveying my thanks to those who have assisted you and me from the day when we first opened the subject until now.

“I can only say that I have been always accustomed to look back on the business transacted with the Inland Revenue Department in former years as coming nearest among all my experience to what I should consider a model on their side of good public service, and that that experience of former years has been completely revived in the transactions of the last three months.

“W. E. GLADSTONE.”

1881 EFFECT OF THE BEER TAX

“10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, *August 6, 1880.*

“MY DEAR WEST,—I have written a note to Mr. Herries in the terms of which you are officially included ; but when I am a little better and more free, I must either orally or by letter give you a separate word on the subject of good service done in connection with the malt and beer duty.

“Believe me, ever sincerely yours,

“W. E. GLADSTONE.”

“I must tell you the pleasure it has been to me that you should have had so large a share in the initiation and execution of this great change, certainly the largest that has ever been undertaken by your department, except the putting on the income tax, and I am not sure that it is not greater than that.

“The value of your initiation and first working of it was very great.

“W. E. G.”

Of the success of that measure it is impossible to speak too highly. There has never arisen a proposal for a change in the Act, which speaks volumes for the ability of the draftsman, Mr. Melvill.

There is great simplicity in its working, and the tax, being on the finished article instead of the raw material, has been a vast improvement.

The financial effect (for those interested in figures) has been as follows :

Duties equivalent to the present beer duty, viz.:

—Malt and sugar used in brewing and brewers'

tax : Average for five years to September, 1879. £8,730,000

In the last financial year the beer duty (which was

increased by 6*d.* a barrel in 1895) produced . . . £11,826,129

In this month there was an all-night sitting in the House of Commons, from four o'clock one day till one o'clock the next day. On one or two occasions I went down to see the House still sitting, as a curiosity. I was present in the House when the Irish members were

named and expelled—a melancholy sight, which I shall never forget.

In August Mr. Gladstone asked me to go with him on his trip in the *Grantully Castle*, but I thought I ought not to go away, as my chairman, Herries, was ill.

In October Mr. Gladstone gained his great triumph over the Turk, whom he caused to evacuate the Dulcigno district by a threat of taking Smyrna—the European concert lasted just long enough.

In that month I was walking across the Horse Guards' Parade with Mr. Gladstone, when he asked me if he might submit my name to the Queen for the honor of the Companionship of the Bath. I told him I was flattered by his offer, but for several reasons I would rather decline it. We then parted, but on the next day I received the following letter, which, of course, overcame my refusal:

“10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, October 4, 1880.

“MY DEAR WEST,—I think the inclosed ought to remove any scruples you have about accepting the Order.

“If you do not care to be congratulated on becoming a Companion, you will, I know, be willing to accept congratulations (which are hereby conveyed, and conveyed in large measure), on your having further earned the marked appreciation and high approval of the great and distinguished man.

“This, I know, will be a pleasure to you, and it is a pleasure, a great pleasure, to me to wish you joy accordingly.

“Yours always sincerely,

“E. HAMILTON.”

“10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, October 4, 1880.

“MY DEAR WEST,—I hope you will allow me to submit your name to the Queen for a Companionship of the Bath, which is, as you know, the first step on the ladder of the Order.

“I think that such an acknowledgment is due to the high quality and very considerable length of your service for the State and to its agents in very responsible positions, to which no one can bear either a better-informed or a warmer testimony than myself.

"As a friend I have great pleasure in making this proposal, and as a Minister I am especially gratified to make it at a time when you have given such marked and efficient aid in the introduction and adoption of a change which I hope may remain memorable for good in the annals of your department.

"Believe me, sincerely yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

In December I started from Charing Cross with Sir John Rose for a trip on the Riviera. In our carriage were Mr. Stephen, now Lord Mount Stephen, and some others, who were going over to Paris on matters connected with the Canadian-Pacific Railway. On our way Mr. Stephen received a telegram from some great financier in Paris, asking all the party, in which Rose and I were included, to dine with him that evening. On our arrival I swore that nothing should induce me to go unless I was allowed to dress. We were received at the station by a very smart gentleman, who received my protestations by throwing open his surtout and showing himself in spotless linen and a very beautiful frock-coat; declared he was not dressed, and no one would be. I was very miserable, for dinner to me without change of clothes was always most unappetizing, and after a long journey it was horrid. However, carriages were waiting, and we were bundled into them and driven to a gorgeous villa near the Parc Monceau, where we found, to make us more uncomfortable, everybody *en grande tenue*, and most of them decorated. The banquet was like one of those described by Dumas in *Monte Cristo*. We were received in a nearly unfurnished room covered with beautiful tapestries, which noiselessly parted and showed us a table that was a mass of flowers and silver. Every guest had seven wine-glasses, and I verily believe, in spite of his protestations, that Sir John Rose drank seven wines. It was my first experience of such a Pa-

risian dinner. After it the host and his son handed us coffee and cigars.

The following evening Sir John Rose and I started for Nice, where we arrived about five o'clock the next afternoon, and were cordially received by Lady Rose, her daughter, Mrs. Stanley Clarke, and Mr. J. S. Morgan.

It would have been impossible to desire a more agreeable party.

We were lodged at the Hôtel Grande Bretagne. One day we went to Villefranche; on another we dined at the Reserve and made acquaintance with Thackeray's historical Bouillabaisse, of which I was not worthy; and the next day Sir John and Lady Rose made that beautiful drive along the sea-shore to Monte-Carlo, a very paradise of sinners. The Mediterranean was dazzlingly blue, and the sun entrancingly warm; but what creatures of moods we all are, men and women alike! Many is the laugh we had in after times at Sir John Rose's Britannic mood that day. Three remarks throughout that romantic drive, and three only did he make: (1) "What a beastly glare!" (2) "What a hideous tree a palm is!" (3) "I wish that d—d dog would stop barking."

We chaffed him good-naturedly, and I paraphrased Macaulay's "Ode on a Yorkshire Jacobite":

"To my dear wife I sacrificed, with pain,
Comfort and home, business and hopes of gain.

Saw Lombard Street in each Lombardian plain
And wept by Arno for my bank again."

We stayed three or four days at Monte-Carlo, and on to San Remo and Geneva, where official ties forced me to say good-bye to my dear friends.

The next year (1881) poor Herries's health was begin-

ning to fail, and the discussion of the Budget again fell in great measure on my shoulders.

Other matters prevented Mr. Gladstone from having the time necessary for a thorough revision of the death duties, but he dealt partially with the probate, not accepting my earnest advice that he should unify the duty, somewhat in the way advocated yearly by Mr. Dodds. I wrote volumes on the subject, and my only satisfaction was in knowing that afterwards Mr. Gladstone acknowledged to me that I had convinced him that I was right. This he repeated to me again on board the *Pembroke Castle* in 1883.

Herries's health had broken down under the weight of responsibility in the spring, and he never sufficiently recovered to come back to work. A position of a deputy or a *locum tenens* is not an enviable one, but my responsibilities had been lightened and my work had been rendered more easy, not only by the generous support from the best of all departments, but by the constant intercourse with Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was Secretary to the Treasury, and who was the pleasantest man to do business with that I could imagine.

Late in the month I was fishing at Netherby, when we were asked to Hawarden. After much consideration, seeing that the question of Herries's resignation was imminent, I felt it better to make an excuse, to avoid any idea that I was going there with a purpose, so my wife and daughter went alone and I returned to London.

Going back to dinner on November 11th, my servant told me that Mrs. Gladstone had called to congratulate me on my appointment to the Chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue! I had heard nothing; but in the evening I received this letter from Mr. Gladstone, which the messenger had put in his pocket and forgotten to deliver :

“10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, *November 11, 1881.*

“MY DEAR WEST,—Sir C. Herries has placed in my hands the resignation of his office, and this proceeding, now virtually accomplished, enables me to proceed (subject to the consideration I have to mention) to the fulfilment of a duty most agreeable to me, both on public and on private grounds: the duty of requesting you to assume the Chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue.

“As you are aware, proposals have for some time been before the public in different quarters, which, if taken up by authority, might hereafter issue in very large and important changes in the administration of the revenue, and might involve the making up of the existing machinery with either the severance of what is now united, or the consolidation of what is now separate. There is one duty, and one only, which I think now devolves upon the government in reference to this subject; it is that of securing to itself, on *every* occasion of a new appointment, an absolute liberty of action for the future. Consequently it should be understood in your case, the first which presents itself, that nothing in the nature either of a vested right, or of an expectation, is to grow out of the change I now propose, but that the office and its conditions will remain subject to the future pleasure of Parliament and of the government. You will understand my motive in establishing this understanding, and you also will know the spirit in which from time to time, under our system of government, such understandings are conceived and applied.

“I have only to add that in the event of your acceptance I mean to propose to Mr. Adam Young that he should take the deputy chair.

“Believe me always,

“Sincerely yours,

“W. E. GLADSTONE.

“A. E. WEST, Esq.”

We were naturally delighted at my appointment, and that it should have come from Mr. Gladstone. I was proud, too, at being the youngest chairman that had ever occupied that position, though after my retirement I am happy to say that all my successors have been appointed at an earlier age.

I was much pleased with the letters of hearty con-

gratulation I received from many old friends, including Sir George Grey, Sir Charles Wood, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Sir William Stephenson, who had preceded Herries as Chairman; and one from Lord Northbrook, recalling the early days of our official intercourse at the Admiralty. Sir Ralph Lingens I am tempted to reproduce:

"17/11/81.

"DEAR MR. ALGERNON WEST,—I congratulate you on succeeding to the Chairmanship of your Board—a great position—and less likely than ever to be an easy one.

"I am confident you will discharge the duties with ability and courage—the latter quality being one considerably more in request than supplied under successive governments.

"You and the Treasury will have the advantage of being able to rely on each other.

"Chamberlain's statement about the eve of change was probably misinterpreted as a revelation of Cabinet secrets. I agree with him that it is an opinion which no reflecting and intelligent person can fail to hold.

"The next generation of administrators *in excelsis* will not lack matter to try their mettle.

"Yours very truly,

"R. R. LINGEN."

Herries's retirement was preceded by that of Alfred Montgomery, my oldest friend, who had been kind to me since boyhood, and had indeed urged upon me to go upon the Board, as he never wished for promotion himself.

When the vacancy for the Deputy-Chairmanship arose, he wrote to Lord Beaconsfield begging not to be considered as a candidate. I was appointed with his approval, but, unfortunately for me, Lord Beaconsfield meeting him a few days afterwards, said:

"My dear Alfred, I wish you had let me nominate you for the deputy chair."

Then came a little clouding over of our friendship.

I knew it was not my fault, and I deeply deplored it; but the cloud soon passed away and our old friendship was renewed. He was the most genial and social of companions, with a large and long experience of society. He had been Lord Wellesley's private secretary, a friend of D'Orsay and all the dandies of that day; was endowed with extraordinary good looks and a bewitching attraction of manner which endeared him to everybody. He was one of the old school of officials, who never failed to brighten and illumine all the dull details of routine work.

Walking down to Somerset House one day, he passed through Leicester Square, where the ceremony of opening was to take place in the afternoon; the gates were shut, so he walked up to the constable on duty: "Not open," he said, "sir, to the public till after two o'clock."

"I am not one of the public," said Alfred, with his most magnificent manner. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the constable, and the gates flew open.

One day at the Board a canon of the Church wrote and asked if he must pay licence duty for a carriage which was used only for taking his infirm parishioners to church on Sundays.

"What do you say, Montgomery?" said our Chairman. "Oh," answered he, with the delightful little stammer which served as an ornament rather than a drawback to his speaking, "tell the canon that the Board will not insist on the old people going to church." Another of our colleagues murmured, "I wish people would not ask us hypothetical questions which legally we cannot affirm, but practically we disaffirm." The latter was too subtle for us to understand.

On one baking hot day the Chairman's private secretary came into the board-room with his coat off. Montgomery was much shocked, and as the secretary was leav-



Walker & Boutall, p.s.

Alfred Montgomery.

ing the room he called him back and said: "Mr. —, if you should find it convenient in this hot weather to take off your trousers, pray do not let any feeling of respect for the Board stand in your way."

His sense of humor and wit lasted till the end. One day during his illness the Prince of Wales called on him and shortly afterwards the Princess. On her departure he said to his servant:

"Should the Queen call, say that I am too tired to see her Majesty."

Curiously enough he once told me that though he had been in the Queen's household since her Majesty's accession, she had never once spoken to him.

We had another colleague who lived out of town, and always, to our amusement, came up by the seven o'clock train because—as he said—he liked the engine-driver. As he complained one day of a bad headache, Montgomery said to him: "Please do not come up to-morrow; I will do your work, and you can stay at home."

"Oh!" said he, "I can't; I've got people staying with me!"

How much he felt his retirement from the Board was shown by this short note:

"5 BOLTON ROW, MAYFAIR, W., *July 21.*

"MY DEAR ALGY,—Thanks for your kind note.

"The hour of parting is, indeed, a sad one—more painful than I ever thought it would be. Indeed it must be some days before I am equal to coming to Somerset House or saying 'Farewell.'

"Yours affectionately,
"A. M."

Alfred Montgomery complained of having been bitten at a certain country-house to Lord —, who was more remarkable for his conversational powers than his personal cleanliness:

"I have never been bitten there," he said.

“No,” said Alfred, “even bugs must draw the line somewhere.”

On December 13th, leaving the Board in charge of Adam Young, I started for a trip on Mr. Morgan’s yacht *Pandora*, which he had hired from Mr. W. H. Smith at Villefranche. Sir John and Lady Rose and Mrs. Mason made up our party, but, sad to say, no Mrs. Clarke.

It would be impossible to imaginé a more delightful host than Mr. Morgan, who was absolutely devoid of the unconscious insolence of wealth which is possessed by many successful millionaires.

On the 17th we embarked at early dawn and started for Bastia, in Corsica, where we were met by the President of the Chamber of Commerce, who apologized for not being in full dress, and acted as cicerone in a dull, little, common-place town.

The next day we reached Île Rousse, a rugged, rud-dy coast, as its name shows, with high hills behind and olives everywhere. We breakfasted with the Pietri family, the head of which was a Corsican, and private secretary to Napoleon III. His little château was two or three miles up in the hills, surrounded with gardens of citron and oranges; a village and church were perched on the summit of the mountain. The house was approached by steps through open verandas. There was a small library moderately filled with books, and many portraits of the Bonapartes and the Paoli families, and a very fine picture of the Pitti Palace at Florence. All the floors throughout the house were of brick. We were ushered into the salon, in which a magnificent déjeuner was served. One of the ladies there told us all the history of Paoli and Corsica, of which he was considered the liberator. The inhabitants, she said, were still all Bonapartists at heart.

The son of Prince Napoleon was now the one they

looked to for the re-establishment of the Napoleonic dynasty.

We were offered wild boar and moufflon hunting, if we would stay. They showed us a pretty little church, and then we returned in a very rough gale, from which, however, the yacht was protected. They suffer terribly here from droughts, or the inland parts would be very fertile. Nothing could be more interesting than our visit to this picturesque country of mountains and green valleys, with fruit trees and myrtles. Mr. Morgan is received everywhere in France with enthusiasm, for he made the first great loan to them at the time of the siege of Paris. We stayed storm-bound, which drove Sir John Rose frantic, as he really in his heart hated yachting, or indeed being away from his dear London; but Lady Rose's wit and spirits never flagged.

In spite of the wind, we reached Ajaccio on the shortest day, a day of sun and warmth.

Colonel Haggart met us at the fort and took us all for a drive to see the birthplace and the home of Napoleon. The furniture was old and broken, but very fascinating. They told us that an old woman, niece of Bonaparte, still lived there in great poverty.

We had a stormy crossing to Terra Nuova, passing all the glorious mountain scenery of the Straits and the islands round Sardinia, including a glimpse of Garibaldi's home in Caprera.

We made some expeditions by rail in Sardinia, and again encountered a boiling, snappy storm on our way to Naples, with which, I confess, I was disappointed. The bay equalled all I had anticipated, but the town itself fell far short of what I had imagined and pictured to myself. After staying here a short time we saw Capri and Sorrento, and revelled in the blue seas and the dazzling sunshine. We went to Leghorn and passed

Spezzia, and there was a talk of a hurried visit to Rome; but I personally was determined not to go there till I went with my wife, who was so looking forward to showing me the place, where, before our marriage, she had spent two happy winters with her grandmother, Lady Grey, and her mother; and so I was glad when the yacht rolled by on our homeward journey to Villefranche.

I went straight to Walmer, and spent long evenings discussing the changes we were to make at a little place called Wanborough we had taken not far from Guildford, which my wife was working hard to get ready for our reception.

CHAPTER XVII

1882-1883

Site and History of Wanborough—Changes in the Government—Resignation of Forster—Lord Frederick Cavendish's Appointment—News of the Phoenix Park Murders—Funeral at Chatsworth—Mr. Gladstone at the Guildhall—Arrest of Mr. Parnell—Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Gladstone—Visit to Hayes—Lord Randolph Churchill on the Inland Revenue Board—Mr. Gladstone's Defence—Harry Keppel's Reminiscences of Lord Saltoun—Origin of Sailor's Blue Collars—Invitation to Join the Cruise in the *Pembroke Castle* with Mr. Gladstone—Start from Barrow—Miss Laura Tennant—In Scottish Waters—Arrival of Sir William Harcourt and Sir Andrew Clark—The Laureate's Reading—Question of his Peerage—Visit to Kirkwall—Mr. Gladstone's Speech—Across the North Sea in a Fog—Talks with Mr. Gladstone—Landing at Christiansand—Copenhagen—Dinner at the Palace—Visit of the Royalties—The Princess of Wales and Tennyson—Return Home—Miss Tennant's Charm—Her Visit to Wanborough.

WANBOROUGH was an old-world manor-house, which is described by Green in his *Making of England* as being on the "Hog's Back" on the North Downs, a spot which, in all probability, has been a sacred site for every religion which has been received into Britain from the time of Woden, from whom it derives its name, which was originally "Wodenborough."

The manor was granted by William the Conqueror to Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, who was a Crusader of not irreproachable morals, and was excommunicated on his death. The Templars, proud of his achieve-

ments, yet not daring to incur the Papal displeasure by burying him, put his body into a coffin, and hung it up on the trees of their garden till the excommunication was removed, and he was buried in the Temple Church, where his effigy now is: the only instance, I am told, of a knight with a flat-topped helmet.

The manor was subsequently seized by Stephen, and given by him to Pharamus de Bologna, who sold it to the Abbey of Waverley. At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed it on his Lord Treasurer and Lord Admiral, the Earl of Southampton, in whose time (1537) the present manor-house was built. Adjacent to it is one of the oldest churches in England, dedicated to St. Bartholomew. It was some time after our taking it that we discovered that my wife and I were both equally descended from Lord Southampton, through Rachel, Lady Russell.

In the spring of 1882 changes in the government affected me very considerably. W. E. Forster resigned his office as Chief Secretary for Ireland, and my son Horace, being his secretary, fell out of official employment, though for a time he remained with him. Everybody was sorry, and Lord Spencer asked and obtained a clerkship for him in the House of Commons, from Sir Erskine May, who had already told my wife what pleasure it would give him to help any descendant of Lord Grey's.

Mr. Gladstone wished Lord Hartington to go as Chief Secretary to Ireland, but on his refusal he determined to send his brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was then Financial Secretary to the Treasury. It was a great wrench to him to tear himself away from an office which brought him into direct communication with Mr. Gladstone, and from work in which he delighted; but the post he was offered was one of great difficulty, and

of vast responsibility, and I do not believe he hesitated for a moment in his unselfish determination to do his duty. I deeply regretted the loss he would be to me; and on my way to Somerset House I called at the Treasury to say "Good-bye," but he had not arrived, so I went my way feeling I would postpone my leave-taking till his return, for he was only going to accompany Lord Spencer on his entry into Dublin, and to return on the following Monday to wind up affairs at the Treasury.

I had not been at Somerset House for an hour before I got a note asking me to go and see him, which I did. He told me it was not a real "Good-bye," but he did not want to go without a shake of the hand.

The Press had singularly undervalued his character and his powers, and I was glad to find, on returning to my office, an appreciative notice in the *Economist*, one of the few papers that properly valued him and his appointment. I cut it out and sent it with a note to Lady Frederick, and on my way home I came across John Morley, the editor, and Yates Thompson, the proprietor, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and told them how utterly wrong they were in their estimate of the man.

He had, at any rate, undertaken the post of difficulty with courage, and a determination to carry to that distracted country a "message of peace." How it was to be received we learned the following day.

Horace and I had gone for Sunday to Wanborough, where, as we were at dinner, we were startled by the terrible news of his assassination, which had been telegraphed to us from London.

On the Saturday evening, my wife and daughter were at the Admiralty, where Lady Emma Baring had been entertaining the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and a large party at dinner. People were still arriving, when Sir William Harcourt came and immediately took Lord

Northbrook aside, and told him the awful news that had come from Dublin. They got Lord Hartington up into the First Lord's private room, and told him of his sad loss.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone had been dining elsewhere; he had walked home, and Mrs. Gladstone was stopped at the door of the Admiralty. It was, I think, Lady Louisa Egerton, who drove off at once to Carlton House Terrace to prevent Lady Frederick Cavendish coming to the party, as she had meant to do.

The news was not generally known that night, but in one way or another a sensation of something being wrong pervaded the people at the party, and it broke up at an early hour.

Immediately Mr. Forster waited on Mr. Gladstone, and generously and gallantly offered to go over to Ireland temporarily to administer Lord Frederick's vacant post. This, however, was not to be; Sir Charles Dilke refused the terribly responsible office, which was filled by Sir George Trevelyan.

During Sir George Trevelyan's first visit to the Secretary's Lodge in Phoenix Park, he went to the window and pushed aside the curtain, and underneath its folds lay the blood-stained coat of poor Frederick Cavendish, which had never been removed from the room into which his body was first brought after the murder.

I went to his funeral—the most impressive I had ever seen—at Chatsworth, and shortly afterwards saw Lady Frederick, who gave me his photograph, taken after his death; there was a sweet smile on his face, and it was difficult to believe that he had been the victim of a violent death. A nobler, purer soul never was released.

In October I went down to the Guildhall to see the freedom of the City bestowed on Mr. Gladstone.

Before he began his speech I heard that he was ex-

pecting a telegram from Dublin announcing Parnell's arrest. It soon came, and was evidently a relief to him, as he appeared anxiously awaiting it. He immediately said, in an almost painful silence:

"Within these few minutes I have been informed that towards the vindication of the law, of order, of the right of property, and the freedom of the land, of the first elements of political life and civilization, the first step has been taken in the arrest of the man who has made himself prominent in his attempt to destroy the authority of the law, and substitute what would end in being nothing more or less than anarchical oppression exercised upon the people of Ireland."

There was an outburst of cheering, which saddened me when I thought of all that it meant, and how the Irish troubles were thickening around us.

The following short correspondence may serve to illustrate the friendly personal relations which always existed between Mr. Gladstone and his old private secretary:

"10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, *June 24, 1882.*

"MY DEAR WEST,—I observe that Northcote and others of his friends on the front bench have observed a temperate and parliamentary course in questions about Egypt, while many of the supporters have been unruly, and their unruliness appears to have received distinct countenance from the speech of Salisbury last night in the House of Lords.

"I do not like to offer public acknowledgments to Northcote on this ground, as I am afraid I might increase the difficulties of his position, which it is one of my primary duties to avoid.

"If you had an opportunity of letting his son know informally that these are my ideas I should be obliged to you.

"Believe me, sincerely yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

"*June 27, 1882.*

"MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—I yesterday had an opportunity of communicating to Sir Stafford Northcote the substance of your

letter to me of the 24th. He expressed himself as much gratified at your recognition of the conduct of the front opposition bench in trying to avoid embarrassing the government during the present crisis. He is fully conscious of the difficulties which surround the government, and intends to avoid, as far as possible, adding to them. Of course, he added that he made no secret of his disapproval of the government policy, which he probably will, before very long, express in public.

“Yours,

“ALGERNON WEST.

“RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.”

In November we were staying with Everard Hambro at Hayes, in Kent, the historic house in which Lord Chatham lived and died, and where William Pitt was born. I had often when there walked over to church at Wickham, where many of the Wests were buried, and notably Gilbert West, who was a friend of Pitt's, and to whom a great mural tablet is erected. His house, now inhabited by Miss Brownlow Hall, is in the village, and she, hearing that I was at Hayes, sent me, through Mrs. Hambro, a photograph of it, and one Sunday Horace and I went to thank her. She lived there with her sister, and showed us most kindly over the house, which she had added to since Gilbert West's time, and evidently took a great interest in the family and the place.

On June 1, 1883, I went to see Mr. Gladstone on the subject of Lord Randolph Churchill's motion on the recent order of my Board forbidding Inland Revenue officers to use parliamentary influence to obtain additional salaries: he said, “Of course, you are coming down to the House!” I said, “I have no intention of doing so, as I think Lord Randolph is quite capable of alluding to me as Sergeant Buzfuz did to *Pickwick*, saying, ‘Let me tell the defendant, if he be in court, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment and in better taste, if he had stayed away.’”

But if you really insist on my going, I will, of course." "Certainly," he said, "you have got me into this, and must not desert me." So he took my arm, and we went down to the House together, where I had to sit under the gallery, listening to a most violent personal attack on me and Northcote. It was evident that Lord Randolph was only the mouthpiece of somebody else, and had not got up his lesson as well as usual.

Then rose Mr. Gladstone, and by his eloquent defence more than compensated me for the pain I had endured at Lord Randolph's hands. He said: "Mr. West is a gentleman who has risen step by step to a high position in the public service; and every one of those steps has been achieved by energetic and able exertion. The duties of a private secretary are most arduous, and those of a private secretary to the Prime Minister are certainly arduous far beyond all others. And it was Mr. West's merit, and nothing else, which led to his appointment—an appointment subsequently recognized by our political opponents, so that he stands in the position of a gentleman whose ability has been acknowledged by both sides of the House."

Complimentary words followed from Sir Stafford Northcote, Childers, and my old friend, Sam Whitbread. The motion was defeated in a small dinner-hour House by 120 to 37, and I went away triumphant, and took the news to where my wife was dining. It is pleasant to think that in later years, when Lord Randolph and I came to know each other better, this incident was entirely forgotten.

One day at dinner Harry Keppel, who came to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, told us that when he was taking Lord Saltoun, as commander-in-chief, to China, he asked him whether there was any truth in the oft-repeated order of the Duke of Wellington, "Up, Guards, and at them!" at Waterloo.

He said, "None," and he ought to have known, for there he had commanded the light companies of the Second Brigade. He was standing by the Duke when the Guards were lying down, and he heard the Duke call up an aide-de-camp and give him some orders, which he galloped off to execute. On his return he saluted the Duke and fell back to the rear. In a few minutes the Duke called him up and said:

"Did you deliver my orders to General ——?"

"Yes, your Grace," said the aide-de-camp.

"And what did he say?"

"He said he'd see your Grace d—d first."

The Duke took up his glass and looked in his direction, and leaned over to Lord Saltoun, saying, "By G—, he's right."

Harry Keppel also told us that the blue collars worn by sailors had their origin in the dressing of the pig-tails, which Harry recollected, when a blue cloth was put on the men's shoulders to keep the grease off their jackets; the pig-tails disappeared, and the collars remain to this day.

I was at Wanborough in September when I received a message asking me if I would join Mr. Gladstone and his party in a cruise round the west coast of Scotland in the *Pembroke Castle*, one of Sir Donald Currie's line of Cape ships. We were to embark at Barrow. I hesitated, but my wife and daughter persuaded me not to miss such an opportunity of again being with Mr. Gladstone; so, on September 7th, after dining with Lord Welby and Sir John Rose at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, I started by the midnight train from Euston to Barrow, where I arrived at about ten o'clock on the morning of the 8th, and, finding a brother of Sir Donald Currie's, I went with him on board the ship. She was lying in a narrow channel by Peel Island, the

captain rather anxiously awaiting the Prime Minister, to get out of the channel, as it was blowing pretty stiffly, and there were only a few yards to spare when the vessel swung at her anchor. At about five or six o'clock Mr. Gladstone and his party came off, under a heavy swell, in a steam-tug. The party then consisted of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Mary Gladstone, Miss C. Gladstone and Herbert Gladstone; the Poet Laureate—Alfred Tennyson—and his son, Hallam; Arthur Lyttelton, Sir Donald Currie, Sir Arthur Gordon, and others. In half an hour afterwards came Miss Tennant, who had been kept behind, and how she came I don't yet know; but this I do know, that I am grateful that she arrived, for she became the heart and soul and glory of the whole party, and entranced everybody, from the sailors to the Prime Minister, with her charm and cleverness, her good-humor, and her overflowing spirits, which placed everybody at her feet. One of the sailors, whom she asked whether he was married, looked at her and said, "Yes, ma'am, I am sorry to say I am"; and this, she said, was the highest and most subtle compliment she had ever received. We immediately got under way, and proceeded to Ramsay Bay under a breeze and cloudy sky, where we anchored for the night.

On Sunday, the 9th, at 5 A.M. sleep became difficult from the noise of weighing anchor, so I went on deck as we passed through the Mull of Galloway and rounded Ailsa Craig, which was covered with shrieking sea-birds. At about eleven o'clock we had a full church service in the saloon, Arthur Lyttelton officiating, and Mr. Gladstone reading the lessons. We passed the afternoon in a strong breeze and heavy rain, but the *Pembroke Castle* cut through the waves with hardly any motion at all. We anchored that night off Jura. On the 10th the rain had ceased and the weather cleared, though it was still blow-

ing fresh when we anchored at Oban ; here we were met by Sir James Ramsden, and taken in his yacht *Jessie* into the bay and then round to Dunstaffnage Castle, where we landed and met Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who had driven there. The sun had come out brilliantly and the little bay was lovely, and the sea a cerulean blue. On the 11th we sailed through the Sound of Mull, passing Tobermory and the dreaded Ardnamurchan Point, till we came opposite Loch Hourn ; here we got into Mr. Currie's yacht, and sailed right up into the loch. I had a long talk with Lord Dalhousie, who had joined our party at Oban the day before. Nothing could have been lovelier than our sail through the sunny little loch, covered with fishing-boats just returned from herring-fishing. On re-embarking on the *Pembroke Castle* we repassed Ardnamurchan, and just as we were in the midst of our tumble we were hailed by the burly form of the Home Secretary, who stood on the deck of a little yacht hardly big enough to hold him ; and so at the most inopportune moment we stopped and took him aboard, with his son, Lulu, and then on again to Tobermory, which we entered for dinner, before which Sir Andrew Clark and Lady and Miss Clark joined our party.

It was impossible to know Mr. Gladstone well without becoming acquainted with his Æsculapius, Sir Andrew Clark. A Scotsman of pronounced opinions on most subjects, he was rugged and dogmatic in his assertions and his conversations on religion as well as medicine. His admiration for Mr. Gladstone was almost as great as Mr. Gladstone's faith in him. Many are the good stories—too well known to be repeated—of his emphatic directions to his patients. He always declared that no one ever was known to have died of old age.

Lord Granville, dining with him when President of the Royal College of Physicians, asked the company if in

their long experience they had ever known a case of cause following effect. They all denied its possibility. "Not even," said Lord Granville, "when the doctor follows his patient to the grave?"

Sir William Harcourt was full of the joke of my having been described in the newspapers as "The Hon. and Rev. Algernon West." Our party were by this time getting to know one another well. We had settled down to our places at dinner, though there was always a contest as to who should sit near Miss Tennant, and we were really sorry for any addition to our party.

Sir William directly after dinner proposed to smoke, saying he was sure the Poet Laureate, who had sung of

"The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds,"

would not object. Mr. Tennyson, who had given one the impression of being somewhat *farouche* and rough at first, had soon softened down. We had many pleasant conversations together, and he had begun reading to our small party, at the instigation of Miss Tennant, in the smoking-room in the mornings and evenings. He was very much offended on one occasion by detecting Mr. Gladstone apparently asleep during his reading; oddly enough, he preferred his dramas to his poems, though he was fond of reading "Maud" and the "Grandmother." I never joined in the chorus of thanks and admiration of his reading, but I think he saw I was an appreciative listener, for he always insisted on my being present. One evening the men and boys on board sang to us, a cabin-boy calling on Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Tennyson to join him in his chorus. Sir Arthur Gordon had with him a Fiji servant, a fine-looking fellow in costume, who showed us how to kindle a fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together.

On leaving Tobermory we rounded Ardnamurchan, for

the third time trying to get to Staffa and Iona, but it was too rough, so we went inside Skye to Gairloch, where we arrived at mid-day ; here we all landed in the rain. Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Dalhousie, Miss Tennant, Herbert Gladstone, and I started walking towards Loch Maree, but after a couple of miles carriages picked up all but Herbert Gladstone and myself, who returned to the ship and fished.

About this time sprang up a question as to whether Tennyson should be made a peer, and I was intrusted with the negotiations, which were rather amusing, and ended ultimately in the affair being settled and the peerage accepted.

On arriving at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, we were accompanied by the burgesses of the town and saw St. Magnus's Cathedral, subsequently going for a long drive to see a prehistoric tomb, where we had luncheon ; on our return we drove to the kirk, where the freedom of the town was presented to Mr. Gladstone and Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone making a most touching speech. There was something rather comic in the chapel arrangements, and Miss Laura Tennant, in whom the sense of humor was always keen, could hardly control her merriment, but when Mr. Gladstone spoke it changed into a phase of wrapt attention, as he spoke for himself and for the Poet Laureate. "The words," he said, "we speak have wings and fly away ; the words of Mr. Tennyson are of a higher order. I anticipate for him immortality. In some distant time people will say, looking at your roll, 'The Prime Minister, who was he ; what did he do ? We know nothing about him, but the Poet Laureate has written his own song on the hearts of his countrymen, which can never die.'"

Nearly all the town had closed its shops in honor of the occasion, and so everybody bought photographs at

the only shop that was open, and this turned out to be that of a Tory who had refused to shut his.

A thick fog had now set in, which was not propitious for crossing the North Sea, which had been determined on, for Tennyson had suggested a run across to Norway. A young lady of our party, however, thought a fog was safe at any rate, and said she was sure that if it became rough in mid-ocean, Sir Donald, who was so kind, would anchor at once ! The fog lasted all night and we suffered from the terrible sirens, and in the morning we felt our way out, but it came on worse and was very disagreeable, seeing all the boats being provisioned, lights being fastened to life-preservers, fog-horn blowing, etc. However, about eleven o'clock it cleared, and we went ahead full speed.

I had a very long talk with Mr. Gladstone on financial matters. Talking of Lord Lyndhurst's life, which was being written, he said that of the six Lord Chancellors he had sat with he thought him the most useful as a Cabinet Minister. Once when he was consulting him on some parliamentary question connected with Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, Lord Brougham was present. Lord Lyndhurst was then crippled and infirm. Lord Brougham said : "Ah, Lyndhurst, how I wish I could give you some of my walking powers in exchange for some of your brains !"

Then we talked of how the government had maintained its strength after the secessions of the Duke of Argyll, W. E. Forster, and John Bright ; he said the Duke being a peer had not much weight, that Forster's obstinacy was most extraordinary when Secretary for Ireland, and he knew of no one instance in which he had taken his advice or profited by his experience ; Bright's resignation, he said, had he shown anything but the loyalty with which he had acted, would have been very serious.

We passed Cape Wrath, where I am told we rolled a bit, but I was asleep, and after a splendid run, about mid-day on the 14th, the sea running very high, we approached Norway, taking on board a pilot, in the clever management of whose boat Mr. Gladstone was much interested. About three o'clock we all landed at Christiansand, a little town, bright, clean, and built of white painted wood; then we drove seven miles through a green, prosperous, fair country to a fiord, crossed the river in punts, and went to see a great steam saw-mill, where all the pine-trees were sawn up and thrown into the river, where they floated down till at certain points they were collected and made into rafts. All the peasants looked prosperous and well-to-do in their little holdings. The ponies were like small Roman horses with high manes hogged; on reaching the river we got into a small passenger steamer and returned through pretty wooded banks to Christiansand, where we re-embarked and sailed for Copenhagen; we arrived there at about half-past five on Sunday evening, September 16th, having had service going up the Sound, past Elsinore, where I had been twenty-eight years ago with Jervoise Smith on our return from the Baltic. Nothing could have been prettier than our arrival in the afternoon sun at Copenhagen; C. Vivian, and Gosling, the Secretary to the Legation, came on board, and the latter took me for the Poet Laureate, and told me how delighted the King and Queen were to welcome me in their dominions. After dinner, Herbert Gladstone, Miss Tennant, and a little party of us landed and went to Tivoli, which was lighted up by the electric light and innumerable lamps on all the trees and over all the lakes; nothing could exceed the lovely effect. The music and the behavior of the people were admirable. I saw a private soldier standing there, and asked Mr. Gosling if he was a regular or a Landwehr.



50 AP 1855

The Hon. M^{rs} Alfred Lyttelton

From a drawing by the Marchioness of Grosby

He said: "Oh, a regular; let me introduce you to him; he is a nephew of the King." I asked him to come and see the *Pembroke Castle*, but he said his military studies and duties gave him no time; he had to serve three years as a private.

We were all invited to dine at the Palace on the following day; but happily it was decided that only six should go, so Arthur Lyttelton, Herbert Gladstone, and Miss C. Gladstone, Miss Tennant, and I, after having seen Copenhagen all the morning, dined with Gosling and his pretty daughters at Tivoli, where we had an excellent dinner, charming music, and then went to his apartments to hear music again till near twelve o'clock, when we joined the party from the Palace at the quay and re-embarked with them.

Sir Donald Currie gave us a pleasant account of the dinner at the Palace, where he was charmed at the cleverness and simplicity of the royal family—the dinner, the wine, etc. We heard that the whole party was coming to luncheon on board on the following day.

Next morning we all went ashore again and bought crockery, flowers, etc., and got back by one o'clock to see the royalties come aboard, which was a lovely sight; they came in great state barges from the Russian and Danish yachts which were in the harbor—forty-one in all. The party included the Czar and Czarina and Czarowitz of Russia, and, I think, a younger brother; the Czar, a magnificent man in uniform, the Czarowitz, a thorough Tartar-looking face, but a jolly boy; the King and Queen of Denmark—she must have been very pretty—the Crown Prince and Princess and their son; the King and Queen of Greece and their children; the Princess of Wales and Prince Eddie and his sisters; Princess Mary of Hanover, Prince John of Glücksburg, etc. Never was there such an assembly of royalties on a ship before.

They had not been on board three minutes when the Czar had disappeared, having, as I afterwards ascertained, got hold of the engineer and gone to examine every part of the ship and her machinery. Andrew Cockerell and Miss Knollys were in waiting on the Princess of Wales, and reproached me for not having gone to dinner at the Palace last night. All the foreign Ministers in Copenhagen were there also. I had been busy with Mrs. Vivian, at Sir Donald Currie's request, in trying to arrange where all the royalties should sit at luncheon, but I avoided going down myself. The Czar said he would rather be King of Denmark with its peasant proprietors than Czar of All the Russias; he was an object of immense interest to me as being so personally great: the other royalties were surrounded by constitutions, ministries, public opinion, etc., but he could go to war to-morrow if he liked of his own motion. At luncheon Mr. Gladstone in a few words proposed the health of the King and Queen of Denmark, the King thanking him in English; he then proposed the health of the Czar and Czarina, the Emperor returning thanks in French.

I kept in the background, but the Princess of Wales spoke to me and introduced me to the King of Greece. After luncheon it was proposed that Tennyson should read something, and on his saying that "one man could lead a horse to the water, but ten could not make him drink," the Princess of Wales said, "Oh, but I can," and led him up to the little smoking-room, where, surrounded by all these crowned heads, with his great wide-awake on his head, he read the "Grandmother."

As soon as the royalties had disembarked we got under way and left the harbor amid the cheers and salutes of the Russian and Danish men-of-war, the sailors manning the yards. We took some time warping our ship out, and only caught sight of the Danish yacht steaming into

Elsinore as we passed by in the gloaming. The weather and glass were somewhat threatening, but we got through the windy zone and steamed under a glorious moon across the North Sea, arriving in the Thames on the evening of the 19th—after sighting the low-lying lands of Yarmouth, and the fishing fleet off the Dogger Bank—and ran up till about eight or nine o'clock, when we anchored, meaning to get to Gravesend early on the next morning, but a heavy fog kept us still until ten o'clock, when we ventured up, passing some emigrant ships, the occupants of which cheered us, off Gravesend and Tilbury Fort, where we landed and had a great reception. On reaching Downing Street I went to try to get Lord Granville to come with Mr. Gladstone to Wanborough; but he was away, so our party fell through and I went alone, to find Lady Grey there.

Our cruise had in every way been a marvel of success. It had done Mr. Gladstone and all of us great good as far as health was concerned, and our visit to Copenhagen was full of interest. I felt very grateful to everybody, and everybody felt very grateful to Miss Tennant, who had really been the life and soul of the whole party.

To describe her to those who never came under her charm would be far beyond my power, while those who knew and loved her would never consider any description of her as adequate. She was a woman of the greatest genius I had ever come across: possessing a marvellous vitality and a heart full of the real enthusiasm of humanity, and large enough to hold the entire world. She was not of very striking beauty, but had a soft, appealing, and almost pathetic look of sympathy with those she talked to. Those who have read her unpublished stories can alone speak of their charm and pathos. When shortly after our cruise she said she was coming to Wanborough, I deeply regretted having praised her

and spoken of her in a way which in another's eyes could not but be extravagant. My wife was not a woman given to sudden and violent friendships, but Miss Laura came and conquered her, as she had conquered all she ever met, and my praises became only a faint echo of what my wife thought of her.

Soon after my return we had a pleasant visit from Lord Granville and Mrs. Stephenson, the latter for a good long time. In October we went to Walmer, which was, as usual, pleasant; the Russian and Danish Ministers were there, and one night Sir Evelyn Wood came, on his way back to Egypt. He talked a great deal, and was full of praise of the Egyptian soldiers and contempt for their officers, who, he said, were the first to run at Tel-el-Kebir.

CHAPTER XVIII

1884

Mr. Gladstone on Free-trade and Protection—Anecdotes of Lord Lytton—General Gordon's Mission to the Soudan—Meeting at the War Office—Gordon's Demand for Zebehr—Lord Acton's Library—Panizzi's Last Days—Conversations with Mr. Morley and Lord Acton—Mr. Gladstone's Portrait at Somerset House—Funeral of the Duke of Albany—Lord Lyons and George Sheffield—Conversations with Lord Granville—Cabinets and Gossip—Earthquake in London—Lord Granville at Wanborough—Mr. Gladstone on Seceders—Letters from Sir Erskine May and Sir John Lambert—Anecdote of Bishop Percy and Mr. Justice Maule—Mr. Gladstone on Lord Randolph Churchill—Liberals Improved as Speakers by Secession—Mr. Gladstone's Height—Dynamite Explosions in London—Mr. Browning's Story of Ruskin—Mr. Gladstone's View of Froude's *Carlyle*—Tenniel on the *Punch* Cartoons—Charles Clifford's Recollections of Rogers and the Grevilles—Hallam Tennyson's Wedding—A Thursday Breakfast with Mr. Gladstone—The Lords and the Franchise—Death of Lady Halifax—Welby's Suggested Inscription for Mr. Gladstone's Bust—Miss Tennant and her Sister visit Wanborough—Lord Northbrook's Mission to Egypt—His Quixotic Loyalty—Mr. Gladstone and Abraham Hayward—Death of Lord Ampthill.

ON January 2d, Mr. Gladstone, Frederick Leveson-Gower, Eddie Hamilton, Henry Keppel, and Lord Morton dined with us. Mr. Gower told us when free-trade was carried, Lord George Bentinck bet him £20 protection would be re-enacted within two years. Mr. Gladstone said that was not so absurd a bet at the time

as it appeared now ; Lord George Bentinck was alive, and his death made great changes. Had he lived he would probably have coerced Derby, and between them they would have kept Disraeli under, and made a strong fight for protection. When Lord Derby left the Cabinet he said he disapproved of free-trade, but that when it was carried he should do all he could to support it ; yet in the beginning of 1849 he announced he should do all he could to oppose it, having been persuaded by Lord George Bentinck, whose life, had it been spared, would have affected politics very much.

After that the leadership was offered to Goulburn, who declined it, and a triumvirate was appointed—Lord Grantham, Herries, and Disraeli ; the two former spoke for protection, but Disraeli threw them over and soon established himself as leader of the Tory party.

Neate, who was Member for Oxford City, was a free-trader till protection was abolished, then became a protectionist, and published a book on the subject.

Sir Robert Peel, to his death, believed that a strong fight would be made for protection, “a womanish superstition.”

After dinner, whist was proposed by Mr. Leveson-Gower, but Mr. Gladstone said it might affect his head ; he told me his constant marvel was how well the Beer Act had worked, and said he should like a collection of photographs of those men with whom he had been closely associated in official life, not M.P.’s, but civil servants.

A few days later, at Reginald Capel’s we again met Mr. Gladstone, and were discussing Lord Lytton’s Life. Lord Essex told us how he had met Lord Lytton at a wedding, when he said : “Are you come to one of these intolerable necessities ?”

Talking of the lines supposed to be written by the son

on his father's election for Hertfordshire, which had this verse :

“ Who came from Hertford in a chaise,
And lavished anything but praise
Upon the Author of my days ?
My Mother.”

Lord Essex said Lord Lytton's influence with the Press prevented their ever being published.

In the beginning of the year the Press was clamoring for Gordon to be sent out to Egypt. Gordon had passed a life of perpetual warfare as an engineer in the Crimea, as a commander of the “ ever-victorious army ” in China, and as Governor of the Equatorial Provinces of Central Africa. In 1880 he had, oddly enough, accepted the post of private secretary to Lord Ripon, Governor-General of India, a post which he resigned on reaching Bombay, and had again gone to China at Sir Robert Hart's request, to mediate between Russia and China. He then accepted the commandantship of the Colonial forces at the Cape, which he resigned in 1882. Subsequently he entered the service of the King of the Belgians in the Congo, from which he was recalled by the English government. On January 10th a meeting was summoned of those Cabinet Ministers who happened to be in London, at the War Office, where Gordon was asked to meet them.

They consisted of Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, Sir Charles Dilke, and Lord Northbrook.

At this meeting Gordon agreed to go to Suakim to report upon the best means of giving effect to the policy of the government. Gordon was to act under Evelyn Baring, to which he made no objection. He did not think the Mahdi's insurrection very serious, as the tribes under him would not be ready to go very far from their homes.

It was further arranged that Gordon was to perform

such other duties as might be intrusted to him by the government through Evelyn Baring.

The *Helicon* was ordered to take him to Suakim : but his original orders were extended to enable him to go on a mission *via* Korosko on the Nile, to withdraw the garrison from Khartoum.

Gordon applied for the services of Zebehr, the old slave-owner ; but though Mr. Gladstone thought he ought not to refuse any instrument required by our agent, the Cabinet would not face the appointment of a man with so baneful a character. Gordon, instead of withdrawing the garrison, reached Khartoum, where he proclaimed the independence of the Soudan and sanctioned the retention of slaves, and established himself at Khartoum. The catastrophe that awaited him we all know now.

On February 16th I dined with my wife at Mrs. Gladstone's ; Sir Walter and Lady James, John Morley, Lord Acton, and Spencer Lyttelton were there. After dinner we talked about libraries, Lord Acton saying he had over 30,000 historical volumes ; "and," added Mr. Gladstone, "he knows the exact shelf on which every volume is." This brought us to Panizzi, and his sad, ill days before his death, which Mr. Gladstone attributed greatly to the fact of his living in Bloomsbury Square, which he did to be near his dear British Museum. It was out of the way, and he was much worse off than Abraham Hayward during his later days in St. James's, where his friends could and did look in and cheer him up. Lord Granville was calling on Panizzi and making excuses for the rarity of his visits, when the poor old man said, very irritably, "I hope you'll never come again." But he soon recovered his temper, as who would not with Lord Granville !

A literary controversy was talked of between Panizzi

and one Mazzini, who, as Lord Acton said, wanted in the revolutionary days to publish all the manuscripts in the Vatican. His namesake, the great Mazzini, and Saffi, who married a cousin of mine, Miss Crawford, wished to destroy St. Peter's, as the symbol of Catholicism.

After dinner I had a long talk with John Morley about the state of politics and the House of Commons. He had a high opinion of the power and "nimbleness" of Lord Randolph Churchill, but hoped for the sake of all parties that he would never lead any.

He regretted the failing health of Sir Stafford Northcote, and remarked that the class of men who made a game and an occupation of politics alone was new.

Home with Lord Acton and talked of the prospect of Mr. Gladstone being able to retire from active political life, which seemed to me to lessen as he grew older.

It was in this year that Mrs. Gladstone sent us an engraving of Mr. Gladstone for our board room at Somerset House, and I, as chairman, had to thank her for it.

"BOARD ROOM, INLAND REVENUE, SOMERSET HOUSE, *March 7, 1884.*

"MY DEAR MRS. GLADSTONE,—I must send you the sincere thanks of the Board and myself for the beautiful print that you have presented to us of Mr. Gladstone.

"To us who have had the honor and delight of serving under him, the value of it is indeed great.

"To those who succeed us it will serve as a recollection of the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer that has ever lived, while to all of us it will give a noble example and inducement to strive and, at a great distance, humbly to follow him in his career of unselfish devotion to public duty.

"ALGERNON WEST."

On April 5th I attended officially the funeral of the Duke of Albany at Windsor. It was a fine sight, as all military pageants in St. George's are. The Queen was

there near the coffin, which was borne by Seaforth Highlanders. Somewhat of the impressiveness was taken off by the fact of the poor Prince's health and occupations having been so very unmilitary as to make a military funeral very incongruous. The sun shone out in the midst of the service, and Chopin's music was very effective.

On coming to town, I sent my daughter Constance off with Lord and Lady Granville *via* Leatherhead, while I followed with Frederick Leveson-Gower *via* Gomshall to Holmbury. The whole Granville family, Sir George Dasent, and Lord Lymington were there, as well as Lord Lyons, British Ambassador at Paris, with his *fidus* Achates, George Sheffield, who did all the talking, while Lord Lyons listened with a contented smile.

It was said that when Sheffield went away for his holiday he took the ambassadorial *chef*, leaving the kitchen-maid for Lord Lyons.

Sheffield had been a long time in the diplomatic service, but had no ambitions beyond Paris, where he knew everybody and was very popular.

On the next morning Lord Granville drove me to Dorling, where we got news of the enormous majority on the Franchise Bill (142). Of course it was a sore temptation to Goschen to join the Tories, whom he might lead so easily and with whom his interests really allied him. Lord Granville told me of his rebuke to Lord Sherbrooke, when he voted against the government after taking a viscountcy, and how well he took it, and how cordially he had acted since, as loyally as Lord Aberdare and John Bright. He told Lord Strathnairn one day a question he was going to put in the House of Lords was out of order. Lord Strathnairn was very indignant and turned his back and walked away. Lord Granville said: "Oh, Strathnairn, did you know Lady

S—— was in town?" Lord Strathnairn was at once mollified.

Talking of Cabinets, he said the one in which secrets had been best kept was Gladstone's first Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone followed Sir Robert Peel's example in always writing an agendum for the day. He was too much a man of business to like gossip at a Cabinet meeting, whereas Lord Aberdeen often sat for hours listening and never saying a word. This Cabinet had been very leaky. Charles Villiers and Lord Clarendon were fond of talking too much in society.

He said how few people knew what a great man Sir George Grey was in council; that in Lord Palmerston's and Russell's governments he was a dictator, and used to bowl over Lord Westbury on points of law.

Who could be Mr. Gladstone's biographer? He would be overwhelmed by materials, and a syndicate at least would be required to write the life.

On April 22d, at 9.20, I was awakened in St. James's Palace by two distinct shocks of earthquake. I thought it was Horace's dog scratching itself under my bed, and afterwards that it was the steam-roller, but during the day I heard that shocks had been felt very seriously in Essex.

Lord Granville was our constant and delightful guest at Wanborough, riding and driving all about the country. I had hit upon a lovely spot on the Hog's Back, in a wood overlooking the hills away to the South Downs, that I suggested should be bought by him on which to build a house. He commissioned me to buy it for him, which I did after a long correspondence with Mr. More-Molyneux, who was the owner of Loseley. A hundred letters from Lord Granville lie before me, but the saddest of all was that in which he abandoned hope of being our neighbor.

“FOREIGN OFFICE, *April 27, 1884.*”

“MY DEAR ALGY,—I still think the chalk pits are the best site in England, and the most convenient. But in a fortnight I shall enter my seventieth year, and my building courage is diminishing.

“You said that your friend could find no site he liked better, and that he regretted the pits. But this is the sort of thing people are apt to think when they cannot get a thing.

“Would it be worth while to tell him that he may have my rights, on payment of anything I have disbursed in legal expenses, rents, planting, etc., etc.?

“If you do not want him, or if he refuses, please do not mention my offer.

“Yours,
“G.”

On May 15th I called at Downing Street, and had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. He was in good spirits and talked about the revenue, and then about the debate of want of confidence. He thought Goschen had behaved well, and he had written to him to say so: he showed me his answer, which was very nice; but Forster had made a distinct accusation against them of acting against their consciences. I said I supposed it was very difficult, looking at the many examples to the contrary, for a man to leave a government and to behave loyally afterwards. Mr. Gladstone said: “I once did so and behaved well, and once did so and behaved badly. When I left Peel’s government, I made a long and strong speech for the government on the sugar duties. Peel, who rarely employed exaggerated language, turned round and said to me, ‘That was a wonderful speech.’”

“The other time, when I left Palmerston, I found myself in sharp conflict with Lewis on all matters of finance, one of his doctrines being that you should impose as many small customs duties as you could. But when I was back with him, I found that I was still in conflict with him on all such matters in the Cabinet, and so I

was satisfied that my outside conduct was not the result of anything but conviction and real difference."

After Mr. Gladstone had gone to the House of Commons, Mrs. Gladstone said he had felt Forster's conduct very much, and it was hard after all his loyalty to him when in Ireland, when he knew he was a failure, and how he had said, "I shall swim or sink with him."

Among our visitors at Wanborough were Andrew Hichens and his charming wife, both of whom were enamoured of the site Lord Granville had chosen, and readily took advantage of the opportunity of buying it, and erecting on it, with the help of Mr. Devey, a beautiful house; my son, who was assisting him at that time, spending three months there as clerk of the works.

A conversation I had with Mr. Gladstone—already mentioned—put it into my head to make a collection of photographs of all the distinguished civil servants who had been associated with him in his official career, and put them into a screen, which he constantly kept on his table.

I do not know whether he, or those who gave me their photographs, were more pleased; so many of them wrote to me appreciating the honor. Sir Erskine May's and Sir John Lambert's letters are only specimens of many I received.

"BOARD ROOM, INLAND REVENUE, SOMERSET HOUSE, *May 19, 1884.*

"MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—Some time ago you told me that you would like a collection of photographs of those civil servants who have had the honor of being closely associated with you in your official duties. I have done my best to make this collection, which I now beg you to accept.

"On looking over the roll of distinguished men I feel that I owe you an apology for the irresistible vanity that has led me to include myself among the number.

"ALGERNON WEST."

"10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, *May 21, 1884.*

"MY DEAR WEST,—I hardly know how to thank you for your most kind and most interesting gift. It is a noble record of a civil service, never, I suppose, excelled in any age or country. Still, I am somewhat ashamed when I think of the time and pains it must have cost you, for which my cordial thanks are indeed but an unworthy acknowledgment.

"Believe me, sincerely yours,
"W. E. GLADSTONE."

"MILFORD HOUSE, ELMS ROAD, CLAPHAM COMMONS, S.W., *May 24, 1884.*

"MY DEAR MR. WEST,—It was very kind and considerate of you to send me an extract from Mr. Gladstone's letter.

"I feel that it is a great privilege to have my photograph associated with those of the class of which he speaks in such commendatory terms, and the knowledge which I have of their high qualifications and distinguished merits enables me to appreciate that privilege all the more.

"I shall place your letter with the many other records which I possess of Mr. Gladstone's singular generosity in estimating the services of those who have had the happiness of working under him.

Believe me, very truly yours,
"JOHN LAMBERT.

"ALGERNON WEST, Esq., C.B."

"HOUSE OF COMMONS, *May 29, 1884.*

"MY DEAR WEST,—Pray accept my best thanks for your kind letter, and its very interesting inclosure.

"Mr. Gladstone knows, and is ever ready to acknowledge, the obligations of statesmen to those who labor with them, silently and unobtrusively, in the government of the state.

"He could even tell you of reputations which have been won, or sustained, in great measure by the vigor and capacity of advisers, of whom the world has known nothing.

"Of such services he has himself shown a generous appreciation. His own gifts are so transcendent that he is able to discern and value the merits of fellow-workers, without jealousy or grudging.

"I shall hope, some day, to be allowed to see the 'noble record' of which he speaks in terms so flattering.

"I am, yours very truly,
"T. ERSKINE MAY.

"ALGERNON E. WEST, Esq., C.B."

On May 22d Mr. Gladstone, Sir Farrer and Lady Herschell, and Ellis Gosling dined with us.

Herschell told us that the Bishop of Carlisle (Percy) was very famous for his bad dinners, food, and drink. One day he entertained the Bar, and the junior members, disgusted with their scanty food and wine, became rather noisy at the end of the table. The Bishop remarked on it to Mr. Justice Maule, who said :

“Yes, my Lord, it is apt to happen when men take a little wine on an empty stomach.”

Mr. Gladstone discussed various politicians. He thought Lord John Manners a much abler man than was generally acknowledged by his party. He admitted Lord Randolph Churchill's great cleverness, but did not think he would be a leader in the immediate future. If he came into office and was rude to permanent officials, he would have some severe lessons to learn.

Mr. Gladstone asserted as an invariable and deplorable rule that Liberals who deserted their party improved as speakers in Parliament: Bernal Osborne and Lowe were strong instances in point, and he often regretted, when Lowe was in office, his speeches when in Opposition.

He did not know of any examples on the other side, and he thought it was much to the credit of the Liberal party that it still existed after the loss of so many good men.

“As a boy,” he said, “I was remarkably short, and my greatest ambition, a very moderate one, was up to fourteen to be 5 feet high; but to my distress, on my fourteenth birthday I was only 4 feet 10½ inches, most of my growth being after I was sixteen, and now I am shorter than I was as a young man.”

I told him that it was the natural tendency of advancing years, and repeated a story I had heard from Lowell of how when Methuselah had attained his thousandth

year his friends went to congratulate him. He said, "I am pretty well, thank you, but those d—d shoe-strings will go flapping in my face."

On May 31st, on my arrival at Guildford station, I heard of two successful dynamite explosions in St. James's Square and in Scotland Yard, and an unsuccessful attempt at the foot of Nelson's monument. My son and daughter at St. James's heard the noise, and the housemaid, from an upper window, saw what she thought was a lightning flash. It is very curious how calmly people take these outrages as matters of course.

On June 11th we dined at Mr. Gladstone's: Frank and Lady Louisa Egerton, Lord Lorne, Mr. Bruce, Lady Sarah Spencer, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Tenniel.

Browning told us a curious story of Ruskin, who, when a young man, was staying in an obscure valley among the hills of Switzerland. On asking why a certain field was left waste amid the surrounding cultivation, he was told because it was haunted; "for," they said, "all the children, but not we, can see an old woman sitting there under the tree." He ridiculed the idea, but some time later he moved to a village some fifteen miles away, and lived with a family who had never left their native home; he asked if he might take their young daughter for a visit to the place he had left, and took a carriage for that purpose. As he approached the field, he said to the girl:

"Your eyes are younger than mine, tell me if you can see any one."

"Nobody," she said, "except an old woman sitting under the tree."

"Well," said he, "what is she like?"

"I can only see her back," she said, and then suddenly, with a voice of fear, "Oh, she has turned now, and I can see her face with two holes where her eyes should be."

Mr. Gladstone, talking of Froude's *Carlyle*, said it was a splendid argument carried on between Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle as to whether she should marry him, with the balance of advantage on her side. Browning said she was an old friend of his, but had quarrelled with him on his return, after years of foreign travel, for putting down her kettle on the rug in her house.

Tenniel told us that the *Punch* contributors met each week, on a Wednesday, to settle the cartoon for the following number; that he had Thursday to think it over, and Friday to draw it, after which it went to the engraver and was in type by Saturday; he saw no proof and had no opportunity of correcting his original sketch. I asked him why Lord Palmerston was always drawn in *Punch* with a straw in his mouth, and he told me that, being a difficult likeness to catch, they were obliged to do something which the public should always recognize; for the same reason Mr. Bright was always drawn as wearing a broad-brimmed Quaker's hat and an eye-glass, neither of which he ever wore.

Mr. Gladstone said it was an odd thing that the average duration of Ministries was as long after as before the Reform Bill. He was within three weeks of equalling Palmerston, so if he were turned out next week he would run him very close.

I went on to the Cosmopolitan, where I had a long talk with a distinguished Irishman, who was strongly opposed to an extension of the franchise, as likely to lower Parliament and flood it with men like Ashmead Bartlett, instead of men like Henry Cowper, the former being only a platform speaker, and the latter a sensible man who could not speak.

Walter Northcote was dining one night at Rathbone's. A Radical, Sir Lyon Playfair, was there, and described the discovery of a new animal with a small part of its

brains in its head, and the greater part in its tail. "Like the Conservative party," said Rathbone, forgetting Northcote's presence; thus adding another to the many things "one would rather not have said."

In June there was an election at Brighton. Marriott, who had deserted his party, stood against Romer, and Godfrey Webb made this epigram:

"Said Gladstone, passing Mr. Marriott:

'I sniff an odor of Iscariot.'

Said Marriott, 'He would rather sniff

Aroma fresh from Brighton cliff.'"

On June 24th, walking away from a house where we had been dining, Charles Clifford told me that he regretted not having congratulated our host on his daughter's marriage. I said: "That is lucky, as it is broken off; I always think it wiser only to squeeze a man's hand, as that does not commit you; it may mean sympathy, congratulation, or condolence."

He regretted that he had never kept a diary all the time he had been on confidential and intimate terms with Lord Palmerston; and we talked of Charles Greville's *Memoirs*, just published, and both agreed that we had never seen any charm in Charles Greville personally, though he was probably more popular than his brother, Henry, who was very exclusive, but very kind.

Clifford recollected Rogers well, who hated most people, but Henry Greville particularly. On coming down to an early breakfast once, at Panshanger, he found Henry Greville.

"Are you going to town?" he said.

"Yes," said Henry Greville.

"*Must* you go to town?"

"Yes, I am afraid I must.

"Then I shall stay," snarled Rogers.

On June 25th we went to Hallam Tennyson's wedding in Henry the Eighth's Chapel, which was an imposing ceremony, from the historical associations of the place and the presence of Mr. Gladstone and many literary people, including the Poet Laureate.

In the evening I went to the Cosmopolitan with Spencer Lyttelton and Arthur Elliot, where we discussed the political line the Tories were taking by constant repetitions of votes of want of confidence on the Egyptian question.

Mr. Gladstone still kept up his Thursday breakfasts, and on June 26th I met there Henry Cowper, Lord Dalhousie, Herbert Bismarck, Sir George Dasent, and others.

In talking of the Suez Canal, and Lord Palmerston's opposition to it, Mr. Gladstone said he thought De Lesseps's name would hereafter be associated with those of Vasco de Gama and Columbus.

I heard a good story of how, at a Jewish feast, one of the guests saw a fellow-guest put a beautiful spoon up his sleeve. On returning thanks for the hospitality shown them, the man who saw this said he regretted he had nothing amusing to tell his host, but he could show him a conjuring trick. Putting a valuable spoon in his sleeve, he said: "Hey, presto! you will find the spoon in the sleeve of the gentleman sitting opposite"—where it was—and the speaker walked off with *his* spoon. This reminds me of another Jewish transaction: An old Jew, dying, said to his two sons, "I don't like leaving this world as a pauper; pray put a couple of hundred pounds in my coffin"—which they promised to do. Before the funeral the one brother said, "Have you done what my father wished?" "Yes," said the other, "I have." The first brother, being suspicious, opened the coffin and found a crossed check for £200 in it!

The world is all agog about what the Lords will do on

the Franchise Bill. People seem still to hope they will have sufficient wisdom to pass a measure sent up to them from the House of Commons *nem. con.*, but I have no such hope, and think, on the whole, that their throwing it out must lead to a reform much more important than an immediate extension of the franchise.

On July 4th we went to Belgrave Square to inquire after Lady Halifax, and found Lord Halifax, who was exhausted by the heat, but still active. He had just returned from an attempted negotiation with the Duke of Richmond as to the action of the House of Lords, and this was the last time I saw him. Lady Halifax died the following day, and he a year afterwards; thus we lost two friends who had been kind to us through all our married life.

On Sunday, July 5th, we went to George Wolverton's place in Coombe Wood, where we saw Bertram Currie's bust of Mr. Gladstone, for which he wanted a suitable inscription. I tried Welby, who gave me the following, which Currie thought good but too long :

"Pulchrum eminere est inter illustres viros,
 Consulere patriæ, parcere afflictis, ferâ
 Cæde abstinere, tempus atque iræ dare,
 Orbi quietem, sæculo pacem suo:
 Hæc summa virtus, petitur hæc Cælum viâ."

On the 6th the Lords threw out the Reform Bill by 59, Lord Rosebery making an excellent speech, and on the 10th there was a great meeting of the Liberal party at the Foreign Office.

A few days later we dined at Lord Granville's, where the action of the Lords was the main topic of conversation, but he told us that when Cetewayo was here he asked what the Achilles statue was, and learned that it was in honor of our great general, the Duke of Wellin-

ton. He said, turning to one of his chiefs: "You see it was not so very long ago since they fought, as we do, without clothes."

On July 18th the proposed compromise was defeated in the Lords by 50.

Miss Laura Tennant and her sister Margot came to Wanborough, and paid us a delightful visit, which, to me, was only marred by the news of the death of my old friend, Jervoise Smith, to whose sad funeral I went. Their visit was a long one, and each day added to their charm.

On August 6th I heard that Lord Northbrook was to go to Egypt, for troubles there were thickening and Mr. Gladstone had persuaded him to proceed on a financial mission to Cairo, where, in co-operation with Evelyn Baring, he was to prepare a report for the Cabinet. It was a great demand to make on the First Lord of the Admiralty to enter into such a difficult field, which of course entailed his leaving naval affairs at home to other hands; and the result was very prejudicial to Lord Northbrook himself.

Some time after the fall of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet it was discovered in a committee of the House of Commons that the accounts at the Admiralty had been mismanaged, but Northbrook, with a loyalty which some people thought almost Quixotic, took the whole responsibility, which should really not have been his, on his own shoulders.

On the 12th I went to a country-house built by P. Ralli, on ground which Lord Granville had once bought. Ralli reminded me of a dinner at his house when Hayward shocked us and Mr. Gladstone as to his views on a future state. Sir Andrew Clark was there. The following day Mr. Gladstone wrote twelve pages to Abraham Hayward, who, when he was dying, said: "Tell Mr. Gladstone I do not die an unbeliever."

Mr. J. S. Morgan asked me to go with him to America for a long visit, which, of course, I had to decline with many regrets.

On August 26th I heard of Lord Ampthill's death at Berlin; my friendship with him dated back to the days when I lodged with my brother Richard in Queen Street, and he used to come and sing and play by the hour together. Two years ago he begged me to go with him to Carlsbad to get assured health. How delightful will his *Memoirs* be one day, and his letters from the German headquarters in the Franco-German war, every page of which was full of interesting accounts of his long interviews with Bismarck!

In September we were at Wanborough, where Lord Granville paid us a visit. We had long talks on Gordon's extraordinary despatches, and heard that there was an idea afloat of Lord Wolseley's going out to replace him in Egypt.

One evening we had a long argument as to whether a Chancellor of the Exchequer who was prudent in his domestic affairs would necessarily be equally so in the affairs of the nation. William Pitt was extravagant, but a prudent financier; or, as Lord Rosebery puts it, he watched over the Treasury like Sully, and conducted his own affairs like Charles Surface.

CHAPTER XIX

1884-1885

Dinner at Brooks's—Mr. Gladstone on Lord Lytton—His Views on the Chiltern Hundreds and on Mr. Parnell—Sir William Harcourt on Disraeli's Reform Bill—Visits to Netherby and the Glen—Mr. Childers as Chancellor of the Exchequer—Sir Charles Trevelyan's Dispute with Mr. James Wilson—Introduction of the Franchise Bill—Conflict between the two Houses—Death of Mr. Fawcett—Laborers' Views of the Franchise—Lord Dufferin Starts for India—Negotiations with Walter Northcote—Secret Meeting between Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Gladstone—Letter from Mr. Leonard Courtney—Death of Mr. Henley—His Views on Asylums—Conversation with Mr. Charles Villiers—His Views on Social Morality, Money-making, Protection—Huskisson's Remark on Peel—Croker's *Memoirs*—Guizot's View of Croker—The Duke of Wellington's Policy—Mme. Jane Hading in "Le Maître de Forges" and "Frou-Frou"—Anecdote of Charles Matthews—Letter from Lord Aberdare—Walter Northcote's Report—News from the Soudan—Explosion in the House of Commons.

IN October everybody came up to London, and on the 7th Eddie Hamilton and I gave a little dinner at Brooks's, consisting of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Spencer, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Buckle, editor of the *Times*, and Spencer Lyttelton.

The conversation at first was over *my* head at any rate—St. Thomas Aquinas and Roger Bacon, where the Scotch got their Sabbatarian views from, and when English pronunciation of Latin began, probably at the time of the Reformation, which was a bad time for

English literature. Then about Lord and Lady Lytton, whose *Memoirs* had just been published. Mr. Gladstone said he was a curious mixture of a Radical and a Protectionist; the latter prevailing drove him to the Tories. The general moral tone of the House of Commons he held to be much higher since the extension of the franchise, but offences of individual members more frequent.

Mr. Gladstone condemned the practice of allowing Chancellors of the Exchequer to give the Chiltern Hundreds to any Member of Parliament who applied for them. In Lord Aberdeen's government he had tried to alter the practice, but had only so far succeeded as to have the words, "in consideration of your shining virtues," eliminated.

Mr. Gladstone said that he had a sneaking liking for Parnell, and thought Home Rule for Ireland would be a matter for serious consideration before ten years were over. Lord Spencer told us of a curious speech of Davitt's, in which he said separation was impossible. Sir William Harcourt amused us about Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1866. Delane had told him that months before its production Disraeli had actually given him a copy of a Bill enfranchising householders, and that he had accepted Hodgkinson's amendment to include them entirely on his own responsibility.

Some time after, on visiting Derby on Inland Revenue business, I came in as one of the audience for a good speech from Sir William Harcourt; and the following day went to Netherby, Sir Frederick and Lady Hermione Graham's, where I fished a great deal, with no success, though the river was full of fish.

While we were there Lady Hermione was sent for to her mother, the Duchess of Somerset, who was very ill. I recollect her as the Queen of Beauty in the Eglinton

Tournament; she was very witty as well as beautiful. Once, holding a stall at a charity bazaar, she asked Lord Suffolk, who was a short and fat man, to buy something; he declined, saying he was not the prodigal son. "No," she replied, "you are much more like the fatted calf."

My wife, my daughter Constance, and I went on October 18th to pay a visit to Lady Tennant at Glen, our first visit to a place where I was afterwards to spend so many happy days.

It is impossible to exaggerate the charm of the place, situated in a green valley with a small trout stream losing itself in the woods of birch, looking purple in autumn tints, while the house was full of lovely pictures collected by Sir Charles Tennant. The inhabitants it would be idle to describe and impertinent to praise; but it is true to say that a happier or cleverer family never made a country-house more delightful.

On November 1st, after inspecting several Revenue offices and joining and again leaving my wife at Francis Grey's at Morpeth, I returned to London; and on the 4th had a long interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

I used always to wonder at the satire of events that put Ward Hunt at the Exchequer in succession to Disraeli; but it is equally wonderful to think of Mr. Childers as successor to Mr. Gladstone, though, of course, from his experience at the Treasury, where he had been instrumental in passing the Exchequer and Audit Act, he had gained a great knowledge of figures, of which he was always a clear exponent. He was one of the few who thoroughly mastered finance accounts and the statistical abstracts, but beyond that he hardly appeared to possess the qualifications necessary for the office.

On reading Lord Malmesbury's amusing *Memoirs*, his description of how he snubbed Lord Aberdeen reminded me of a quarrel which Mr. Gladstone had to adjust between Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. James Wilson, Joint Secretaries of the Treasury. When the interview was to have taken place, Wilson came and said it was all settled. He had spoken strongly to Trevelyan, who was thoroughly ashamed of himself, and had promised to behave better in future. Two minutes after Trevelyan came and said he had been obliged to speak very severely to Wilson, who had burst into tears!

In January, 1884, we heard of the fighting in Egypt, and of the death of poor Burnaby at Abu Klea.

The Franchise Bill was introduced by Mr. Gladstone on February 29th, the second reading being moved by Lord Hartington.

The Conservatives protested against the separation of Redistribution from the Franchise question, Sir Stafford Northcote contending that it was impossible to decide on a Bill which was only a portion of a larger scheme, but what that larger scheme was nobody knew.

Mr. Gladstone said that a knowledge of the manner in which the new franchises would distribute themselves was almost essential to determining prudently the details of the plan of redistribution. It was only when the Franchise Bill and the Registration Bill had been passed that they would be in a position to deal justly and finally with the subject of redistribution.

Lord John Manners's amendment giving effect to the view of the Opposition was defeated, the government obtaining a majority of 130, and the Bill being read a second time without a division.

During the progress of the Bill in Committee the differences between the government and the Opposition became very much accentuated, and, speaking at Plym-

outh on June 5th, Lord Salisbury said that, though he had no objection to seeing an extended franchise accorded, in his eyes the first essential of the whole question was redistribution, and, speaking only for himself, he strongly recommended the Lords to throw out the present Bill.

In moving the third reading of the Bill Mr. Gladstone referred to the ominous utterances out-of-doors threatening the rejection of the Bill. The attitude of the government hitherto, he said, had been in Shakespeare's words :

"Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee."

The Bill was read a third time on June 27th in the Commons, and introduced in the House of Lords on the same day. Lord Kimberley, on the second reading, said the Franchise Bill was not to come into operation till January, 1886, and that the Redistribution Bill (which he sketched) would be introduced next year if the government remained in office.

Lord Cairns moved an amendment to the effect that the Lords would not assent to the second reading of the Bill unaccompanied by a Redistribution Bill.

The amendment was carried, and progress of the Bill thereby naturally stopped.

The conflict between the two Houses then assumed a very threatening aspect, but an amendment of Lord Cadogan's was eventually adopted that it would be desirable that Parliament should assemble in the autumn to consider the Representation of the People Bill already presented to Parliament, in conjunction with the Redistribution Bill which her Majesty's Ministers had undertaken to present to Parliament.

With this the question of the franchise virtually closed for the session, which was prorogued on August 14th.

In the winter session a Franchise Bill (precisely identical with the previous Bill) was introduced and carried through various stages in the House of Commons, and introduced in the House of Lords on November 13th.

The Lords wished the Franchise and Redistribution Bills to be considered together.

One evening I called on Mr. Gladstone, who thought that a creation of peers would be the necessary solution of the crisis. I still believed in compromise. He had just come from a visit to Lord Sherbrooke, who had lost his wife and was complaining of his bitter solitude. Poor man, after having filled so large a space in society and politics, he felt his isolation all the more keenly.

On November 6th Fawcett died. When his eyes were shot out he said: "I have such faith in the recuperative power of Nature that I will abate no jot of my ambitions and endeavors"; and no man ever kept his resolution more gallantly or determinedly.

On the 8th we went to Wanborough, and heard two stories of the laborers' views of the franchise. Some one said to a working-man: "I suppose you do not care for the vote?" "Yes, I do," said he; "I may sometimes get a hare now," which was pathetic.

Another said: "They say I sha'n't know what to do with a vote now I've got it; sha'n't I? I never saw a glass of sherry wine, but if I got it I should know what to do with it," suiting the action to the word.

On November 11th the Franchise Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons, and Brooks's was crowded, all prospects of compromise appearing to be over, Lord John Manners having made a strong speech.

The next day I said "good-bye" to Lord Dufferin, who was starting for India; he begged me to continue my

weekly letters, such as I had written to Lord Northbrook and Lady Ripon, to Lady Dufferin when in India, and thus I gained for myself many interesting letters from her during Lord Dufferin's viceroyalty.

On November 13th I talked at Somerset House to Walter Northcote about a compromise. His idea was that after the second reading of the Franchise Bill in the House of Lords the government should lay their Redistribution Bill on the table, and that the Franchise Bill should then be allowed to pass.

I said I believed, as far as I could guess, that the government would close with such an offer, and that if I had his father's authority I would propose it. He accordingly, after seeing him, gave me this authority :

"Sir Stafford Northcote believes if the government introduced a Redistribution Bill things would go right. This is only his personal opinion. "W. S. N."

I went to see Lord Granville, who, immediately on hearing Sir Stafford Northcote's opinion, went across with me and consulted Mr. Gladstone.

A Cabinet was hastily summoned, and Lord Granville desired me to acquaint Sir Stafford that Mr. Gladstone would like an hour or so to consider so important a communication, and that in the mean time both he and Mr. Gladstone thought it would conduce to a settlement if, on the grounds of old private friendship, Sir Stafford would meet Mr. Gladstone for a short conversation, either at our house or Lord Granville's, or elsewhere.

At five o'clock I went with Walter Northcote to the House of Commons, and after a consultation with Sir Stafford Northcote in his private room, Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone arranged for a secret meeting at our house at St. James's. In the mean time Walter Northcote put his ideas thus :

“The Bill will be read a second time on Monday, November 17th. If when the second reading is over on that same evening Lord Granville says he will ask the House to go into Committee on that day week—*i.e.*, Monday, the 24th—and if in the other House Mr. Gladstone gives notice either on that same Monday or else on the next day (Tuesday, the 18th) that he will on Thursday, the 20th, or Friday, the 21st, introduce the Redistribution Bill, would not everything be settled?”

“If this proposal were made by the government, could the other side by any possibility be anything but satisfied, and also committed to the passing of the Franchise Bill? They would have the Government Redistribution Bill in its formal shape before them, and could no longer oppose the passing the Franchise Bill, at any rate on the grounds they have hitherto taken up.”

On November 13th the Gladstones, Mr. Goschen, the Trevellyans, Frank Baring, and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree were dining with us, and the anxiety was whether they would have departed in time; but at 10.45 all but Mrs. Beerbohm Tree had gone; I left her with my wife, and sent word to Sir Stafford Northcote that the coast was clear, and then myself let him in. The interview lasted till nearly ten minutes to twelve. Sir Stafford Northcote, on leaving, was not very hopeful; but was glad negotiations had begun.

All this is described fully in Lord Iddesleigh's Life:

“On November 13th my eldest son came to see me, and gave me to understand that Algernon West and he had been speculating about my views of the position. I said to him what I had been saying all along to Lord Tollemache, to Mr. Peel, and others, by some of whom it must have been communicated to the Ministers, that if the government would introduce the Redistribution Bill all would go right. He asked me whether this might be

communicated to Mr. Gladstone as my personal opinion. I said "Yes." He then went away; but in the afternoon he came down to the House of Commons and told me that, as soon as West had mentioned this to Lord Granville, he had gone over to see Mr. Gladstone, and then desired West to acquaint me that Mr. Gladstone would like an hour or two to consider so important a communication, and in the mean time Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone would think it most desirable if, on the grounds of old private friendship, I would meet Mr. Gladstone for a short conversation, either at West's house or Lord Granville's, or elsewhere. I said I must take a little time to consider this request, and I went into the House of Lords and consulted Salisbury. We agreed that I had better hear what Mr. Gladstone had to say. I told Walter this, who went away, and came back with a message that Mr. Gladstone is nervous about meeting in the daytime, as so many people watch him.

"He dines to-night with West in St. James's Palace; could I meet him there about eleven o'clock, when the guests will have gone? I went accordingly at eleven o'clock, and was let in by West. I found Gladstone alone, and remained with him about half an hour.

"The result of this and other negotiations was the announcement of the government's willingness to communicate with the leaders of the Opposition on the details of the Redistribution Bill.

"The proposed conference was accepted, and comparative peace was restored."¹

On the 14th I saw Mr. Gladstone, who was fairly hopeful; but on Sunday, the 16th, he had given up all hope that the negotiations would be successful.

¹ *Life of Lord Iddesleigh*, ii. 207.

On the 17th Walter Northcote (who was also disheartened), wrote to me the following letter :

“WORLINGHAM HALL, BECCLES, *Monday, November 17, 1884.*

“MY DEAR WEST,—I am awfully sorry, but in truth more sorry than surprised. I feel matters have gone beyond us, and that our efforts have been in vain in the past, and must be so in the future. I have heard nothing from my side, so can only conclude that they don't want me, even as they said they should not want me. I, therefore, saw no use in coming up.

“The only possible suggestion that occurs to me is that you should once more speak to Lord G. and ask him if you can convey any messages. I suppose what has happened is that we have answered you unsatisfactorily. But you have answered us again. I suppose we should have expected you to do so, and not wanted to stop all negotiations.

“You know my side is prepared to receive you, but I fear it is very hopeless—at any rate, at the present moment. The general meeting to -morrow *might* prove beneficial, but it is a very poor chance.

“Yours ever,

“WALTER NORTHCOTE.”

On the day he wrote I went to the House of Commons and heard Mr. Gladstone say “that on receiving adequate assurance that the Franchise Bill would be passed in the course of that session, the government would be willing to make the main provisions of their Redistribution Bill the subject of friendly communication, and would undertake to move its second reading simultaneously with the committee or some subsequent stage of the Franchise Bill in the Lords.”

Our plot to bring about the negotiations had met with complete success. The Redistribution Bill duly reached the House of Lords, and was read a third time, and eventually became law, but not until the government which had introduced it had ceased to exist.

Early in December Mr. Courtney, I regretted to hear,

1885 MR. COURTNEY'S RESIGNATION

was about to send in his resignation as Secretary to the Treasury, because his plan of minority representation was not adopted. I urged him to remain, but, as the following letter shows, in vain :

" 15 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA, S. W., *December 8, 1884.*

" MY DEAR WEST,—I would have acknowledged your kind letter before, but I have been, as you may suppose, extremely busy, and indeed I remain so.

" I am very sorry to sever my official connection with the Treasury; yet I think I may pledge myself to continue faithful to my interest in it. If a voice is wanted in the House I will not be silent.

" Assuredly my work was made lighter and easier by your co-operation.

" Very faithfully yours,

" LEONARD COURTNEY."

On December 10th old Mr. Henley died, almost unnoticed; he had been in Lord Derby's government, when he resigned with Lord Salisbury.

Talking of asylums for the insane, Mr. Henley once said he thought a good many people ought to be locked up who were walking about loose—drinkers and gamblers, for instance—indeed, he thought everybody almost ought to be; the only difficulty that presented itself to his mind was who was to keep the key.

On January 3, 1885, I came up from Wanborough, after a very happy Christmas, and dined at Brooks's, where I met in the smoking-room Charles Villiers, quite ready to talk on all subjects with extraordinary vivacity. He discoursed on the social morality of the day, as compared with that which existed in the days of his youth. One thing, he said, had certainly changed, which was that in his time it was the ambition of youths to be considered *roués* and *mauvais sujets*, and to conceal the work they were engaged in; whereas now those who were

at work were proud of it, and those who were not pretended to be busy; and this kept them out of mischief, to some extent, with idle women. But what had been gained in one direction was lost in another, inasmuch as speculation and love of money-making had grown. The masterpiece of the Queen's reign was her message to Mrs. Garfield¹ when her husband was shot, for the Americans are truly enamoured of equality. Thus Blaine, the defeated candidate for the Presidency, said they would prefer a mediocrity to a distinguished man, and any mark of superiority to others would be prejudicial to his election.

Villiers regretted in every way Lowell's departure as American Minister. I asked him if he thought there would ever be any attempt to return to protection in England. He thought not, and referred me to a letter from Mr. Pell, a Tory member, who had publicly stated that any such hope would be foolishness. He thought nothing could be made of a cry for protection till its advocates could point to a protectionist country more prosperous than England under free-trade.

He disbelieved the extent to which the depression in trade was alleged to have gone. A manufacturing constituent of his said that business was not slack, but that profits were small.

I told him that next year's income-tax assessments for Liverpool showed an increase, and that Peel's income tax in 1841 brought in for each penny £700,000, while it was now estimated to bring in over £2,000,000.

He told me that in 1828 he was present at a meeting when Huskisson said that Peel was sound on free-trade,

¹ "Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you at this terrible moment. May God support and comfort you as He alone can!"

but he did not know which way he would go on Catholic Emancipation.

I wrote this down at the time, and thought it so strange that I repeated it to Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville, Lord Hampden, and George Peel, his grandson, who told me that he was not surprised, for he knew from papers he had seen that Sir Robert had said about that time that from no one had he received such cordial support in the matter of free-trade as from Huskisson.

Mr. Villiers then began to discuss Croker's *Memoirs*. He could only account for his great influence by the fact that he was a clever writer, lived with clever writers, and pushed himself into the society of clever men. My wife sent me a day or two afterwards Guizot's view of him, saying:

"You have read Croker's view of Guizot; here is Guizot's view of Croker:

"Among all the champions of the old English Toryism with whom I came in contact, it was from an individual entirely disconnected with the high old aristocracy and the Court—a literary man in the third rank of political importance—Mr. John Wilson Croker, that I derived the most complete and comprehensive knowledge of this party. He had been for many years a member of the House of Commons, and Secretary to the Admiralty, but after the passing of the Reform Bill, which he had energetically opposed, he left Parliament and office, and entirely devoted himself to political and literary criticism. Into this avocation he carried all the maxims, traditions, and passions of a servant of the Cabinet of Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh. Ever an ardent adversary . . . of the Whigs, even while admitting the necessity of certain reforms, he was a man of unusual information, of a sagacious, inquiring, vigorous, and judicious mind; but an incarnation of party spirit, intractable, and re-

solved to defend everything rather than suffer the slightest encroachment on the general system to which he belonged.' ”

The Duke of Wellington's policy was embodied, Charles Villiers went on to say, in the one phrase, “How is the Queen's government to be carried on ?”

Our colonial policy would get us into a mess unless Mr. Gladstone himself tackled it; it should now be *laissez faire*, since we had got free-trade. Before that our policy was intelligible, but not so now when we gained no special privileges from the colonies—within the bounds of a great and large generosity we should leave them free.

At half-past one o'clock this man of another age thought it time to go home !

After a day or two at Wanborough we dined at Frederick Leveson-Gower's, and met Lord and Lady Granville.

Lord Granville said, on the whole, he considered the most agreeable man he had ever met was Lord Alvanley.

After dinner we all went to the Cosmopolitan Club, which I had persuaded Lord Granville to join, and heard Lord Wolseley say that General Gordon had written, saying it would not do to leave Berber in our rear, which was alarming.

The next day I met Lord Hampden at breakfast at Brooks's, where we discussed Croker's *Memoirs* and Mr. Gladstone's probable retirement, and hopes that he would remain. Dilke or Chamberlain, said Lord Hampden, would either do later for leaders.

In the evening I went with Mrs. Beerbohm Tree to see Jane Hading in “Le Maître de Forges.” I liked and admired her much, but for me, at least, she was rather indistinct in her moments of passion. A day or two later we saw her act “Frou Frou,” when everybody was in

tears, and "you could have borrowed a fiver from any one of them," as Artemus Ward said.

Apropos of actors, let me relate the confession of Charles Mathews that he was only once bested in a repartee. Some young bloods had by loud conversation, remarks, and laughter been disturbing the theatre where he was acting; they were in the stage-box, and, noisily rising, began to make preparations for their departure. Charles Mathews said: "The play is not over, gentlemen; there is another act." "That is why we are going," said one of them.

The next day I had a nice letter from Lord Aberdare on his getting a G.C.B., in which he quoted Cicero as telling us that consideration is the veteran's compensation for the loss of the pleasures of youth and vigorous manhood, and a very poor compensation it is.

I suggested about this time to Walter Northcote, who was the Deputy-Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, that he should undertake the preparation and editing of the annual report of the department and its work, both for the use it would be to the public as well as himself, for though very able he was constitutionally indolent.

He adopted the suggestion, and worked at it *con amore*, making the report one altogether of a special nature, giving general information as to the taxes under the management of the Board.

On January 21st I was sitting with Mrs. Stanley Clarke, when Sir Charles Brownlow and Colonel Harman came in with the news of General Stewart's victory in the Sudan over 10,000 of the Mahdi's troops, but with heavy loss on our part; I ascertained that my nephew, Colin Keppel, was safe, and telegraphed to Harry Keppel, who wrote to me his thanks and joy.

On Saturday, January 24th, I was coming out of the

Treasury when I met Count Münster, the German Ambassador, who told me of the explosion in the House of Commons, which I had, oddly enough, not heard in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's room, where I had been at the time. I went at once with him to the Houses of Parliament, meeting the First and Second Commissioners of Police at the gate. We found all the windows of Westminster Hall blown out, and a hole at the top of the crypt at the bottom of the steps of the great hall, and on going through the main lobby into the House, we found the gallery, under which I had so often sat on the government side of the House, blown to pieces and the beams and glass scattered in every direction. "The dust of ages," as Sir William Harcourt said, filled the atmosphere.

Excellent news of General Stewart having reached the Nile came the following day, and eclipsed in interest for the time being the explosion in the House of Commons.

Colin Keppel had gone on with Sir Charles Wilson in Gordon's steamers to Khartoum.

CHAPTER XX

1885

Sir Charles Brownlow on the Afghan Business and Lord Lytton—Lord Granville on the Situation—News of the Fall of Khartoum—Colin Keppel's Hereditary Pluck—Lord Rosebery and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre Join the Cabinet—Death of General Earle—Mr. Gladstone's Depression—Small Government Majority—Mr. Gladstone on Old Testament Characters—On Cromwell and Bonaparte—Mr. Gladstone's Bet about Lord Overstone's Probate—Mr. Childers's Budget—General Gordon's Estimate of Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, and Sir Charles Dilke—Budget Difficulties—Negotiations with the Great Brewers—Marriage of Miss Laura Tennant—Defeat of the Government on the Second Reading of the Budget Bill—Letter from Sir Stafford Northcote on the Inland Revenue Report—Interview with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach—Sir Peter Lumsden—Letter from Mr. Gladstone on the Inland Revenue Report—His Tribute to the Board—Mr. Gladstone's Versatility—His Knowledge of Music—Reminiscences of Jenny Lind—Cardinal Manning on Mr. Gladstone's Retirement—Commission on Trade Depression—Letters from Lord Idlesleigh and Lord St. Cyres—Visit to Copt Hall—Election Talk at the Cosmopolitan—Dinner at Mr. Armitstead's—Election Returns—Dinner at Brooks's—Henry James's Stories of Lord Randolph Churchill—Conversation with Charles Villiers—His Recollections of By-gone Celebrities.

ON February 1st I dined with Sir John Rose, meeting Lord Cathcart and Sir Charles Brownlow, a very distinguished Indian officer, who told us much to prove that the Afghan business, which ended so disastrously, was wholly Lord Lytton's doing, and was perfectly unjustifiable.

On the 3d Lord Granville dined with us ; but he was low and tired. He doubted the possibility of Mr. Gladstone's retirement at the end of the Parliament. He would not be surprised if the country insisted on his forming a new government after the next election ; in that case, he hoped he would take a peerage, and so lessen his labors.

In the middle of the next night my son Horace woke us up with the sad news he had heard from Reggie Brett, that Khartoum had fallen.

On February 11th I heard from Edward Ponsonby, saying my son Horace was chosen to act as assistant secretary to the Speaker, and he got a nice letter from Sir Erskine May on his appointment.

Every day the Egyptian news seemed getting worse and worse. Three battalions of Guards were ordered out under Sir Reginald Gipps, whom I well recollect going out as a subaltern to the Crimea.

We saw in the papers that Colin Keppel, who had evidently inherited his father's dash, was mentioned in despatches as pluckily cutting out a boat from under an Arab battery, in the rescue of Sir Charles Wilson.

There was a rumor of Gordon's death, but I met Mr. Gladstone looking ill and worn, who told me that no official news had been received of it.

Lord Rosebery was appointed to the Cabinet, holding the offices of Lord Privy Seal and Chief Commissioner of Works, and George Shaw-Lefevre, who had succeeded Mr. Fawcett as Postmaster-General, was admitted into the Cabinet at the same time.

It was impossible not to admire Lord Rosebery for joining a ship so deep in the trough of the sea.

We heard of General Earle's victory and death on the Nile, What a wretched, miserable, unnecessary business all this is !

On the 21st Mr. Gladstone proposed himself for dinner, but was dejected and low, and we carefully avoided the subjects that were depressing him ; so to cheer him I talked of nothing but finance, and the probate duty on Lord Ashburnham's library, for which we had to fight, and the question of taxes on American securities.

On the 27th the government had a majority of only 14, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster voting with the Conservatives ; the latter indulging in a very bitter attack on his old colleagues.

It was in this month that my wife and I heard a beautiful sermon at the Chapel Royal from the Bishop of Derry (Alexander). The subject was the question, "Is life worth living ?" and he placed it in the loftiest lights. It was full of pathos and poetry, and we appreciated it very much. But, after all, there is something in what the witty Frenchman said : "C'est une question de foi(e)."

On April 23d my wife and daughter were having luncheon with Lord Northbrook and Lady Emma Baring at the Admiralty, when there was an explosion in the room of a clerk named Swainson, who had been a colleague of mine there in old days. We dined there in the evening, and heard it was supposed to have been the work of a messenger, but I do not think anything was ever proved.

I met Mr. Gladstone at dinner at the Reform Club, when he bet Mr. Knowles, of the *Nineteenth Century*, who was our host, a pound that Lord Overstone's probate would be over £4,000,000 ; but it was not, and Knowles won his bet. Lord Overstone had evidently given a great deal of his personalty away before his death.

Mr. Gladstone, who was in one of his classical moods, compared Lucretius to Virgil, though he admitted that Lucretius could not have written the Second Eclogue.

I asked him if what I had heard from Bobsy Meade was true, that he had said there was no really first-class character in the Old Testament. He denied it, but recollected his conversation with Arthur Mills on the subject. What he had done was to compare the Old Testament with the Greek heroes. Moses was, undoubtedly, a very fine character; Joseph's very beautiful. I suggested Jeremiah, but he said the Greeks would not have tolerated the horrors and cruelties recorded in the Old Testament. Solomon was very great. When the chapter dealing with the number of his wives and concubines was being read at a mothers' meeting at Hawarden, an old woman exclaimed: "Lor', what privileges them ancient Christians enjoyed!"

Mr. Gladstone compared Hallam, in his copious use of notes, with Macaulay, who put everything into beautiful language, and embodied all his information in it.

Dante, said he, was once supposed to have visited Oxford. He would have liked to see Oliver Cromwell and Bonaparte pitted against each other. He evidently did not love Oliver Cromwell, thinking him a great man with no distinct love of religious liberty; but then, of course, the times he lived in must not be forgotten. Cromwell might lie with a purpose, as Elizabeth did, but Charles I. was a terrible liar.

On April 30th came on Mr. Childers's Budget. It was generally well received, and I dined at a banquet which Welby annually gave on such occasions to the Governor of the Bank of England, and other financial authorities, at the Garrick Club.

On May 6th we dined at the Admiralty, and the conversation turned chiefly on Gordon.

It was said that Gordon, after his interview with the committee of the Cabinet who sent him to the Soudan, said he liked Granville and Hartington, and would like

to give each of them a copy of the Bible, but he did not like Sir Charles Dilke, who talked *sotto voce* all the time of the conference.

One day Gordon was having luncheon with Lady Ripon in Carlton Gardens ; Lord Cowper was there, and on Gordon's departure he asked who that little man was, and was much disappointed on hearing that it was Gordon, with whom he had not had any conversation. He told his brother Henry of this, who determined he would not lose such an opportunity, so went the next day to luncheon with the Ripons, and hung on the lips of a man who was there. After luncheon he said how glad he had been to have met Gordon : " Oh no," said Lady Ripon, " that is the doctor who is going out to India with us."

All this time was occupied in Budget negotiations, mainly with the great brewers.

On the 18th Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone dined with us, and after a talk I returned to the House of Commons with him. The opposition to the Budget was now daily increasing, and in a conversation with Mr. Gladstone I offered to open negotiations with the great brewers. Mr. Childers was ill, and so Mr. Gladstone wrote my proposals to him, and he approved of them.

Immediately on hearing this I set to work and drew up a memorandum, which I produced to Sir Arthur Bass, and Messrs. Whitbread, Allsopp, Grindling and Gretton, Watney and Bonsor agreeing. This tided over the difficulty of the increased beer duty.

On the 22d we attended our dear friend Miss Laura Tennant's marriage with Alfred Lyttelton in Westminster Abbey.

On June 8th began the second reading of the Budget Bill. I insisted upon Watney's speaking, as he had promised to do, in favor of the increased beer duty, but all to no purpose, Richard Grosvenor having told me

he had no majority. Even Mr. Gladstone's admirable speech could not redeem it. The government were beaten by 12.¹

The Cabinet sat the next day, and I was asked to consult Sir Erskine May on their behalf, as to the effect of a House of Commons resolution bearing upon the increased excise duties on spirits. He said a resolution was an honorable engagement and should not be cancelled. I told this to Childers, who said that the Cabinet had already decided 'to act in a contrary direction, and give up the extra 2s. on spirits.

We were asked to dine once more, for the last time, in Downing Street; but alas! were engaged to dine elsewhere.

On June 11th I tried hard to get the Chancellor of the Exchequer to announce some definite arrangement as to the duty to be collected on spirits, but, finding it impossible, I got my colleague, Walter Northcote, to go and see his father and settle it with him—which he did.

On that day we dined at George Trevelyan's and I had some bets with him and Mr. Mundella as to the composition of the new Cabinet, which I won.

Our Inland Revenue report was now completed, and I sent copies of it to Sir S. Northcote and Mr. Gladstone, and it is pleasant to think that the report which I made Walter Northcote undertake was wonderfully well done, and has served as the standard work of reference on all revenue subjects till this day. This note accompanied the copy I forwarded Sir Stafford Northcote :

¹ Extract from Lord Iddesleigh's Journal, June 8th: "On the defeat of the government, Walter left the House with Algernon West, and said something about this being a curious end of Gladstone's career. West said: 'Ah, this can't be the end now—you will see him come out more energetic than ever.'"

"June 19, 1885.

"MY DEAR SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE,—I have for some time been looking forward to the moment when I might send you a copy of the report, which will shortly be presented to Parliament, of the revenue under our charge, and when I might tell you that it is almost entirely the work of your son; the only credit I wish to take to myself in the matter is the suggestion that he should undertake it. I shall be much disappointed if you do not think that he has given effect to that suggestion in a manner that will do credit to us, to him, and, if I may say so, to the training he has received from you.

"You will recollect the text-book of our department which has always been referred to as the Thirteenth Report. The new report, which I now send you in proof, will contain all that is worth retaining of the old one, and will bring up the history of the department to the last moment.

"May I venture to take this opportunity of expressing my sincere and deep regret, which will be shared by the whole Civil Service, at your departure from the House of Commons, which will make it impossible for you ever again personally to undertake the direction of the finances of the country; and at the same time to say on public as well as private grounds how I rejoice that, as First Lord of the Treasury, you will still exercise a control over us, and the duties which it will be our pleasure loyally to perform under your guidance.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing Sir M. Hicks-Beach, but if you think I might with propriety send him a proof copy of the report I would do so.

"ALGERNON WEST."

Sir Stafford's letter of acknowledgment ran as follows:

"30 ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S. W., June 20, 1885.

"MY DEAR MR. WEST,—Let me thank you sincerely for your kind letter, and for what you are good enough to say about Walter, and about myself.

"I have not had time to do more than take a hasty glance at the report, but I am very much pleased to hear that you think it well done. Your steady kindness has been of great advantage to my son, and I can assure you that he repays it by warm attachment to you.

"As for myself, I am in danger of being killed by kindness. I hope that, whatever happens, I may retain the connection with the Treasury which I value so much, both on account of the character of the work and of the association with such men as those who work the central and the auxiliary departments.

"I have mentioned the report to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who would be very much obliged if you would send him a proof at the Carlton.

"If our Ministry comes into working existence I hope to introduce you to him without delay.

"Yours faithfully,

"STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

"ALGERNON WEST, Esq., C.B."

On June 24th we went for the last time to the Admiralty under the rule of Lord Northbrook.

Among the final arrangements of the dying government, Sir Ralph Lingen, the Secretary to the Treasury, became a peer, and of course Welby succeeded him, at which I was much rejoiced.

On the 26th I had my first interview with the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and discussed the financial position.

On July 8th I dined at the Goldsmiths' Hall, and sat next to Sir Peter Lumsden, who had just returned from India. He told me that he dreaded the advent of September, as that was the month for Russian movements. It was impossible for us to advance beyond Candahar, but by the Black Sea and Taganrog we might sow dissension among the Turcomans.

He appeared to me a real Russophobist.

On the 10th I received a letter from Mr. Gladstone most flattering to my board, to which I at once replied; and his letter, which I here reproduce, along with my own reply, now stands at the beginning of the Twenty-eighth Report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue :

"1 RICHMOND TERRACE, July 8, 1885.

"MY DEAR WEST,—This is the first day on which I have been able to secure a quiet hour for the examination of the Twenty-eighth Report of your Board, from which I learn, without surprise, how much we are indebted to your colleague, who was Mr. Northcote.

"It appears to be a most careful and most valuable work.

"The only point of mere detail which raised a question in my mind was the reference on p. 74 to the Act of 1853. It is there said that the rate of income tax was fixed at 5*d.* for seven years. I rather think this is not accurate.

"It was hardly worth while to refer to this small point. Speaking more at large, this document reminds me that, during the whole period of my official connection with the finance of this country, I have had no greater pleasure than in my communications with the Department of Inland Revenue. I have always found it a model, in its heads and principal officers, of enlightened ability and untiring zeal. So it was when I began to know it intimately thirty-three years ago, and so I have found it down to the time when I resigned the charge of finance, and I rejoice now in closing the door of office behind me to have a new proof through your kindness that it is likely to be in the future what it has been in the past.

"Believe me, always sincerely yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"ALGERNON E. WEST, Esq."

"BOARD OF INLAND REVENUE, July 10, 1885.

"MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—I cannot find words to thank you on this board's behalf and my own for the generous words of approval and encouragement which your letter of the 8th inst. conveyed to us.

"No one in this department will ever forget them, and they will serve as a noble incentive to us all to strive vigorously and honestly to keep this department as it was handed over to us, worthy of the high commendation that you have given it.

"We are grateful to you for not objecting to the publication of your letter, and we trust that the good effect it will have in the whole of our Inland Revenue service will far outweigh any idea that we publish it from motives of personal vanity.

"ALGERNON WEST.

"Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P."

On July 16th was the second reading of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's Budget Bill—which from the necessities of the case was very simple and consequently without much interest.

Arthur Russell and Bingham Mildmay dined with us to meet Mr. Gladstone, who was in great force. The talk at dinner was of books; he praised Jesse's *Life of Beau Brummell* as a moral book with a lesson. He had read George Eliot's *Life* and saturated himself with no fewer than five reviews of it.

Arthur Russell said there were only seventeen Positivists in England; Mr. Gladstone said, at any rate, on one point he agreed with them—that marriage was absolutely indissoluble. After dinner he talked much on his favorite subject, the triumph of my department. One man's exemption, he said, was another man's taxation.

Dining another night at our house he met Andrew Hichens, no mean musician, who knew thoroughly all the technical expressions connected with the art. Mr. Gladstone, to his astonishment, talked of fugues and octaves, crotchets and minims with entire ease. He said that he had heard a bass voice at St. Andrew's which reminded him of Lablache. He disapproved of the new, or rather return to the old notation of the Old Hundredth Psalm, in which crotchets had been substituted for minims.

At a great function at Edinburgh, so he told us, where 10,000 voices were singing the Hundredth Psalm with the usual rhythm, the band adopted the modern rendering with disastrous results.

He told Mrs. Hichens that many years ago, when Jenny Lind was in her glory, there were some American singers at his house. To amuse them, he pointed out all the celebrities—Emperor of Russia, Princes, and Princesses, and they were very indifferent, but when he showed

them Jenny Lind they threw up their hands with delight.

On August 12th, the anniversary of our happy wedding-day, I went up to town in the carriage with Cardinal Manning, who regretted that his old friend Gladstone had not sooner retired. He thought the Tories would gain some seats at the next election, but lose more at the succeeding one, but either party must provide building sites for the working men, with whom the earth hunger was as keen as in Ireland. He was in favor of my idea of taking land for taxes, and reselling it.

On September 1st my sailor son, Gilbert, was appointed to the *Polyphemus*, the great ramming ship, which we went to see at Portsmouth. The cabins were all below the water-line, and were supplied with air by pumps.

On Saturday, October 3d, my son Reggie came with his wife, and I was enjoying our holiday when I heard from Lord Iddesleigh, asking me to appear as a witness before his Commission on Trade Depression, which I tried to prove did not exist if you took England as a whole. I was self-satisfied with my evidence, and later found that the Commission was satisfied also, as appears from the second of the two letters which I here subjoin :

“10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, October 9, 1885.

“MY DEAR MR. WEST,—I am anxious if possible to have the advantage of your evidence before the Trade Commission next week. I don't like disturbing your holiday ; but we mean to try to get through our official witnesses on Thursday and Friday, and shall then adjourn for a fortnight before taking up the trade witnesses. Would Friday suit you?

“I remain, yours faithfully,

“IDDESLEIGH.

“ALGERNON E. WEST, Esq., C.B.”

“BOARD ROOM, INLAND REVENUE, SOMERSET HOUSE, October 19, 1885.

“MY DEAR WEST,—My father was very decidedly pleased with your evidence, which he thought was very well given, as well as

interesting in itself. He also said you gave it cheerfully, and rather as if you liked doing so, which of course made it much more agreeable all round; so I think you may legitimately congratulate yourself. Robinson will have told you how delighted Elliott was.

"Yours ever,

"ST. CYRES.

"P. S.—I hear we are to win 40 seats in England by the Parnellite vote. At present in England and Wales there are about 265 Liberals and 211 Conservatives. Total, 476.

"The total will be raised from 476 to 495. If you get 65 out of 72 seats in Scotland, and 3 out of 103 in Ireland, which is all we give you there, I understand, you will want 268 English seats to give a majority of 2, as thus:

"England and Wales: Liberals, 268; Conservatives, 227 = 495. Scotland: Liberals, 65; Conservatives, 7 = 72. Ireland: Liberals, 3; Conservatives, 15; Parnellites, 85. Liberals, 336; Conservatives, 334. Total Parliament, 670.

"ST. C."

On the 6th of October my wife and daughter and I paid a visit to Walter Burns, the son-in-law of my old friend, Mr. Julius Morgan, at Copt Hall, a curious old place in Epping Forest, belonging formerly to the Conyers. Burns was most agreeable and had an extraordinarily original way of expressing himself. Having been to a terribly crowded party, he told us that if St. Paul had been there he would have been obliged to hang up his halo outside, as there was no room for it inside.

Mr. Pennington (an artist), Mr. Poste (a musician), and M. Archdeacon (a Frenchman), made up our party.

We returned on the 10th, and on the 11th October I went to the Cosmopolitan, where I had a long election talk with Herschell, who thought Edward Grey would beat Lord Percy, and that Sir M. Ridley and William Lowther would be beaten in Northumberland. Hal. Howard was doubtful but hopeful. Fair Trade and the Church were doing harm; this majority would be

smaller. Harry Sturgis would beat C. Hambro in Dorset, but Wolverton said "No" to the last.

Sir William Harcourt said to Horace that he thought they would get forty majority over Tories and Irish together. St. Cyres, who is generally very accurate, puts the Liberal majority at twenty-five. Sir Charles Tennant was gloomy about seats in Glasgow, but behold, we know not anything, and nobody knows anything!

It was in this month that we had had a farewell tea with Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, to say "good-bye" to Lady Ribblesdale, who was off to Gibraltar. Spencer Lyttelton came in fresh from Midlothian, describing Mr. Gladstone as full of vigor and confidence, and sure of a large majority.

I spent the evening at Brooks's with Sandhurst, Henry Calcraft, and others, receiving news from the boroughs as to how the elections were going.

Birmingham had returned a solid seven.

Arthur Hayter was beaten, which I regretted, as Parliament was the air he breathed to him. Dilke got in by a small majority. My brother Henry in at the head of the poll for Ipswich. Childers and George Lefevre were both beaten.

Mr. Gladstone was returned by 4000 majority, Edward Grey beating Lord Percy by 1200.

On the 29th I dined with Mr. Armitstead, Mr. Gladstone's loyal follower and friend, whose devotion was only equalled by his hospitality. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. Cohen, and Frank Hill, of the *Daily News*, were there, and I heard some election stories, probably old:

A man tried to sell some kittens with blue Tory ribbons on, and failed; the next day he tried to sell them with yellow Liberal ribbons on. "Why," said some one, "they were Tories yesterday!" "Yes," he said, "but their eyes are opened since then, and they have become Liberals."

"Will you vote for me?" said a canvassing candidate. "No," said the voter, "I would sooner vote for the devil." "But in the event of your friend not going to the poll I hope you will vote for me."

The returns coming in show a Liberal majority of forty-eight—English, Scotch, and Welsh votes. Our cousins triumphant everywhere—Edward Grey, Harry Howard, Frederick Mildmay, and Stafford Howard; though my poor friend, Charles Hambro, was beaten.

I still think we shall see Home Rule in some shape or another before the year is out, as Carnarvon seems to think.

On December 15th I dined with Lord Wolverton at Brooks's, and afterward joined Herbert Gladstone, Henry James, and E. W. Hamilton. I had a long talk with, or rather listened to, Henry James, who was great on the subject of Lord Randolph Churchill. He met him at Mr. Oppenheim's the other day, and asked him what they were going to do. He said: "Everything that will be most disagreeable to you."

When he was crossing the Channel, Henry James went over with him, and he was nearly dead from sea-sickness, but at Amiens he recovered a little. He had recently made a most violent attack on Lord Granville, and while still sea-green from the effects of the crossing he observed: "How Granville would like to see me now!"

Henry James gave a capital account of Lord Randolph Churchill's waiting at the Tory Club at Birmingham for the result of the poll, and as each Liberal success was announced he was silent, till his own failure was announced, and then he sprang up and gave them a rattling speech on the "Advantages of Adversity."

Matthews, he said, was a good speaker. They had been associates on the Oxford Circuit. At one of his election meetings Matthews touched on Bright very

cleverly: "I was in the Town Hall the other night to hear Mr. Bright," he said. "I was reminded of the old instrument which delighted our grandfathers and grandmothers, but which played one tune—the hurdy-gurdy—and on listening I thought of it, and—'Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!'" at the same time imitating the turning of the hurdy-gurdy.

- We next discussed the Irish difficulty and how impossible it was to find anybody in Ireland who could be responsible for life and property there. We also dealt with woman suffrage, and Henry James reminded me of our first meeting at Edward Levy's on May 8, 1871.

After, in the smoking-room for an hour and a half's talk with Charles Villiers, who, as usual, was delightful with his recollections of the past; said George Lewis and Gladstone had differed at Eton, at Oxford, and in Parliament; and in the Cabinet, after one of Gladstone's fine speeches, George Lewis used only to say, "I disagree with everything that Gladstone has said."

O'Connell was a greater man than Parnell. In discussing the question of the national debt, he said he would not be dragged into the party details of "fiddling finance."

Lord Palmerston's prophecies of the effect of abolishing the Irish Church had come true, and he disbelieved in the Irish ever being satisfied with anything. Roebuck had said, in defending the Church Establishment, that "the people loved it as the place where they had been christened, been married, and been buried!"

Brougham had said: "Don't abolish it; there is nothing but the Church between us and religion." He said the feeling against concession to the Irish and the Irish themselves was growing fast. I had seen no proof of it.

We talked of Beau Brummell, Hayward, Fleming, and Charles Greville, who, it was supposed, got money from

his publisher for the promise of his *Memoirs*. They traded on the vulgarity and snobbishness of the society they lived in. Alvanley and Brummell were both swindlers, the only difference being that the first kept up the premiums of policies on life assurances on which he had raised money; the other did not. Hayward was coarse, and Fleming was a social *flâneur*.

St. Cyres told me next day that his father, Lord Idesleigh, did not think it possible that the government could continue.

CHAPTER XXI

JANUARY-JUNE, 1886

Mr. Gladstone's *Mauvaise Dizaine de Jours*—Defeat of the Government—Mr. Gladstone's Summons to Windsor—Miss Mary Gladstone's Wedding—Sir William Harcourt Chancellor of the Exchequer—Letter from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach—The New Cabinet—Contretemps about Lord Granville—Riots of the Unemployed—Financial Conversation with Mr. Chamberlain—First Interview with Sir William Harcourt—Deaths of Lord Cardwell and Napier Sturt—Lady Georgiana Grey—The "Cottage Budget"—Cabinet Troubles—Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Speech—Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone—Illness and Death of Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton—Letter from Sir Erskine May—Conversation with Sir Henry James on the Irish Question—Mr. Gladstone's Indomitable Spirit.

AFTER a charming little holiday at Wanborough I came up alone, as there were still workmen in St. James's, and found a letter from St. Cyres, saying the government was not likely to last.

These changes are naturally very distasteful to permanent officials; for when a Chancellor of the Exchequer has once matured his plans, it is very annoying to have them all upset and everything begun *de novo*; besides that, all the old suggestions and ideas are continually being brought up, and have to be discussed anew. Furthermore, I had hoped that the Irish question might have been set at rest by Lord Salisbury's government, for Mr. Gladstone had offered to co-operate with him in any at-

tempt to bring it to a settlement, but his proposal had not been accepted.

On January 26th Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Arnold Morley, F. Leveson-Gower, and Lord Wolverton dined with us at St. James's; Mr. Gladstone, generally a model of punctuality, kept us waiting till nine o'clock, when he came in looking fagged and weary, having been speaking on Collings's amendment. He told my wife that he had had a *mauvaise dizaine de jours*. He soon returned to the House, saying as he left us that things were looking very serious.

In the morning we learned that the government had been defeated and would resign; I hoped that they would be forced to remain, and that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach would stay at the Treasury.

Mr. W. H. Smith had been sent to Ireland about forty hours before the government defeat, and Sir William Harcourt said that his mission had been conducted on strictly commercial lines of small profits and quick returns.

Sam Whitbread, whom I met, thought that Hartington would join Mr. Gladstone's new government, which Lord Spencer thought would be satisfactorily formed; of course Ireland would be a fearful difficulty, but Mr. Gladstone's buoyancy, earnestness, and faith would overcome all obstacles.

I soon heard that Lord Hartington would not join. Mr. Gladstone told me in the evening at his house that he should form a government for two reasons only—the first was that the undue weight attaching to his age might make him the most likely man to settle the Irish question; the second, that he wished to defer the inevitable split in the Liberal party as long as possible. Chamberlain was cordially in agreement with him now, though he feared that he would not be able to go to the

lengths he would probably adopt. Mr. Gladstone's idea of radicalism was bounded by the radicalism of John Bright.

That very night, after we had left Downing Street, Henry Ponsonby arrived with the Queen's summons to Mr. Gladstone, and Arthur Balfour told Arnold Morley that he was sure Mr. Gladstone would succeed in forming an administration.

As we walked away from dinner one night, I was sorry to hear from George Leveson that the attacks in the Press on Lord Granville, as Foreign Minister, had much annoyed him, and that he was determined to return as Foreign Secretary.

The next day things were shaping themselves rapidly. Richard Grosvenor told me that Childers would go to the War Office, while he himself was to become a peer and be succeeded as chief Whip by Arnold Morley.

On February 1st Mr. Gladstone went across to Osborne, and kissed hands as First Lord of the Treasury, in his third administration; Lord Wolverton dined with us, and, needless to say, discussed very fully and freely the situation.

February 2d was a lovely Candlemas day, and Miss Mary Gladstone's wedding to Mr. Drew was celebrated at Westminster Abbey. We dreaded the verification of the old Latin saying:

*Si sol candescat Mariâ purificante
Majus erit frigus post festum quam fuit ante,*

which proved to be true.

After the ceremony we all adjourned to luncheon at Mr. Gladstone's, who asked me whom I should propose as Chancellor of the Exchequer. I humbly suggested Chamberlain, but he thought that the City would be terrified at his views of "ransom," while I maintained

that a few weeks of official experience would soften the crudeness of his views. However, *Dis aliter visum*, and Sir William Harcourt became Chancellor, while Chamberlain, after refusing to be First Lord of the Admiralty, was relegated, unfortunately, to the Local Government Board.

In a few days I got the following kind letter from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, on his leaving the Exchequer, alluding to a statement that Chancellors of the Exchequer were in the habit of manipulating, by hastening or retarding, the collection of the Income Tax, to suit the requirements of their Budgets:

"WILLIAMSTRIP PARK, FAIRFORD, *February 11, 1886.*

"DEAR MR. WEST,—The returns, for which I asked you, about the licences, have duly reached me. Many thanks for them; of course, my successor will have copies sent to him also.

"I had not noticed the article in the *Economist* about income-tax receipts. I do not know whether it would be in your power in any way to get the misconception set right in a future issue of the paper; of course, I do *not* mean by any communication signed by yourself or your colleagues. If it could be done, I think it would be well, mainly to disabuse people of the notion that Chancellors of the Exchequer regulate the collection of taxes.

"I am very much obliged to you for what you are kind enough to say about the close of our official connection. You have helped me very ably and loyally in more than one matter; and, though I never desire to get back to office, yet if fate should have that misfortune in store for me, I hope we may again be associated, with some more practical result than it has been possible to achieve in seven months.

"Believe me, yours very truly,

"M. HICKS-BEACH."

On February 4th the new Cabinet was announced, and I was pleased to find that, with few exceptions, my prophecies of the *personnel* of the new government were correct.

I was delighted that Lord Wolverton, who had been

seriously offered the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, was to be the new Postmaster-General, which would suit him much better.

Mr. Gladstone dined with us, but he was very tired and worn—and no wonder, with all the terrible annoyances inseparable from the formation of a new administration.

It had been settled in a most clumsy manner that Lord Granville was to be superseded at the Foreign Office by Lord Rosebery, a very proper thing, no doubt; but somehow or another Mr. Gladstone had omitted even speaking to him about it. I told him that there was naturally a sore feeling on Lord Granville's part; which made him very unhappy. "I am quite ready," he said, "to let Lord Granville be Prime Minister, and I will be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and you may tell him so from me." But it was in vain, and Lord Granville became Secretary for the Colonies.

On my way from Somerset House one evening I found that there had been serious riots, from a meeting of the unemployed in Trafalgar Square: all the windows were smashed in Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and Oxford Street. My wife had been in Lady Fanny Marjoribanks's house, where all the windows were broken.

Colonel Henderson, the Chief of the Police, was dismissed after the Pall Mall riots, and it was thought Childers was hard upon him; but men in responsible positions get all the credit when things go right, and so must accept the blame and the consequences when things go wrong.

I had an interesting talk with Mr. Chamberlain on local taxation, and on a graduated income tax. I hope I convinced him that the latter was most inadvisable, if not impossible, arguing that all the efforts of the revenue authorities had for many years been successfully employed in taking the tax at the fountain head, independently of

the destination of the dividends. This made the tax far less unpopular than it would otherwise have been; whereas if it was graduated, every man's income must be investigated and taxed, and individual payments would have to be made, which would create wide-spread dissatisfaction, and make the tax a purely voluntary one, irrespective of the safeguards on returns under Schedule "D." There were other subjects, such as house tax and death duties, much more suited for graduation, he agreed, and said he did not care what it was as long as graduation was adopted as a principle.

The next day I saw Mr. Fowler, the Secretary to the Treasury, and on the 11th I had my first interview with my new master, Sir William Harcourt, who received me *aux bras ouverts* as "his guide, philosopher, and friend." We had a long and smoky talk.

We dined in Downing Street. Lord and Lady Granville and Lord Ripon were there, who said Harcourt had already begun work by discussing his Estimates. Lord Aberdeen, who was just back from Ireland, where he had been sworn in as Lord Lieutenant, joined us during the evening.

On the first day of the meeting of the new Cabinet news came of poor Lord Cardwell's death. His mind had latterly given way, but he did not know it, and felt injured at the neglect shown him by his exclusion from office. He had been a great Minister of War, having abolished purchase and established short service, and, for the first time in our history, a Reserve Army.

A day or two afterwards we dined at Northbrook's, where we met Sir Henry Norman, the Governor of Jamaica, whose daughter destroyed any illusion I might have had as to the charms of a residence in the West Indies. Lord Derby, Sir Ashley Eden, and Lord Brassey were there also.

I had an interesting conversation at Somerset House with Sir James Allport, the General Manager of the Midland Railway, on stamp duties and the advantage that would ensue from their composition, which would induce railway servants, working-men, and others to invest in small sums of railway stocks, as they did in France. He said we should never see railways really developed until low fares were adopted. During the rate war with the Northern lines, when you could go to York for 1s. 6d., the companies had coined money.

I dined at Lord Ripon's—a large man dinner; sat next Herbert Gladstone, who was very sanguine about Ireland, and said that Mr. Gladstone's letter to Lord de Vesci was an attempt to draw Parnell. Mr. Gladstone himself was very hopeful as to ultimate success.

The weather all this time was bearing out the old adage, and the cold strengthened as the days lengthened.

On March 13th we dined at Lady Harcourt's, a large party, where we heard, for the first time, of poor Napier Sturt's death; an amusing and charming companion, always lamenting the sad fate that pursued younger sons; he had lately had a command at Winchester, and had entered into the spirit of it thoroughly, and was, I heard, very particular about conduct and language.

I heard there was to be a petition against my brother Henry at Ipswich, brought about by the foolish conduct of his colleague. He was very low about it, for which I was sorry, as no man ever fought a battle on purity lines so well or so pluckily.

On the 15th we dined at Lady Halifax's, and were glad to meet my wife's aunt, Lady Georgiana Grey, who is eighty-five years old, and wonderfully young for her years. She was a curious type of high breeding and fanciful ideas, and was apt to be somewhat tenacious of her opinions.

On the following day I passed a long time with the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Grafton Street, discussing the Budget, which was, as he said, only to be a "Cottage Budget." He maintained that everything in Mr. Gladstone's conduct was governed by two preponderating influences—finance and theology.

Up to March 18th there was still skating in St. James's Park, but on the next day, with glad hearts, we welcomed the beginning of spring weather, and on the 20th I took my daughter Constance to Wanborough to see the cottage she had got for her Girls' Home, and found birds singing and shrubs bursting. On our return we dined at Lady Rosebery's, and I sat next to Lady William Compton, who made herself very agreeable by the interest she manifested in a garden at Compton Conyers, where she was going to live. It was a pleasant contrast to the eternal subject of politics, for I heard things were not going smoothly in the Cabinet, and Chamberlain and Trevelyan would probably resign.

On Saturday we went to Coombe Wood, in which Lord Wolverton had bought a house, and made it very pretty under the artistic guidance of Mr. Devey, the famous architect, with whom our youngest son was working; and on Sunday Arnold Morley and Lord Spencer came down, and discussed the Irish question from every point of view.

At the end of this long March month I went with my wife to see a collection of Millais's pictures. How wonderful that a man can be so good and so bad! Gladstone the finest of modern pictures. Lord Beaconsfield as bad as can be.

On April 1st I met Mr. Gladstone, who, notwithstanding all the Cabinet troubles, remained very determined to put forward his scheme for Ireland, even if he stands alone. Eddie Hamilton bet me £6 to £4 that Mr. Glad-

stone does not carry any scheme for Ireland up to the House of Lords.

The question was before the Cabinet whether Customs and Excise were to be given over to the Irish government; but it was decided to keep them, before I had time to give my opinion on a subject bristling with difficulties.

April 8th was the day fixed for Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule speech, and as I walked down to the House, I noticed that Big Ben had stopped rather ominously. The crowd outside was very great, and in the lobby tremendous, all the Peers and under-the-gallery people acting exactly as we used to in a "rouge" at football at Eton. The floor of the House was filled with chairs, for the first time in parliamentary history, all the way up, many of them having been taken from 5 A.M.

Mr. Gladstone's approach was heralded with cheers—the whole House rising on his entrance, except the front opposition bench.

He spoke for three hours and five minutes, his voice, as it always did, getting clearer and stronger to the end. Lord Wolverton came home to dinner, and to describe it all to my wife. With him I went to the General Post Office, to see how Mr. Gladstone's speech had been sent off to the provinces; we found when we got there, at ten o'clock, that it had already been received verbatim at New York and at every capital in Europe. Then I learned that under the building there were stowed away 1000 miles of telegraph wires.

On our way home we met Lord Spencer, who said the only alternative to Mr. Gladstone's scheme would be strong coercion.

The next day we went to Coombe; and Lord Wolverton calculated that the government might get a majority of twenty-five on the second reading of the Bill, but he was always of a singularly sanguine temperament.

On April 12th I was busy all day upon the Revenue clauses for the Irish Bill, and in the evening we dined at Mr. Gladstone's; Mr. Bright was there, and I thought him very querulous, and Mr. Gladstone was rather short with his querulousness, so altogether the dinner was not as pleasant as usual, but I went down to the House of Commons and had a little talk with George Trevelyan, who was very despondent and wondered how Mr. Gladstone could have led the party into such an *impasse*; and with Mr. Chamberlain, who said I should live to see the day when finance would be the great question, and a plan I had suggested, of succession duty being paid in kind to Local Boards, which he approved of, might be adopted; but Mr. Gladstone overshadowed every financier now, and we were always niggling.

Edward Marjoribanks said they must keep the Irish M.P.'s in the House, as 100 votes would depend upon their retention; I, in my ignorance, should have thought the prospect of their absence would have been a tempting bait.

On the 13th, after Sir William Harcourt's speech, which was very rallying, the Gladstones, Lord Wolverton, Lady Fanny Marjoribanks, Charles Guthrie, and Frank Mildmay dined with us, and we all went back to the House with Mr. Gladstone. The scheme has many enemies, but no rival, and so "holds the field"—and I cannot but still hope it may pass the House of Commons, after all these threatenings.

On the 15th, the "Cottage Budget," which naturally produced very little comment or controversy, was brought in.

On the 21st I heard to my great grief that Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton was very ill, but on calling at Brook Street I found Lady Ribblesdale, who was in better spirits and said she was recovering. Delighted with the good news,

we went off to Wanborough for a little Easter holiday, and on Saturday, the 24th, to Stratton, but on the next—Easter morning—heard that our dear little friend had passed away: she was too angelic and meteoric for this life, and Heaven will be richer for her, but we much poorer.

Sir Erskine May, who had made up his mind to retire, wrote to me in answer to a letter of mine:

“LONGFORD HOUSE, THE LEAS, FOLKESTONE, May 4, 1886.

“DEAR MR. ALGERNON WEST,—Pray accept my hearty thanks for your very kind letter.

“The Civil Service never had so generous a friend and patron as Mr. Gladstone, and I am the latest example of his good-will.

“My change of destiny has not come a day too soon, for my health has quite broken down lately; I have been laid up here the last fortnight, and at a time when I particularly wished to be in town I am detained here sorely against my will.

“You may be well content with your son's position and prospects. Promotion has been slow; but we shall soon be approaching a more ancient *stratum* of official fossils.

“Yours very truly,

“T. ERSKINE MAY.”

On May 12th I called in Downing Street and saw Mrs. Gladstone, who begged us to go in the evening as they had a “stiff dinner,” so we dined at home and went there. I talked to Sir Henry James, who told me that he had come to the conclusion that this Irish question must be settled in one way or another; Lord Hartington did not want to take office, and they could not trust the Tories to deal with so fearful a subject. All the Liberals at Mr. Chamberlain's meeting, forty-nine or fifty-two, had settled to attend the Hartington meeting, and the result would be a complete disruption of the Liberal party. I asked him whether, seeing this imminent calamity, he could not come to terms. He said the thing was rendered much more difficult by Mr. Glad-

stone's overwhelming superiority, which rendered negotiations very difficult, for they could not ask a man in his position to withdraw the Bill, and they were pledged to vote against the second reading; but if in some way or another the principle of autonomy could be put forward, the majority, possibly including Hartington, would vote for it, and on it a Bill could be introduced and considered in the autumn session.

I said that it was ridiculous that he, the cleverest lawyer in England, could not make a bridge if this was all that was wanted. He said it was very difficult to do so.

I spoke about this to Mr. Gladstone, who said the people in the House of Commons were not apt to be so modest about his superiority, but was very much impressed at what I told him; he did not consider the Bill doomed while many brains were actively engaged in endeavoring to find a *modus vivendi*, notably Mr. Whitbread. He was clearly, I think, ready to postpone to another session the details of the Bill, if by accepting this compromise the party could be kept together.

Afterwards I visited the Chancellor of the Exchequer's and the Cosmopolitan, where I saw Herbert Gladstone, who was, as usual, very sanguine.

On Saturday, the 15th, Mr. Gladstone came to Coombe, where my wife and I were. He was in one of his provoking, frivolous moods, making a Cabinet for Hartington, which on the 17th appeared, as he had written it, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and we could not imagine how it got there.

I put before him a resolution which St. Cyres and I had concocted: "That this House, having recognized the principle of Irish autonomy by reading for a first time the Bill for the Better Government of Ireland, trusts that the present government, in which it reposes entire confidence, will, in a session specially devoted to

the purpose, introduce measures for establishing a statutory Parliament with defined powers at Dublin, and for securing the just rights and liberties of all creeds and classes of Irishmen."

Mr. Gladstone said it was too late, he feared, for conciliation, and a government should not proceed by resolution, which could not pledge the House of Commons to a principle on the first reading of a Bill. His resolutions on the Irish Church were made when he was in opposition.

Sir William Harcourt came on Sunday, and of course talked all day and night on the Irish question.

Great authorities differed on the possibilities of arrangement, but the balance of opinion seemed to me to be against it.

After Easter there was a meeting of the Liberal party at the Foreign Office, which it was hoped might be successful.

One night we met Lord Northbrook at dinner, who told me that Bright said to him that he was old and that he hoped to be forgiven, but he could not get over the conduct of the Irishmen in past days to him; Lord Northbrook himself hoped that the Home Rule Bill would be even now withdrawn.

Edward Marjoribanks told me there were thirty-six men who had not yet bowed the knee to Baal and were unpledged, and still talked of a hope for carrying the second reading; if not there must be an immediate dissolution.

On June 4th Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Paulton, Edward Grey, and John Morley dined with us, Mr. Gladstone being in great form and spirits, notwithstanding all his anxieties and troubles. Nothing seems to weigh him down.

CHAPTER XXII

JUNE-JULY, 1886

Mr. Gladstone's Sanguine Temper—Scene in the House—Speeches by Mr. Goschen, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Cowen, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach—Mr. Gladstone's Reply—The Division: Delight of the Unionists—Mr. Gladstone at Coombe Wood: his Opinion of the Inland Revenue and Customs Board—Mr. Gladstone's Desire to Help Lord Salisbury—Resignation of Mr. Adam Young: Appointment of Lord St. Cyres as Deputy-Chairman—Letters from Lord Iddesleigh, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Gladstone—Farewell Dinner at Downing Street—Quotation from Sidney Herbert—Lord Herschell's Visit to Wanborough: his Anecdotes—Lord Randolph Churchill Appointed Leader and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

IN those early days of June I never heard whether or not Mr. Gladstone anticipated defeat. Everything pointed to it, but I do not think that he admitted its possibility even to a great friend who visited him at Dollis Hill, on the Sunday week before the division, with prophetic warnings.

On the eventful Monday afternoon Arnold Morley, visiting him in Downing Street, found him absorbed in a French novel and somewhat put out by the interruption.

I heard that members had secured their seats since six in the morning, in anticipation of the division on the Home Rule Bill, and I was apprehensive that I might fail in getting under the gallery, more particularly as I was engaged on a committee at the Treasury, and only

got away from it just in time to find myself in the struggling crowd of Peers and ticket-holders in the lobby of the House of Commons. I succeeded in getting in time to hear a bitter speech of Goschen's, followed by Parnell's wonderfully clear and incisive speech when he made, for the first time, his allusion to the offer he had received from the Conservative party for the complete autonomous government of Ireland.

He was very touching when he taunted Chamberlain with throwing his sword into the scale against Ireland, and dashing from the Irish people the cup of cold water just as it was reaching their lips—"The first cup of cold water that has been offered to our nation since the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam."

I went away for dinner, still uncertain as to the division, and on my return found my place under the gallery taken, so I had to go upstairs in the Speaker's gallery, where I heard a rugged and eloquent speech from "Joe" Cowen, who spoke with a strong Northern accent. It was of him that Disraeli said he had heard he was a good speaker, but as he did not understand his language he was no judge.

On entering the House I saw Lord Wolverton, who was coming out of the chief Whip's room, and he told me there were yet hopes of the Bill being carried—which added to the evening's excitement. None really knew what the result would be, though those behind the scenes had become painfully aware of the probable defeat.

Then a long speech from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach (of which we were to hear more later on), who emphatically denied the overtures of Lord Carnarvon, and then Mr. Gladstone rose amidst torrents of cheers to wind up the debate.

I did not think at the commencement of his speech that he was at his best, but he soon warmed with his sub-

ject and was magnificent in voice, in gesture, and delivery.

After his peroration—"Think, I beseech you, think well, think wisely, think not for the moment, but for the years that are to come, before you reject this bill"—the House cleared for a division, and we in the gallery, which was crowded to suffocation, were left in a state of profound suspense. I myself had been sitting next to a member who to the last minute was undecided, and told me as he passed to the division how he would vote.

The Bar became jammed, and Mr. Gladstone could hardly make his way through to the front Treasury bench, where, with a calm face, he commenced writing on his knee his letter to the Queen. I had despaired of the result, and yet I had a particle of hope from Lord Wolverton, and when I saw Edward Marjoribanks, as a splendid illustration of the *mens æqua in arduis*, sit down smiling, as he whispered the result to Mr. Gladstone, that hope, which was so soon to be disappointed, asserted itself more strongly.

Arnold Morley came in, and with Marjoribanks stood at the left of the table, and I knew the game was over—Ayes, 311; Noes, 341.

The Conservatives with their Unionist allies seemed to have gone mad with delirious delight. When they knew the victory was theirs, shouts, in which I am sorry to say the strangers in the gallery shared, went up for Mr. Gladstone and groans for Mr. Chamberlain, and the curtain of that momentous drama fell.

I walked home with Arnold Morley to Downing Street, through a surging, cheering crowd, heard that Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were well, and went home feeling assured that a dissolution was not far off.

On June 12th I drove my daughter Constance to Lady Wolverton's, Coombe Wood. Mr. Gladstone, who

was staying there, had been occupied in writing his Address, but came to tea, and shortly after he asked me to go with him for a walk; talking of his Address, he feared it might be too long, but it was not as long as Mr. Chamberlain's, whose name he had not even mentioned. He had driven home the comparison between Lord Salisbury's and his mode of governing Ireland, the only two alternatives, and sorrowfully admitted that he had lost in this division a great deal of talent.

I told him that Adam Young, my deputy at the Board of Inland Revenue, was going to retire, which he regretted, thinking it a great loss. Then he repeated what he had said to me often before, that he looked on the Inland Revenue as a model of all that was good.

The Customs Board was, and always had been, very behindhand; he had never had but one suggestion from them in all his long experience, and that was the penny duty on all packages, which he had at once been forced to give up and run away from, like a dog with its tail between its legs. He wondered at the cause of the difference in the traditions of the two departments. John Wood and Sir Charles Pressley were very remarkable men and excellent Chairmen of the Board.

I suggested that Lord St. Cyres should succeed Adam Young as deputy, to which he at once agreed.

He asked me about Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I told him how pleasant our communications were during the short time he had been in office.

He regretted there was no available financier now. The race was becoming extinct since the days of Peel.

Lord Iddesleigh, he admitted, had all the principles at his fingers' ends, had knowledge, good sense, and absolute uprightness, but was wanting in strength.

We walked in the lovely wood above the garden for

some time, enjoying the splendid views as if politics were not, but we soon drifted again into discussing the elections, when he told me, which I knew before, of his anxiety to help Lord Salisbury on the Irish question.

On the 14th we went to Holmbury. Mr. Gladstone was very hopeful, and the next day produced his Address. My only criticism was that the world was ignorant of his offer to help Lord Salisbury to deal with the Irish question, and his Address said nothing of it.

Mr. Gladstone discussed Chamberlain's plan for buying all holdings under thirty acres, etc.

Lord Randolph Churchill, I heard, anticipated that the Tories would come back 300 strong and Unionists 50.

My old friend, Adam Young, to my deep regret, resigned his Deputy-Chairmanship; he was a splendid type of a Civil servant of the old school—upright, conscientious, hard-working, and intelligent, all his thought being in his work; Mr. Gladstone at once, as we had arranged, appointed Lord St. Cyres to be his successor.

Lord Iddesleigh wrote:

“PYNES, EXETER, *June 29, 1886.*

“MY DEAR MR. WEST,—Let me thank you very sincerely for your kind letter, and not for that alone; for your friendship and the assistance you have given to Walter in the opening of his career have been of immense value to him, and have made him take a hearty interest in his work. I hope he will long have the privilege of working with you.

“Mr. Gladstone's letter is more than kind, and I have been writing to thank him. I need not say that the promotion is peculiarly gratifying as coming from him.

“Rather envying you your quiet post of observation in these stormy days,

“I remain, yours very faithfully,

“IDDESLEIGH.”

I had inquired into some little matter for Mr. Chamberlain, who, after thanking me, adds characteristically:

1886 GOVERNMENT BY DEPARTMENTS

“What a pretty smash our Chief has made of it! It is not often given to the leader of a party twice to bring his followers to utter grief by an unexpected *coup-de-main*.”

The elections ended, as we all know, with the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's third administration, and on July 13th Mr. Gladstone, probably anticipating that Lord Salisbury would again become Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs, wrote to me as follows:

• “HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER, *July 12, 1886.*

“MY DEAR WEST,—On the formation of the Salisbury government last year, I thought the arrangement as to the First Lordship of the Treasury highly objectionable on various grounds. But it was not forced on the consideration of the House, as it would be if it were renewed on the next consideration of an Estimate, or as it might be by any one.

“Some of the objections are palpable on the surface. But there is one which cannot be fully appreciated, except by persons who have had a large experience either of my office or of the Foreign Office, where the Foreign Minister is head: (1) The government must in this country be a government of departments; and (2) There is no one either to assist or at all check the Foreign Minister.

“As a matter of fairness, I should be glad if, *apropos de bottles* and as a matter of history, you could convey the state of my mind.

“Sincerely yours,

“W. E. GLADSTONE.

“P.S.—One does not at once see why Iddesleigh might not take the Foreign Office, especially as his health is not strong.”

On the 23d I was asked to dine at a farewell dinner in Downing Street: we had dined there at their first, and now at their last party.

On my arrival I was greeted by Mr. Gladstone as “Sir Algernon,” the Queen having approved of my K.C.B., which pleased me, and I knew would delight my wife.

Lord and Lady Spencer, Lady Aylesbury, Lord and Lady Dalhousie, Carmichael, Welby, and Eddie Hamilton were there to partake of the funeral baked meats.

I had a discussion with Mr. Gladstone as to a quotation from Sidney Herbert, who was always so accurate that I was frightened, but for a wonder found myself right. Next day I wrote to Mr. Gladstone thanking him for the honor of my K.C.B., and added a P.S. proving that I was right in the quotation I had made the night before.

“BOARD ROOM, SOMERSET HOUSE, *July 24, 1886.*

“MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—A few weeks before his death, Sir Erskine May wrote to me saying, ‘The Civil Service never had so generous a friend and patron as Mr. Gladstone.’

“Having experienced at your hands such countless acts of personal kindness, I hope you will allow me to accept the honor you so kindly offered me last night, not as a personal honor to myself, but as a mark of your appreciation of the work done by the Civil Service, and more especially by the Inland Revenue branch of it, in which you have always taken so generous an interest.

“With many grateful thanks for the honor, the value of which is trebled as coming from you,

“I am, yours very truly,

“ALGERNON WEST.

“P.S.—I inclose the quotation from Mr. Sidney Herbert’s speech to which you alluded last night.

“‘For it is not words that humiliate, but deeds. If a man wants to see humiliation, which God knows is always a painful sight, he need but look there’” (pointing to the Treasury bench).¹

On Saturday I went down to Wanborough with Alfred Lyttelton and Lady Ribblesdale, meeting my son Horace at the station, and telling him of my new honor.

The Herschells came later. I had told my wife that as long as he was Lord Chancellor he would bring with him the Great Seal, not thinking that he really would do so—but he told us it accompanied him wherever he went; and so poor little Wanborough had the honor of

¹ Right Hon. S. Herbert, November 26, 1852. *Hansard*, p. 613, vol. cxxiii.

having the Great Seal of England under its roof. After tea we all walked over to Puttenham—Herschell, as usual, full of stories.

In addressing a forger of bank notes, sentenced to death, he told us how a judge had said: "I can hold out no hope to you of mercy here, and I must urge you to make preparation for another world, where I hope you may obtain that mercy which a due regard to the credit of our paper currency forbids you to hope for here."

With reference to Mr. Gladstone's cruise with Donald Currie, some one had written:

"Their places to the North were booked,
Then round the coast they hurried;
While common folk are only 'Cooked,'
The G.O.M. is 'Curried.'"

He told us of an American who had bought some red flannel shirts which were warranted neither to lose their color nor shrink in the wash. After a fortnight he went to the store where he had purchased them, and was asked by the shopman whether the shirts had lost color or shrunk. "All I can say," he replied, "is that when I came down with one of them on to breakfast, my wife said to me, 'What have you got my pink coral necklace round your throat for?'"

He told us also of a barrister of the name of Jones, whose loquacity Chief Justice Cockburn vainly tried to stem—"The time is passing, Mr. Jones." "Let it pass, my lord," with a wave of the hand. "There are three cases on the list after this, Mr. Jones." "I, my lord, have studied the list, and in not one of the three am I or my client interested in the smallest degree."

On Tuesday we travelled up with John Morley, who had taken a little house at Elstead, a village not far from us. He confirmed what Herschell had told us, that

Lord Randolph Churchill was to be leader and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

On July 28th Edward and Lady Fanny Marjoribanks came, and I congratulated her on Lord Randolph's appointment, which she would not at first believe, but a long talk with her about her brother to a great extent allayed my melancholy forebodings of his becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer. A few days after I heard from Welby of his first pleasant interview with the new Chancellor, and the next day I saw Lord Randolph, and was struck with his extreme courtesy and somewhat old-fashioned manners and dignified solemnity.

CHAPTER XXIII

JULY-DECEMBER, 1886

Lord Randolph and the Old Officials—Their Dismay and Reconciliation—Interviews in the Board Room and at Connaught Place—The "Fourth Party Sofa"—Lord Randolph and the Decimals—His Assiduity and Concentration—Propositions for the Budget—Economy his Ruling Idea—His Visits to Somerset House and the Custom House—His Sudden Resignation—His Personal Relations with his Opponents and Mr. Gladstone—His Attacks on Mr. Gladstone's Transvaal Policy and Subsequent Retraction—His Sense of Humor and Gifts as a Phrase-coiner—Mr. Gladstone's Letter to his Mother—Mr. Gladstone at Wanborough: Writes his Farewell Address on Leaving Office—Deputation from Guildford—Visit to the Italian Lakes—Death of George Barrington—Lord Granville's Anecdotes of Charles Greville—Mr. Ralston at the Holborn Restaurant—*L'Envoi*.

UP to this time we old officials who had been educated in the school of Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, and Sir Stafford Northcote, regarded Lord Randolph as an impossible man, "whose breath was agitation and his life a storm on which he rode." He was to our eyes a visible genius, an intense and unquenchable personality, an embodied *tour de force*; but as a serious Minister of the Crown he was to us an impossibility. In his fierce assaults on Mr. Gladstone he had attacked the best friend the Civil Service ever had; and it was a moot point which was in greater dread—we of his entrance within the portals of a government department, or he of having to associate in daily

business with men whom he curtly described to a friend as "a knot of d—d Gladstonians." He was a man to whom the words of Hookham Frere in *Monks and Giants* might as suitably be applied as they were to that kindred spirit, the brave and fiery Peterborough :

"His birth, it seems, by Merlin's calculation
Was under Venus, Mercury, and Mars ;
His mind with all their attitudes was mixed,
And like those planets wandering and unfixed.
His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
Inexplicable both to friend and foe.
He seemed as if some momentary spleen
Inspired the project and impelled the blow."

Such was the impression we had of him, not unnatural and certainly not wholly wrong. But there were other aspects to his many-sided nature—the reckless knight-errant of debate proved at the same time a patient, strenuous, thorough, and far-sighted administrator.

Lord Randolph, between the fall of the Tory Government and his return to office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had made himself the mouthpiece of an attack with a venom not his own on the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue. "Those were," as he said, "my ignorant days." When he assumed office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, notwithstanding the reputation he had made for himself at the India Office, he still appeared to the minds of Treasury officials as a Minister who would in all probability ride roughshod over cherished traditions and habits which were very dear to them. That such a man, with all his faults and glaring indiscretions, whose inclinations became passions, should have attached to himself a body of men like the Civil Service of England, was little short of a miracle. A Frenchman, in a conversation with Pitt at the end of the last century, expressed his surprise

at the influence which Charles Fox, a man of pleasure ruined by the dice-box and the turf, had exercised over the English nation. "You have not," was the reply, "been under the wand of the magician." It was not long before those who were brought into close communication with Lord Randolph fell under his magic spell. I confess that I, at that time Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, was as much dismayed as any man at the prospect of his becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer. I was soon reconciled, and I well remember our first interview in the old historical Board Room at the Treasury, the stiff and formal cut of his frock-coat—the same that he always wore when he was leader of the House—and the somewhat old-world courtesy of manner with which he received me at the door. But it was not long before he produced the new-world cigarette-case and the long mouth-piece, which so soon became familiar. A very few meetings were enough to show me how sincerely anxious he was to learn all the little I had to teach; and from that first hour our acquaintance gradually ripened into a friendship which not all the vicissitudes of his stormy life, nor even his agonizing illness, ever interrupted. The last letter he wrote before he left England on his sad journey was to me. In it he spoke of our long years of friendship, of his return, and of years to come; but the handwriting told how impossible that return and those future years were to be.

Our early official meetings at the Treasury were soon superseded by more intimate conversations at Connaught Place. On my first visit there I found him in a room bright with electric light, and the eternal cigarette in his mouth. He was seated in a large arm-chair having a roomy sofa on one side, which I afterwards learned was known in the family as the "Fourth Party sofa," and on the other, much to my surprise, a large photograph of

Mr. Gladstone. Whether the photograph and the sofa were thus placed opposite each other for the convenience of the party in rehearsing their attacks I do not take it upon me to say. Although Lord Randolph certainly had never made a study of finance, he was not, when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, so ignorant of it as Charles Fox, if the story be true which reports him to have said that he never could understand what Consols were—he knew they were things that went up and down in the City; and he was always pleased when they went down, because it so annoyed Pitt. A story is also told of Lord Randolph, that a Treasury clerk put some figures before him. “I wish you would put these figures plainly so that I can understand them,” he said. The clerk said he had done his best, and he had, pointing them out, reduced them to decimals. “Oh!” said Lord Randolph, “I never could understand what those d—d dots meant.” But it soon became clear that besides a wonderful intuition, Lord Randolph possessed many of the qualities which had always won for Mr. Gladstone so high a reputation as a departmental chief—indefatigable assiduity, that energy which Dr. Arnold said is of more value than even cleverness, a vehement determination to learn his subject *ab ovo usque ad mala*, a strong intellectual force, which, while it in no way interfered with his attention to the opinions of his subordinates, absolutely preserved his own independence of judgment and decision. He possessed the very rare gift of keeping his mind exclusively devoted to the subject in hand, and impressed on all those with whom he worked the idea that the business on which they were employed was the only one of interest to him. For a man of his rapid thought and excitable temperament he was scrupulously patient and quiet in discussion; and from frequent conversations with him on financial subjects I can safely affirm that no

one ever ended an official interview with him without at any rate having arrived at a clear knowledge of his views and intentions. No time spent with him was ever wasted, nor would he suffer any interruption, from whatever source it came.

In the autumn preceding the session of 1887 he knew that the duties of leadership would absorb all his time and strength, and, like a wise and prudent statesman, he prepared himself for his financial statement by a performance such as was never equalled, in getting ready and passing through the Cabinet the Budget for the forthcoming year. On the evening of the day on which he carried his Budget through the Cabinet, after describing to me how he had done so, he said: "There in that box are all the materials of our Budget. They are unpolished gems; put the facets on them as well as you can, but do not speak to me on the subject again till the end of the financial year." What that Budget was cannot yet be told; but it may be fairly said that it far exceeded in importance any Budget since Mr. Gladstone's great performance in 1860. It was often said that Lord Randolph won his popularity among the permanent officials by his subservience to their views. Nothing could be further from the truth; and when some day his Budget comes to light, as I trust it will, it will be seen how original were some of its provisions, and how unlike to any plans that would probably have emanated from the ordinary official brain.

From the very commencement of his career as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Randolph began his struggles for economy, his love for which was sincere and earnest. He determined that as long as he was responsible for the finances of the country he would enforce it. It has often been the subject of discussion whether a man who is careful in his domestic affairs would natural-

ly be an economist in public affairs, and *vice versa*. No one would ever have accused Lord Randolph of being a careful or even a prudent man in the management of his private concerns, but his ruling idea as Chancellor of the Exchequer was for economy.

In a letter he wrote to me shortly after his resignation, Lord Randolph said: "The Budget scheme we had in contemplation will now be relegated to the catalogue of useless labor. The essential principle of any financial policy which I cared to be identified with was zeal for thrift and economic reform. This was wanting, and the scaffolding was bound to come down." It was the extravagance of the spending department that induced him to write that fatal letter which could only bring about his absolute supremacy or his resignation. No new fancy it was that dictated it. In October, 1886, he had said that "unless there was an effort to reduce the expenditure it was impossible that he could remain at the Exchequer." Again he said: "If the decision of the Cabinet as to the amount of the Estimates was against him, he should not remain in office." I recollect after his fall his appealing to me and saying that I knew his resignation was not the consequence of a moment's irritation, but was from his deliberate determination that in matters financial he would be supreme. This I was able fully to endorse.

On December 20th, ever anxious to learn all he could by personal study, he spent nearly three hours with me at Somerset House, seeing for himself all the working of that huge department. The following day he went to the Custom House, and that same afternoon to Windsor, where he wrote the letter to Lord Salisbury which has since become historical, threatening his resignation. On the evening of the 22d he walked down to Printing House Square and communicated what he had done to the editor of the *Times*. Then, on the 23d, I got the

sad and startling news of his resignation. In a note which followed close upon it, his secretary, Mr. A. Moore, who by his ability and devotion had contributed so much to Lord Randolph's fame, said: "I have really not the heart to write anything. Moreover, there is nothing to add to what was said in that terribly irregular and premature *communiqué* to the *Times*. I look upon the whole thing, from every point of view—patriotic, party, and personal—as simply an irreparable calamity."

It is strange that a man endowed by Nature with quick perception should not have seen how gladly Lord Salisbury would dispense with his services, or should have forgotten Sir Stafford Northcote's prophecy and hope in 1880, that a conservative cave would be formed on the Liberal side with Goschen in its centre.

So Lord Randolph became officially dead, and a cruel fate has made him one of the great might-have-beens in the financial history of his country, for the triumph and the harvest of the seed he had sown he did not live to see. From his fall to his tragic end he bore with him to the grave much affection, much admiration, and many regrets of true friends and political opponents. He might have used the words put into the mouth of the unfortunate Queen Mary by Schiller: "I have been much hated, but I have been much beloved."

Nothing, I am sure, is more curious in political biography than the fascination Lord Randolph Churchill possessed over his political opponents. Notwithstanding his exaggerated invective, Mr. Gladstone could not altogether resist the charm and sympathetic genius of his younger opponent.¹ He frankly and fully admired Lord

¹ The friendly personal relations that prevailed between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill are illustrated by an incident which I repeat on the authority of an eye-witness. Mr. Gladstone was replying at length to an impeachment of the Liberal

Randolph's short leadership of the House of Commons, his insight, and his dash and courage, and he sympathized with his not unsuccessful struggles over his beloved economy. Modesty is not, perhaps, among the virtues attributed to Lord Randolph; but there was some far-off touch of it in a letter he wrote to me, in which he says: "I am not so conceited as to suppose that Mr. Gladstone could care for or even notice any speech of mine." But Mr. Gladstone did notice the rising man, and, turning to a colleague on the occasion of one of Lord Randolph's early speeches, he said, prophetically: "That is a young man you will have to reckon with one of these days." They met several times, and Mr. Gladstone often spoke in warm terms about the power Lord Randolph possessed of making himself loved and respected by the various heads of departments in which he worked, of his aptitude for learning, of his admirable and courageous work towards economy, of his personal courtesy and his pre-eminent qualities as a host, which could not be exaggerated. And Lord Randolph's admiration for Mr. Gladstone was unbounded and sincere. I recollect on one occasion when Mr. Gladstone had been talking after dinner, as the men were leaving the room, Lord Randolph said to a Unionist friend: "And that is the man you have left! How could you have done it?"

policy by Mr. Balfour, and Lord Randolph, who was about to follow, was in a state of preparatory fidget. He had a glass of water sent in, at sight of which Mr. Gladstone stooped and whispered to Sir William Harcourt, obviously declaring his need for similar refreshment. Lord Randolph immediately rose, proffered his untasted glass across the table, which Mr. Gladstone graciously accepted, observing with genial emphasis, "I wish that the noble lord was always as ready to drink at my fountain-head as I am at his," a remark which Lord Randolph acknowledged with a low bow, amid the general applause of the House.

Dr. Johnson said: "When I was beginning the world and was nobody and nothing, the joy of my life was to fire at all the established wits, and then everybody loved to halloo me on." Disraeli followed the great Doctor's example in his attacks on Peel; and Lord Randolph, probably with similar motives, attacked Mr. Gladstone with an exaggeration we now all deplore. But if Lord Randolph was violent and even unscrupulous at times in his attacks, when a conviction came to him that he had been mistaken he was generous in acknowledging it. In language of real eloquence he had denounced the policy of Mr. Gladstone's government in the Transvaal. But when years afterwards he was face to face with the facts on the spot, he wrote a letter to a London newspaper which attracted great attention at the time, and which contained a retraction of the rash judgment he had pronounced, so complete and at the same time so judicious that it is well worthy of being remembered at the present critical juncture in our relations with that Republic.

"The surrender of the Transvaal [he wrote] and the peace concluded by Mr. Gladstone with the victors of Majuba Hill, were at the time, and still are, the object of sharp criticism and bitter denunciation from many politicians at home, *quorum pars parva fui*. Better and more precise information, combined with cool reflection, leads me to the conclusion that had the British government of that day taken advantage of its strong military position and annihilated, as it could easily have done, the Boer forces, it would indeed have regained the Transvaal, but it would have lost Cape Colony. . . . The actual magnanimity of the peace with the Boers concluded by Mr. Gladstone's Ministry after two humiliating military reverses suffered by the arms under their control, became plainly apparent to the just and sensible

mind of the Dutch Cape Colonist, atoned for much of past grievance, and demonstrated the total absence in the English mind of any hostility or unfriendliness to the Dutch race. Concord between Dutch and English in the colony from that moment became possible."

A retractation so generous and hearty as this covers a multitude of rash vituperations.

In his strongest political animosities Lord Randolph ever retained his sense of humor. Indeed, I should have thought that no one could ever have doubted his sense of humor; yet in the obituary notice in one of the leading papers it was said he was totally devoid of it. Not only had he a sense of humor, but he is one of the few parliamentarians who have left sayings that have become proverbial. The elder of his colleagues were known as "the old gang"; the Unionists as the "crutch of the Tory party." His was the mint from which came "the mediocrities with double names," "the old man in a hurry," "the duty of an opposition is to oppose," and many more.

It seems a paradox in God's providence that a man of genius, great talent, and splendid promise should in the prime of his life have been stricken down by a disease which appears cruel to us who see only through a glass darkly. But as the late Cardinal Manning finely said: "As in a piece of tapestry, where on one side all is a confused and tangled mass of knots, and on the other a beautiful picture, so from the everlasting hills will this earthly life appear not the vain and chanceful thing men deem it here, but a perfect plan guided by a Divine hand unto a perfect end."

When present at his funeral service in the Abbey, I could not but think sadly of what he many times said humorously: "Mr. Gladstone will long outlive me; and I often tell my wife what a beautiful letter he will write

on my death, proposing my burial in Westminster Abbey." I cannot better conclude this inadequate sketch than by quoting the words used by Mr. Gladstone in writing to his poor mother :

" You followed your son at every step with, if possible, more than a mother's love ; and, on the other hand, in addition to his conspicuous talents, he had gifts which greatly tended to attach to him those with whom he was brought into contact. For my own share, I received many marks of his courtesy and kindness, and I have only agreeable recollections of him to cherish."

Early in August, 1886, my wife and daughter went into Guildford to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who had driven over from the Wolvertons at Coombe. They had tea at the Guildford Club, where they were discovered and much cheered ; they then came on to Wanborough, John Morley arriving, with Welby, for dinner.

Mr. Gladstone was in good spirits, saying good finance consisted more in the spending than the collecting of revenue. As John Morley went away he said : " I wonder if I should not have been happier writing obscure philosophical works which nobody would read on the Hog's Back than leading a political life." He had once lived there in a little house which belonged to my uncle, Mr. Long. It was then called Long's Hotel, but when John Morley took it its name was changed into Morley's Hotel.

The next day my wife took Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to a party at Puttenham Priory, and on my return from London Mr. Gladstone and I walked, and talked to the old bailiff Callingham of his early days—wheat 45s., sugar 16d., no meat, and wages 7s. a week. And on this he married and throve !

While at Wanborough, Mr. Gladstone wrote his farewell address on leaving office, in the little yellow dressing-

room. He said at last everybody was now for Home Rule in some form or another. If Parnell would accept a Parliament in Dublin, subject to a Parliament in England, it might lead to an agreement.

We played whist in the evening, and the next day Welby and I, who had spent the day in London at our respective offices, came down in the evening and rode over to meet my wife and the Gladstones at Busbridge—where Ellis Gosling lived with his mother, Mrs. Ramsden—coming back by Elstead, where John Morley was staying.

On our return a deputation from Guildford, with a sketch of the town and an address, was awaiting us. Mr. Gladstone, who I supposed thought of the saying, *mox adorant mox lapidant*, was annoyed, and would not see them at first, so my daughter had to receive them and make excuses; but at last Mr. Gladstone was persuaded to say a few words, which sent them away rejoicing.

Arnold Morley came the following day, on which Mr. Gladstone planted a golden yew, and Mrs. Gladstone an *arbor vitæ*, on the lawn, which I am happy to say are flourishing to this day.

As Parliament was still sitting, I had to stay in London till September 25th, when Horace and I started for the Italian lakes, stopping at Lucerne, Baveno, Milan, Caddenabbia, which we thought lovely; then Milan, again Verona, and Venice, in which we were much disappointed, as it rained nearly all the time, and Horace described our gondola journeys as if we were going about the sewers in a hearse all day. This was, no doubt, a libel; but we were so depressed that we beat a hasty retreat, and went to Bologna and Florence, which we loved.

While at Hayes, where we went after our return, we heard of George Barrington's death. He was very good-

looking, very agreeable, and very popular, cultivating with great success the pleasant rôle of a cosmopolitan—getting all the best he could out of society of all nations and men of every shade of politics, though he was a Tory, associated in confidential relations with Lord Beaconsfield. His death made another gap in the fast diminishing number of the dandies of St. James's Street. On November 12th I went with many of his friends to his funeral at Beckett.

On November 16th I went to Windsor for my investiture as a Knight Commander of the Bath, Henry Ponsonby kindly giving General St. George Foley and myself a little rehearsal of the ceremony before we were ushered into Her Majesty's presence.

On the 25th Lord Granville and Sir George Dasent came to dinner unexpectedly. I fetched the Ribblesdales and the Beerbohm Trees—who were at the Haymarket—to tea, and had a most successful evening.

Lord Granville was full of anecdotes, which he always delivered in the most charming way. Some were of Charles Greville's grumpiness.

Dining one night at Baron Rothschild's, he was asked to take in Lady —.

"Certainly not," he said; "I hardly know if I can take myself in."

Another evening, when sitting next to a pretty woman, he complained of not knowing anybody.

"But you know me," she said. "I am Mrs. —."

"That does not make me any the wiser," he grunted.

Madame —, discussing French and English marriages, said to her neighbor, who preferred the English custom:

"But would you not like to have the first love of your wife?"

"I should prefer the last," he said.

In December, on the evening of the 15th, I made my first public speech at a Civil Service dinner, and was vain enough to be pleased with it.

On entering the Holborn Restaurant, where our dinner was to take place, I was met by Mr. Ralston, the Russian scholar, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. He told me he was to propose the toast to which I was to reply, and kindly suggested that I might tell him how I proposed to begin and he would work up to it. I was much pleased until he rose and from forgetfulness, I suppose, took the sentence I had told him, word for word, leaving me at the last moment to find a new beginning to my speech. I forgave him more readily for some excellent stories he told us of his travels in Russia. On one occasion he met a body of miserable peasants, many of them handcuffed, being driven along the road like cattle by soldiers. "Who are these prisoners?" he asked of the officer. "Prisoners!" said the officer, "these are not prisoners—they are volunteers hastening to the front."

And now my pen must be laid aside for a time. Voltaire it is, I think, who propounds the axiom that a man who says all he has got to say must be a fool. I have not said all I have got to say, but it does not follow that I am not a fool, for I may have written nothing which is worth the reading.

When a private secretary, I avoided, on principle, keeping any diaries, for I held that the secrets that necessarily came in my way were not my secrets, and should never be disclosed through any instrumentality of mine. I hope that no indiscretions have crept into this volume. I trust, too, that in them will be found nothing that can cause pain to any living soul, although I fear on that account they will be thought lacking in novelty and piquancy. They tell of many things and of

many people of whom the existing generation knows little, whose names they may have heard and that is all. But to those of an older time there may arise from the reading of these pages old familiar faces, old-fashioned customs which are out of date, and places which were dear to them in their youth.

Old stories may recall the happy times when they were told, amid laughter and merriment, by friends long forgotten to friends long dead. Their brilliance passes in the telling, and cannot return in its perfection, but the echo may awaken some recollections of a time when we also basked in the glorious sunshine of youth before failures and disappointments and sorrows came upon us.

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